

NOV.
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



WHAT AILS THE SMALL TOWN?

BY EARL CHAPIN MAY *Also* Royal Brown, Gerald Mygatt, Zack Cartwright, Hazel Christie Macdonald

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NOVEMBER, 1926

1



Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was begin-

ning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"

Without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

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ing his point succeeded in saving the company \$60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

Thousands could double their incomes

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Albert Payson Terhune's *Pet Grief*



HE War killed many who could not be spared. Besides making the world (comparatively) safe for democracy, it did a host of

other things—not all of them wholly praiseworthy. One of its chief victims was Manners. Read "Dead Manners", by Albert Payson Terhune, in the December Issue.

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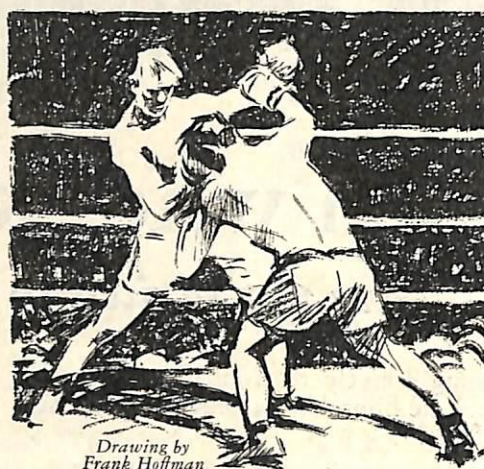
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Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America

Sewell Haggard, Editor

Fred O. Wood, Executive Director

Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager

Published monthly at 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912; additional entry at Chicago, Ill., Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 15, 1926. Price, single copy, 25c. Subscription in the United States and Possessions for Shriners, \$1.00 per year; for non-Shriners, \$2.00 per year; Canada, 50c extra; foreign, \$1.00 extra. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering changes of address, please do so through your Recorder, giving him 1. Your name, 2. Old address, 3. New address. Allow five weeks time.
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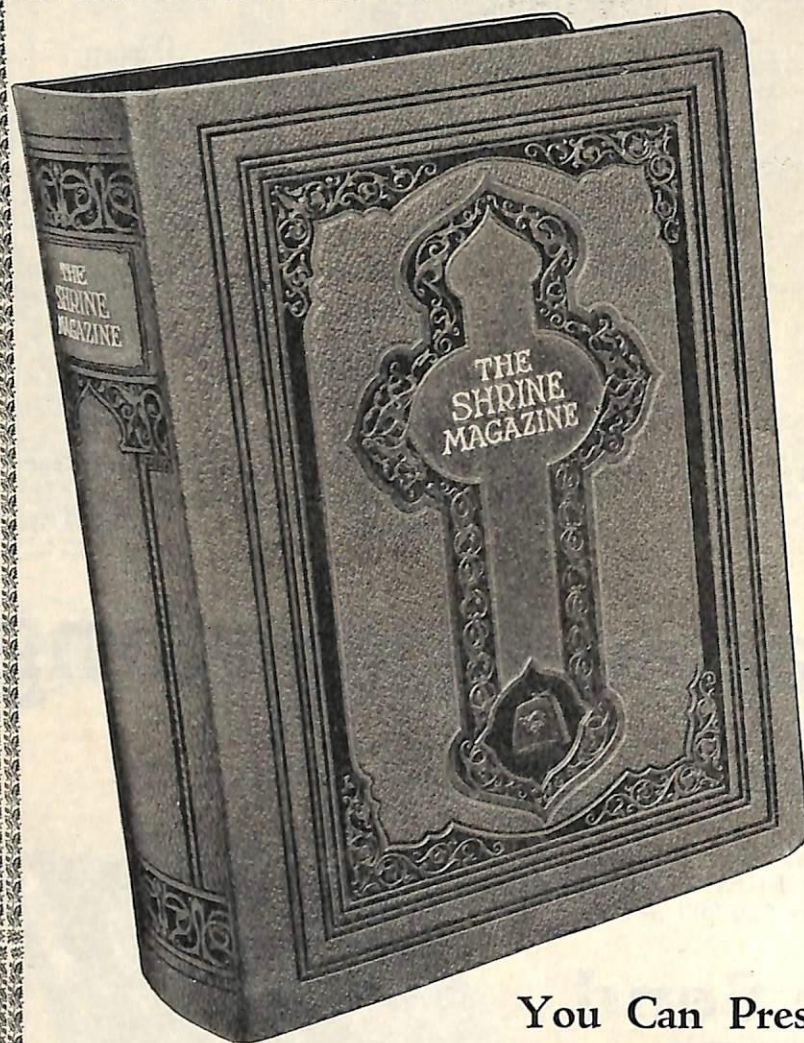
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"I'd Like to Know *that* Man!"

Of course they would: Everyone would like to know a man so brilliant, so entertaining. They see how interesting and well-informed he is. But they don't know the story behind the man.

"I WONDER who he is? Let's ask!" They turned to his friend, Rollins. "His name is Davis," he said. "Isn't he interesting! How well he talks. I could listen to a man like that all evening!"

"Oh, come!" Rollins laughed, "You two would probably find him a bore after the first hour."

"A bore? Just listen to him! He seems to know about everything. See how he's holding those people fascinated."

"He must be highly educated. Isn't he, Mr. Rollins?"

As a matter of fact, *Davis never even finished elementary school!* His friend, Rollins, listening to him, was astonished. How had Davis suddenly become so well-informed? How had he suddenly developed this brilliant personality?

He spoke to him about it later—as one friend to another. "I say, Davis, how did you get this way? You must certainly read a lot."

Davis laughed. "You know how busy I am, Rolly. I don't get much time to read."

"But in this one evening you quoted from Dante, Browning, Kipling, Poe! How do you do it?"

"I try to make the most of what little time I have. I read the newspapers and magazines to keep up-to-date on current events. And once in a great while I browse through some of my favorite old classics. But for

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

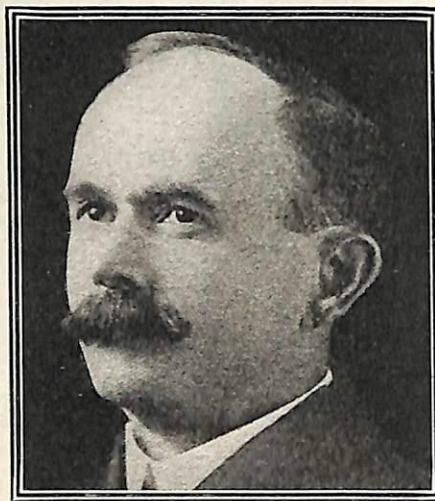
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress

sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1926

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE To the Temples and the Nobility:

I give you greeting for the month of the ending harvest, the time of Thanksgiving. I hope the harvest time has been generous to you all; that your granaries are filled to bursting and your cellars overflowing. I wish you every material wealth and prosperity, but still more do I wish for you grateful souls and hearts overfilled with thanks to God and love for your fellows. Such a heart is the only one which should ever throb in the breast of a Shriner.

Let us be thankful for the manifold blessings and comforts we enjoy. A century ago Kings of great nations could not command with all their wealth and power one tenth of the luxuries to which we of today give no thought, considering them everyday necessities.

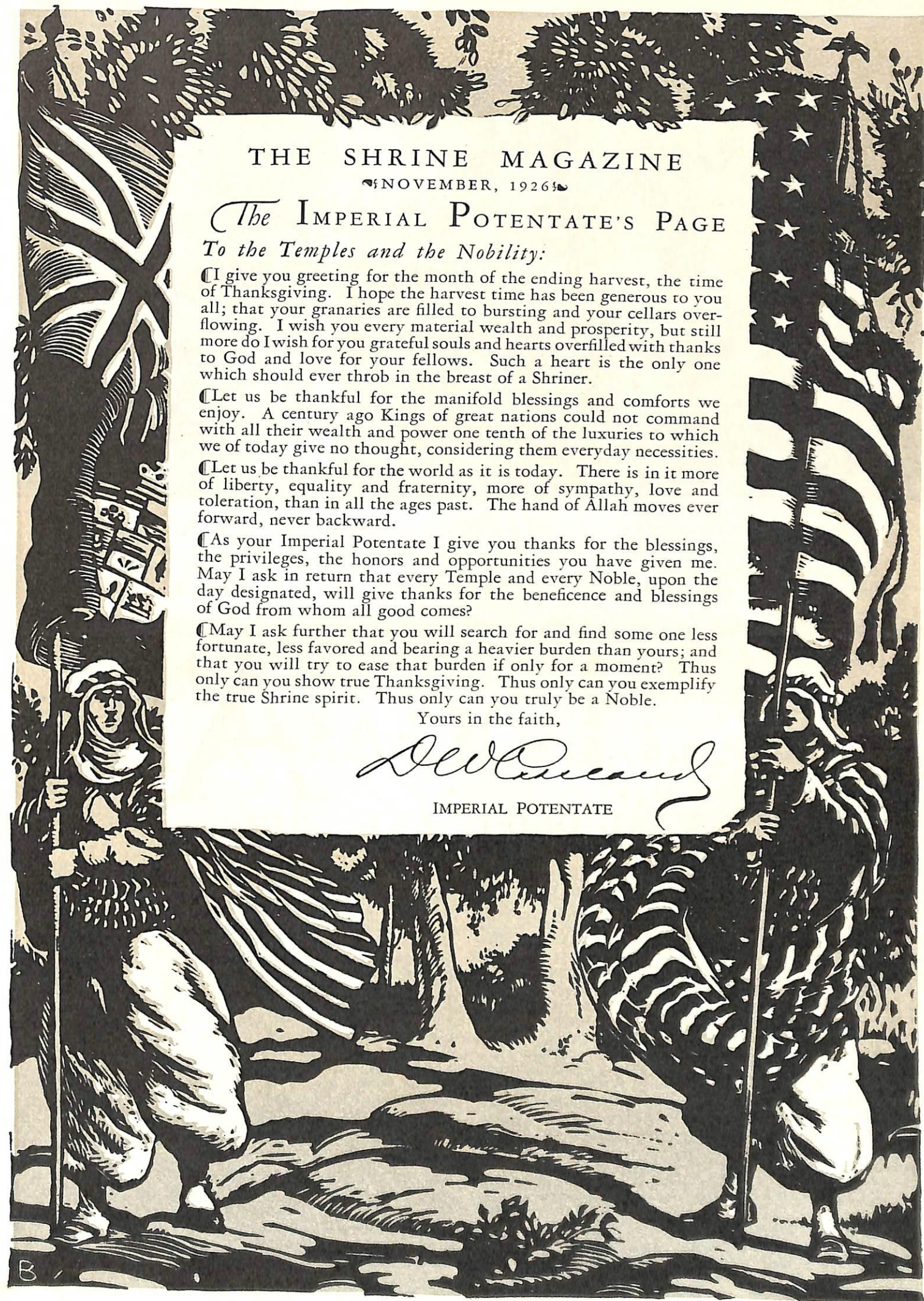
Let us be thankful for the world as it is today. There is in it more of liberty, equality and fraternity, more of sympathy, love and toleration, than in all the ages past. The hand of Allah moves ever forward, never backward.

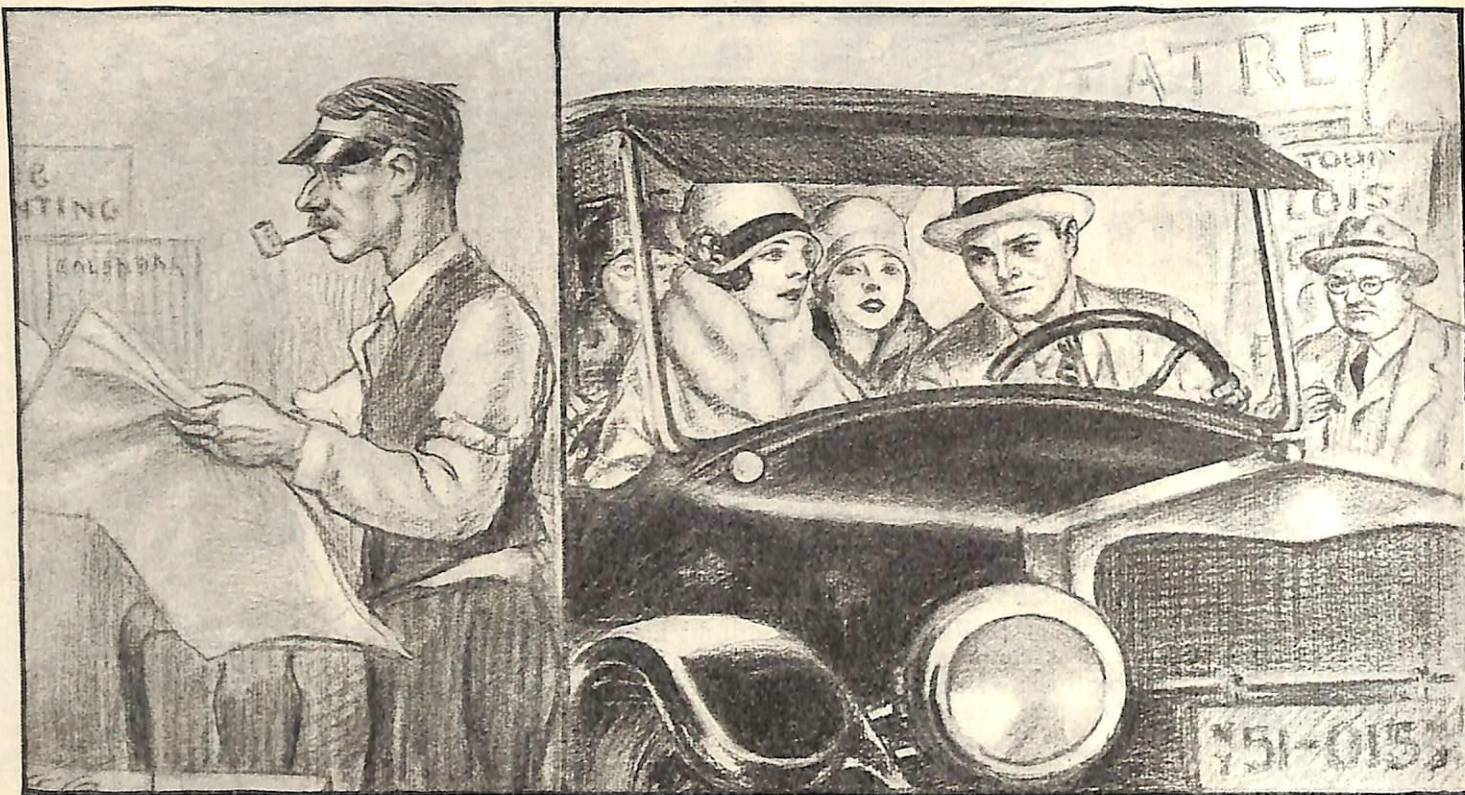
As your Imperial Potentate I give you thanks for the blessings, the privileges, the honors and opportunities you have given me. May I ask in return that every Temple and every Noble, upon the day designated, will give thanks for the beneficence and blessings of God from whom all good comes?

May I ask further that you will search for and find some one less fortunate, less favored and bearing a heavier burden than yours; and that you will try to ease that burden if only for a moment? Thus only can you show true Thanksgiving. Thus only can you exemplify the true Shrine spirit. Thus only can you truly be a Noble.

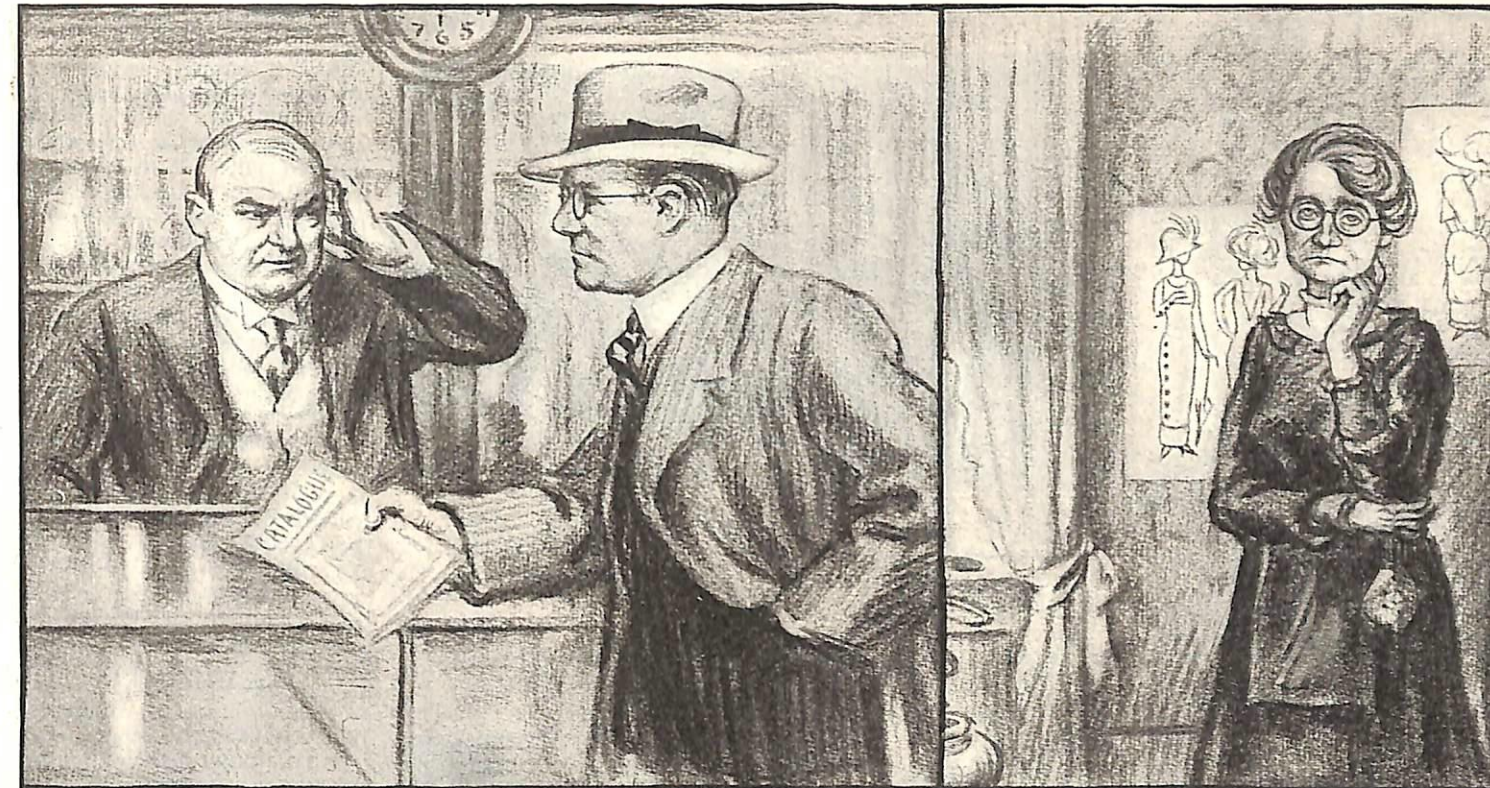
Yours in the faith,

Alfred P. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE





In the community survey of the test towns newspaper editors came in for criticism because they filled their columns with such things as society gossip instead of handling the live issues and problems of their communities. Fault was found with the "movie" owners who, instead of offering better pictures, simply resented the fact that people motored to other towns for their entertainment.



Tradesmen were criticized for not keeping their stock moving. In one instance a jeweler even refused to accept free window display of a nationally advertised silverware because his old stock was still unsold. The rural dressmaker, with the fashion plates of 1910 still decorating her walls, wondered why the younger generation went elsewhere for frocks.

What AILS the SMALL TOWN?

An Effort has been made in ILLINOIS to Learn the WHY of the CITY-WARD DRIFT

By

the SMALL TOWN?

EARL CHAPIN MAY *Drawings by W. E. Hill*

FOR the last twenty years myriads of American trading centers have been wondering what was the matter with them. These trading centers have ranged in population from 300 to 3,000. Improved means of communication have, paradoxically, caused thousands of these towns to slip. Better postal service, more land-ribboning steel railways, and, finally and most emphatically, miles of hard highways and millions of motor cars have hit the small towns hard. Civilization, as exemplified by scientific transportation, has taken its toll of the rural trading centers. There is, and has been, especially during the past two decades, a marked city-ward drift of those who purchase the conveniences and comforts of civilization.

All of which explains, briefly, why a stocky, gray-eyed business man allowed his round, smooth face to wrinkle into a good-natured smile as he told a miscellaneous gathering of men and women at Rochelle, Illinois, what he was trying to find out about small town business methods and results. The speaker was Charles E. Wry, executive director of the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers, which does about sixty-five percent of the three-and-a-half billions of dollars of retail clothing and haberdashery business transacted each year in these United States. He also represented, unofficially, the National Retail Hardware Association, the National Retail Dry-goods Association, the National Garment Retailers' Association, the National Retail Druggists' Association, the National Shoe Retailers' Association, the National Retail Grocers' Association, the National Retail Furniture Association,

the National Retail Implement Association and the American National Retail Jewelers' Association.

Charley Wry's job—largely of his own seeking—was to find out, for all these associations, known as the Retailers' National Council, why small towns were losing out.

There were several revolutionary features about that Rochelle town meeting and about Charley Wry's remarks. In the first place, it was not a Chamber of Commerce meeting. It was not held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms. It was a mass meeting, on a small scale. Representatives of labor, the professions, the women's clubs, the farmers, and, finally the merchants and manufacturers, were among the participants. They met in the public library of Rochelle.

"The trouble with your Chamber of Commerce and with almost every Chamber or Commercial Club," Charley Wry explained, "is that it is composed largely of business men. For generations almost every one in almost every community has expected the merchants or business men as they are commonly termed, to bear the brunt of all movements looking toward public or community improvement. If there has been a new street paving project to be put over, a new town hall to be built, a new factory to be secured, a new park to be purchased, a new lighting plant to be financed, the merchants or business men have been depended upon to carry the load. Hence, the average Commercial Club is composed, principally, of business men."

"The common belief has been, and still is, that merchants have more at stake in a town than any other class of citizens.

The fact is that they have less. They are more independent of local conditions than any other class of citizens."

Charley Wry, ex-country merchant, but executive director of the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers for fourteen years—smiled while he said this. But none of his audience smiled. They became living interrogation points. Charley had uttered a heresy. They wanted him to explain himself.

"A country merchant, or any merchant," he went on, "is the most independent citizen of his community because he is the most mobile. A doctor, dentist, lawyer or banker is tied to his community by custom. He is forbidden by custom to create income through aggressive advertising. His prosperity must come, if at all, through long years of residence during which his good deeds are heralded, if at all, largely by word of mouth.

"If anything goes wrong with a town, the merchant can move his stock to another town, inaugurate a campaign of advertising, special sales, etc., and in six months, if he is a good merchant, be sailing along on an even keel. But no one can move real estate. A town lot is valued by the number of footprints or wheel tracks made on the street it faces. The merchant can seek a location where such footprints and wheel tracks are most numerous. Then he can divert a certain amount of that traffic into his store by aggressive merchandising methods. But the value of real estate remains fixed, just as the town lot remains fixed. It can be affected only by local trade conditions. And those local trade conditions can be improved

only by a proper co-operation between all classes of citizens—including the farmers who live within a limited trading area. The time has come for all good citizens to come to the aid of their trading center, not for sentimental reasons but on a selfish basis. I'm out here to sell you selfishness."

CHARLEY WRY had arrived at this stage of his career after long years of study and many transcontinental trips during which he had delved into the whys and wherefores of mercantile success or failure. While a clothing merchant in Forest City, Iowa, when that prairie town was innocent of trees, his wife had sought to buy a certain shoe. None of the four local shoe dealers carried such a shoe in stock. Each of them suggested that the other shoe dealer might send for it. So Mrs. Wry had sent for it herself. When it came back, from a large department store in Chicago, it came in company with about twenty other items of feminine apparel. Mrs. Wry explained that she did not want to ask the big Chicago department store to send out just one pair of shoes. So she had ordered divers other things she needed. Consequently Forest City merchants had lost about twenty sales.

That incident set Charley Wry to thinking about the fundamental weaknesses of the rural store. Soon thereafter he organized the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers. It began with six members. Now it has 6,500 members, with headquarters at 501 Franklin street, Chicago.

These members sell men's clothing and haberdashery in big and small cities from New York to San Francisco, from Boston to Los Angeles, from Miami to Seattle. But this Association, and its executive director, have always tried to look at all trade problems with a broad vision.

It is true that the Association members will do just as much business, nationally, if the bulk of it is done in big cities instead of small towns. But many Association activities come under the head of "good of the order." Hence, Charley Wry and his associates have watched, with concern, the steadily increasing city-ward drift of retail trade. Hence, they proposed to find out what could be done to stop it, since there is a limit to city congestion; and rural, as well as urban prosperity is necessary to our national well being. Hence, it was determined two years ago that some specific survey should be made to show why the small towns were losing out. Hence, nine other powerful national retail associations were enlisted in the cause. Hence, the Edwin G. Booz Surveys of Chicago was retained to make some specific survey of small town trade conditions. Then came the problem of where and how to make this test survey.

Charley Wry had lived for years in Illinois, with headquarters in Chicago. Seventy-five miles west of Chicago, in Rochelle, lived Frank Carney, president of the Illinois Retail Clothiers' Association. Frank heard about Charley's scheme.

"If you want to get all kinds of folks in line—farmers, laborers, doctors, lawyers, and the women's clubs—come to Rochelle. We'll gladly listen to you," said Frank. He sold Charley Wry on Rochelle as one of the try-out towns. Twenty-three miles west of Rochelle, in Dixon, lived George Boynton, also in the clothing trade. George was never known to overlook a bet. He heard what Charley Wry had in his mind and he sold Charley on Dixon as a try-out town. The thing got talked about in northern Illinois. Twenty miles east of Rochelle, in Sycamore, Secretary Simpson of the Sycamore Chamber of Commerce got hold of Wry and said, "Sycamore yearns to know what is the matter with our town. Do take us in."

Wry took all three and thus made history.

I might add that Wry knows this country like a book. For years he's traveled it from end to end. But he did not choose to make his experiment in Rochelle, Dixon and Sycamore because they were offered him. He had better reasons to control his course.

These three test towns were chosen because, in many ways, they typify the United States. All three towns thrived for years as trading centers of rich farming regions. During the past decade each acquired small factories, to stem the tide of trade and keep from going back. Each is on the western edge of the small-town factory belt. Each is, therefore, what might be termed "a dual purpose town," and each has suffered from competition from nearby, larger towns.

The census shows that between 1910 and 1920 Rochelle's population increased from 2,732 to 3,310; Dixon's from 7,216 to 8,191, while Sycamore decreased in size from 3,906 to 3,602. During this same decade Rockford, about thirty miles north of each of the three test towns, increased from 45,401 to



A busy street scene in one of the rural towns. Due to motors and good roads towns like this now draw trade for twenty miles around.

There were no motor filled streets in these small towns twenty years ago, and six miles was the average trading radius for a rural town.



65,657; Aurora, which is twenty to fifty miles southeast, from 29,976 to 36,397; while Chicago, which is sixty to a hundred miles east, increased from 2,185,283 to 2,701,705. While these three test towns, close to the center of the United States, attempted to continue a prosperity, originally based on farming trade, by subsidizing or in other ways securing infant manufacturing industries, the net gain from this device was reduced to the vanishing point by the advent of the automobile and its child, the hard highway.

Rochelle and Dixon are on the Lincoln Highway, which is of concrete from Chicago across northern Illinois. Dixon is on another concrete highway running north and south. Sycamore is only five miles north of Dekalb, which is also on the Lincoln Highway. Where, twenty years ago, farmers drove their teams through thick dust or deep mud to reach their local trading centers, there is a network of perpetually hard roads upon which motor cars average thirty miles an hour in almost any weather. Six miles was the average trading radius for any rural town. Now, in northern Illinois—and this applies to half of the United States—rural centers of the Rochelle-Sycamore-Dixon type figure on drawing trade for twenty miles around.

Good roads and motor-cars were at first a boon to these three test towns while they ruined retail trade in hamlets of a hundred or more souls. Now towns of Rochelle-Sycamore-Dixon type are wondering how they are going to hang on.

The test survey made under the auspices of the Retailers' National Council throws the first detailed specific light on this national problem. The test towns at their own expense, have had the truth told about them, and have been compelled to face that truth. The truth was uncovered systematically.

Four trained observers, armed with elaborate questionnaires and paid by a Control Committee in each test town, visited one out of every five families in the trade territory of each town. In each Community Survey, as it was called, each field man recorded answers to such general questions as:

How do you feel about Rochelle (or Sycamore or Dixon, as the case might be) as a place to trade?

What do you think of the stores here, in general? Why?

How could these stores be improved? Why?

What are the best stores in town? Why?

What stores in town do you NOT like to trade in? Why?

What criticism or complaints have you of the stores? Which ones? Why?

What difficulties do you find in trading?

What articles do you buy elsewhere because you cannot get them in Rochelle?

How often do you go to Chicago?

Do you prefer to buy on credit or for cash?

Have you been refused credit by any one of the stores here? Which ones?

Would you trade in town more if offered credit?

Which local newspaper do you prefer?

How can the local newspapers be improved?

What advertisements do you read in the local newspapers?

Are they reliable or unreliable?

What improvements would you like to see in transportation facilities?

What roads would you like to see improved?

What improvements would you like to see in the traffic regulations and parking facilities? In the schools? In amusement, recreation and social facilities?

What do you think of Rochelle as a place to live in? Why?

What does the community need to make it a better place to live in?

THESE questions, and others relating to different lines of merchandise, were determined upon after many meetings with farmers, professional men, club women, merchants, manufacturers and laborers. After a proper amount of newspaper publicity the field men went forth. They came back with a vast amount of information furnished by farmers as well as town dwellers. Naturally, there was a good deal of disagreement as to what should be done about this or that. But there were plenty of tangible results.

It was definitely determined that price and assortment of merchandise did most to keep trade at home or to send it away and that convenience and quality came next; but that in the end the local merchants suffer most from competing nearby towns.

The old time country customer used to shop from store to store in his own town or his nearest natural trading center, before he sent or went away for what he wanted. Now he shops in his motor-car from town to town until he finds what he wants. And if he doesn't find it or has learned through many unsuccessful shopping trips that he probably cannot find what he wants, he journeys or sends to some big city store, or consults the catalog of the mail order house from which he buys because of low price and the convenience of dropping his order into a mailbox and receiving his goods by parcel post.

Rochelle has long been referred to as a "high-priced town." This has been the general verdict of citizens and farmers alike. But this opinion became concrete when Rochelle merchants read in the local newspapers, that seventy-one percent of the townsmen who had been queried by the survey field men criticized Rochelle merchants because prices were too high; there was not enough assortment; the clerks were incapable, inattentive or too young; there were too many raffles and too much prize giving; the shoe stores were too limited in sizes and varieties; many of the merchants were interested only in getting the customers' money and openly resented it if customers bought elsewhere; allowed too much credit, especially to minors; sent inferior quality goods on telephone orders or with children, and were slow in making adjustments.

Seventy-two percent of the farmers queried agreed with these criticisms, but added that there were too many stores in the same line and that the town merchants discriminated against farmer trade. But both town and country customers stressed the alleged high prices. To some extent these weren't high but it made the merchants think, and act. Specifically the farmers complained that the stores were not kept open evenings during the busy farming season, Saturday nights or "band



A modern parade on the main street of one of the rural towns, showing everybody—both prominent and otherwise—driving his own car.

A street scene from one of these towns taken about twenty years ago—a parade of the citizens of the town. Everybody walked.



concert" nights excepted. They insisted that they could not afford to stop work in good weather to come to town during the day and that if the stores kept open until 9 p. m. the farmers would be able to come into town after supper and have more time and disposition to spend money.

Both townspeople and country folks agreed on the need of better schools and playgrounds, but the townspeople were interested in a kindergarten and junior high school while the country folks were for lower taxes, better transportation to the township high school and "the teaching of more domestic science and agriculture and less Latin."

Like many towns that have grown up on the great prairie land open spaces, Rochelle didn't believe in wide streets and didn't pay much attention to public parks, until a year or so ago. Now it can't afford to widen its downtown streets, or thinks it can't, and its only available park is in a natural grove about a mile from the trading center. Hence, there arises a problem which thousands of other small towns are trying to meet. During the summer months the Rochelle Military Band gives concerts on each Wednesday night. These concerts are held on the downtown streets. The merchants are interested in keeping them near the trading center. The concerts bring business. Farmers come to town to hear the band. But the farmers want these concerts to be given in the park. Some of the townspeople agree to this.

But they are not in the majority.

It is interesting to note how recreation, amusements and social service are stressed in this first attempt to analyze, by survey, the needs of rural communities. In all three towns most witnesses agree that store fronts and displays should be improved and traffic conditions bettered, but they are decidedly unanimous in declaring that each town should have a community house, better and more accessible parks, better movies and vaudeville and more dance halls, circuses and carnivals. Not only to get trade but to keep the young folks home.

Several years ago the Rochelle Women's Club, resenting an exhibition with a carnival company, succeeded in placing Rochelle on the list of "closed towns" as far as carnivals are concerned, and there has been but one circus in Rochelle in eight years. Among the recommendations for the good of Sycamore was a "circus." Sycamore witnesses also demanded "more vaudeville and more chautauquas."

In each of the three towns the movie problem appeared to be acute.

The Rochelle Control Committee, consisting of one merchant, one farmer, one manufacturer, one woman club member and one laborer, is sold on the idea that if trade is to be kept in Rochelle the merchants must not only give quality, variety and price to all comers, but that Rochelle must offer plenty of other attractions to the customers who come to town. It isn't only the merchants' show. The women's clubs are especially interested in this phase of the problem and the Control Committee looks to the women to improve the schools and playgrounds, the park, the swimming pool (which has been developed from an abandoned stone [Continued on page 80])

The PASSIONATE

By Hazel Christie Macdonald

IT WAS not yet eight o'clock in the morning, but in the study opening off the living-room, a man, young and tall, was playing on a violin. A silver witchery of sound, a broken rainbow of notes, that lilted through the house like children frolics in the sun.

The man was Dmitri Lazare, and because his art was incomparable, we shall quarrel only with his appearance. Such beauty should never have been given to a man, and it was doubly wasted on Dmitri, who not only didn't know he possessed it, but had no need of it, since he required only a violin, a chin to rest it under, and his ten strong thin fingers. Given these, he made you his slave!

This morning, Dmitri was like something out of his own Russia, Russia before she fell on evil days—or before she emerged into the light, as you please. He wore a blue linen blouse, and a scarlet sash was knotted at his narrow hips. He had a mop of blond hair, which he was forever trying to persuade into a cruel smoothness. His trousers were thrust into his boots. He looked as strong as a young Cossack, but, if you had known him very well, you might have thought him a trifle haggard—and he played with a feverish recklessness that was strange in so accomplished a technician.

Suddenly a woman crossed the living-room outside, and knocked at the paneled oak. The broken rainbow of notes became, abruptly, silence, and then Dmitri opened the door and the woman stood smiling at him. She was not beautiful; she was too pale and too gentle. She looked utterly extinguished beside the brilliance of Dmitri.

"Did you—sleep well, Dmitri, dear?" she asked.

"Sleep!" said Dmitri. "I feel like the devil—I suppose I also look it!"

"No—you look as you always do," replied the woman. "Or rather, you look nicer."

"Nonsense," retorted Dmitri, crossly, and then was instantly contrite. "I—I—don't know what's the matter with me," he finished. The woman took his violin from him and laid it on the table.

"After you eat," she said, "you will feel so much better..." Dmitri hesitated; she saw that his hands were trembling.

"He is afraid to be alone with me," she thought, with a tiny pang. "My poor, foolish darling!" So she added, "You will not mind breakfasting—without me, dear? I had coffee and rolls about an hour ago..." She could see the relief that leaped to Dmitri's eyes. Nevertheless, he lied.

"I was in hopes we could breakfast together," he said.

"But of course, if that is not to be..." He had lit a

cigarette in his nervousness; now he threw it on to a table, where it at once busied itself burning a tiny scar.

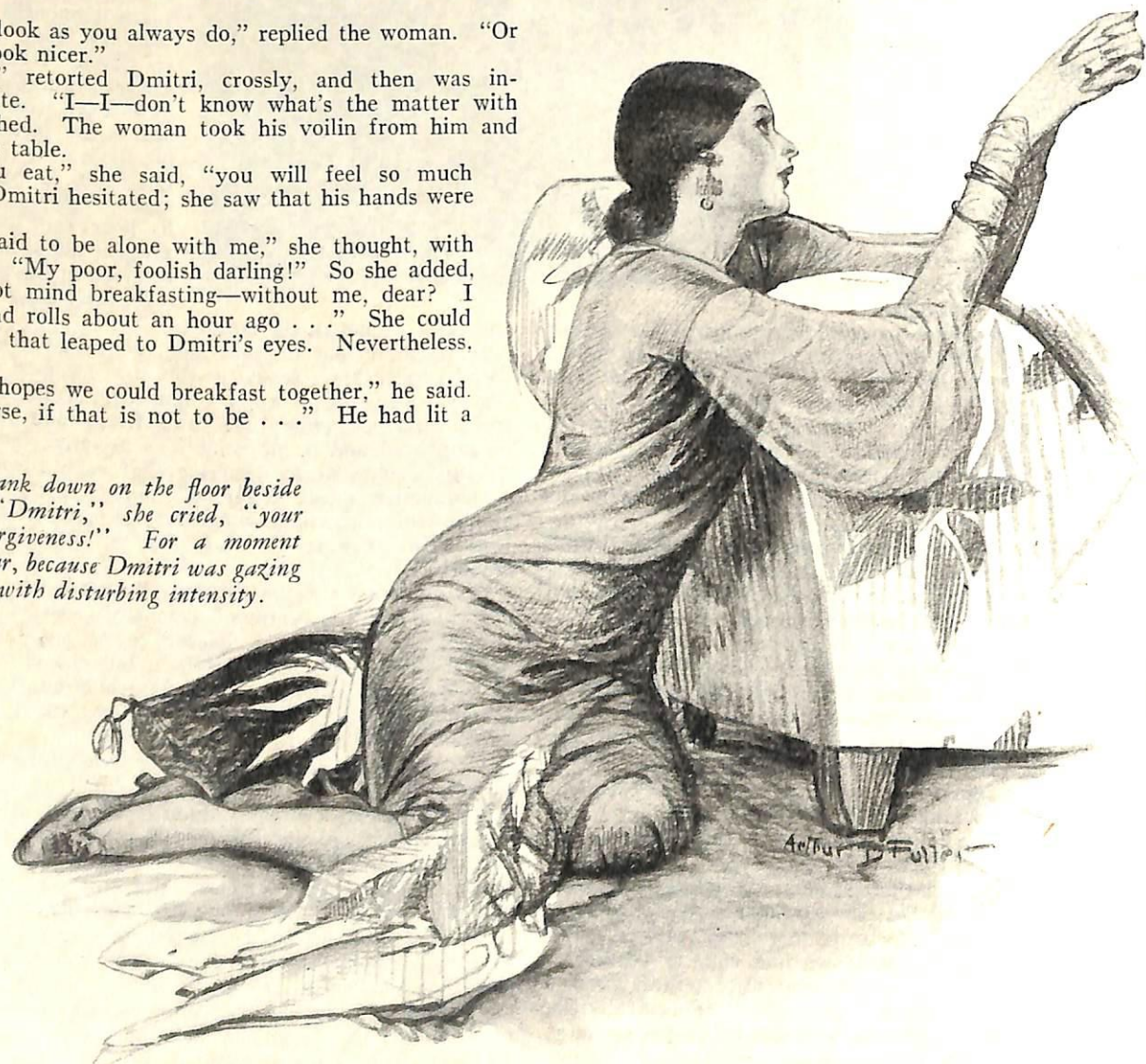
Mary extinguished its little nose against an enamel tray. She was forever snuffing out cigarettes, but she never even spoke of it. Because it was a problem that had long since been superseded by problems of so much greater proportions.

She glanced at Dmitri, reflecting that thousands of people knew him—but not like this. They were acquainted with him only as a figure in irreproachable evening clothes, standing on a platform and conjuring up for them out of the heart of a violin the beauty, the tears and the longing which lies in music.

SIX years before, Mary had known Dmitri in this way. But now she was his wife; she had been his wife for four years. No one had ever satisfactorily explained how it had happened; Mary was so plain and Dmitri was so beautiful. It had not been money, certainly—for Mary had none. Besides, Dmitri was an artist; and money was of no importance to him. He would have spent a hundred dollars, or squandered a million with the same carelessness.

Mary thought of all this. And then she said, "Dmitri—go in and eat. And I'll have your packing done when you are finished."

"If you insist," replied Dmitri, with his funny little Russian abruptness, and he went out of the room. Mary suddenly



"Helen sank down on the floor beside him. 'Dmitri,' she cried, 'your—your forgiveness!' For a moment she felt fear, because Dmitri was gazing at her with disturbing intensity."

FAILURE

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

put her fingers against her lips, very tightly—a strange gesture. And then she relaxed. She went into the room where Dmitri had slept. Or rather, had lain awake.

This room was filled with flagrant disorder, as if, perhaps, Dmitri had taken a solemn vow in childhood to be quite as untidy as possible. There was a blue dressing-gown on the floor—a small bit of fallen sky. Mary stooped for it, as she had stooped for a dressing-gown every morning since she had married Dmitri, four years before. There were other articles on the floor; one might almost believe that Dmitri considered the latter merely a continuation of the surface of his dressing table. There was a cuff-link of platinum, with the Lazare crest picked out in emeralds. There were some crumpled bills and two coins. And lastly, there was a handkerchief, with a knot tied in the corner. At this, Mary smiled.

She herself had put the knot there two days ago, to remind Dmitri that he was to stop in at the Wallander tea. But although Dmitri remembered that the knot was a reminder of some particular thing, he had, unfortunately, forgotten just which particular thing it was a reminder of.

"I thought—and thought," he had said to Mary, in explaining, "and at last I decided it was the Parkers or the Saltonstalls..." But the Parkers proved to be in Miami—and the Saltonstalls had just sailed for Cherbourg... So it was evidently not either of them, was it?"

"Don't worry about it, dear," Mary had smiled, and she had called up the Wallanders and apologized. She was always apologizing for Dmitri; she sat for small eternities at the telephone and tendered elaborate and almost truthful explanations of his sins.

AND thinking of Dmitri's sins, she came to the packing of Dmitri's bag, which took but very little time. She had packed so many. Then she went out through the living-room to the alcove where she and her husband were wont to breakfast. This was a charming spot—Spanish, with a grilled gate. And, here, among the Spanish candelabra and hanging flowers, Dmitri sat, a young Georgian prince playing at being a peasant.

"Katia," said Dmitri, and he was speaking only for the sake of speaking. "Katia has given me a Russian breakfast. She said you told her to."

"I thought you would like one, particularly this morning," said Mary. Dmitri stiffened.

"And why this morning—particularly?" he asked, and again there was that curious on-guard-ness in his voice.

"Because it is such a Russian morning," said Mary, quite naturally. "Everything is so still and frozen underneath the snow..." Dmitri relaxed. She suspected nothing... how absurd for him to even think that she had. He glanced at her stealthily as she sat sorting the mail.

"She is a plaster saint," he thought. "And I—I do not want a plaster saint..." And then Mary had gone out of the room, with her bills and invitations, and Katia had come in. She was about fifty, and she had a China doll of a face, dominated by two eyes like blue saucers.

"Katia," said Dmitri, in Russian, "you remember what you—what you are to do?"

"Yes, your Excellency," replied Katia. "I remember."

Dmitri rose and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Once there, he started, for he perceived that Mary had packed his largest bag, the one of alligator skin. He had wanted that particular bag, but had not dared suggest it. And now she had packed it of her own accord...

"You have packed my largest bag, Mary," he said.

"Your clothes get so crushed in the small one," said Mary, her voice cool and impersonal. He began to polish his head into sleekness and he was thinking of the coolness of her voice. At last he was dressed.

"Be sure you take enough money, Dmitri," said Mary, from the corridor. Dmitri's eyes narrowed.

What happened when a woman refused to share a man's love with his violin



"My forgiveness? Have it, then!" Dmitri said, wearily. "And my thanks into the bargain. Because your beauty held me in chains—till a moment since!"

"Enough money!" he exclaimed angrily. "One would think I was going on a month's journey—instead of from Long Island to New York!"

"But you have such a habit of traveling about, penniless," said his wife. "And you cannot expect every taxi driver in the world to believe you when you say you are Dmitri Lazare, the violinist!"

"I am not a child," Dmitri observed. "I'm quite capable of remembering to take what is necessary . . ." And now he came to the most difficult thing of all.

"I'm—I'm—taking the Golden Strad with me," he said to Mary. And he waited for the storm of astonishment that would greet this announcement. The Golden Strad—when one was going only to stay in town over night, and to have dinner with friends? But Mary showed no astonishment at all; she merely said: "Let me pack it for you, then, dear. You really have so little time . . ."

Through the open door, Dmitri could see her pick up the Golden Strad, holding it in her hands as if it were a child. Then she went out of sight for a moment to a far corner of the room, and when she returned, she had swathed the famous violin in white silk and laid it gently in its case.

A moment later, Dmitri came out into the hall, no longer a Georgian prince; now he was a young Englishman in a great coat and scarf. He was torn with a doubt as to what to do next. Did one—on the eve of such a departure, kiss one's wife? Or did one—but here again Mary seemed to read what was passing in his mind.

"Really, you must never wear brown any more, Dmitri," she said. "You look so monastic and stuffy. And you are not to kiss me, dear—because I have the beginnings of a cold, and there is no sense in your sharing it." Dmitri took the Golden Strad in its case from her.

"I—I shall try to be home to dinner tomorrow," he said, and these were the words for which he despised himself most. Mary looked at him.

"Do," she said, "because the Gregorys are coming—and the nice girl from Vancouver—the one that always makes you laugh." And then he was going down the walk and swinging into the path that led to the station.

"I am free! Free!" he was saying to himself, and a fierce exultation was bubbling and welling up within him. All the way into New York, in the train, he was conscious of it; a relief that threatened to rise up and capsize him. He alighted at Pennsylvania Station, and took a taxi to Forty-Second street. And here he got out; he had, suddenly, an odd longing to walk up Fifth avenue—he did not know when he might see it again. A great many people looked at him; one or two because they recognized him, but the others because his face drew your eyes as a magnet draws steel.

AT THE window of a noted jeweler, his attention was arrested by pearls that lay there gleaming iridescently from black velvet.

"Pearls—are the tears of a woman betrayed," said Dmitri to himself, and in Russian. And he went inside the great shop, where, in a hushed silence, young men waited for people to come and spend fortunes.

"There are some pearls out in the window," said Dmitri; to a young salesperson. "I shall buy them . . ." The young salesperson regarded him; a man walking in at eleven-thirty of a morning, and saying, "I shall buy them!" It was incredible!

"They are twenty thousand dollars, sir," said the young salesperson, for after all, one would have to descend to the vulgarities of barter sooner or later.

"The price is immaterial," replied Dmitri. "Bring them here, if you please." And a moment later, he was standing with the pearls in his hand; they were unbelievably beautiful; they were like little fragments of Dmitri's own rainbows of music.

"I shall take them with me, if you have no objections," said Dmitri, and he opened his wallet to the place where the bills were packed in a fat yellow thickness.

Once again out on Fifth avenue, Dmitri walked to Forty-ninth street and crossed east, to a house where four apartments rose one above the other. He rang a bell and began to ascend, and the pounding of his heart was so terrific it seemed all New York must be listening to it. At the top of the last flight, a door stood open.

Dmitri pushed gently and it gave; he came into a huge

room filled with firelight. A woman stood at the far end; I might tell you that she was lovely, but even this word would give you no idea of how beautiful she was. Dmitri stood staring at her.

"I—have come," he said, at last, and then he stopped.

"I see that you have come, Dmitri," said the woman, laughing. "Can you say nothing else?"

"What else is there to say?" asked Dmitri, simply. The woman came forward, took from him the heavy bag and the violin case and laid them on a divan. Then she turned her head.

"Kiss me, Dmitri," she commanded. But Dmitri did not kiss her. He fell at her feet in a sudden extravagance of surrender and she saw that his eyes were closed.

"I have cut myself off from everything in the world," he said. "From this moment, I have only—you!" He opened his eyes. A clock struck twelve somewhere, slowly.

"It is noon," said Dmitri, in a whisper. "By now, Katia has given Mary the note—and she knows I am—not—coming back!"



"It had to be done," said the woman and her eyes were cool. "There can be no love where there is no courage . . ." She had been running her fingers through his hair, and its sleekness had been reduced to a bright disorder.

"Why do you not wear it like this?" she asked. "Instead of brushing it back until one would think your head had been varnished?" But Dmitri was paying no attention.

"I wish I might have made the note a little kinder," he said, wretchedly. "I wanted so to make it a little kinder . . . But I did not know how." The woman made a gesture of impatience, but Dmitri could not see this.

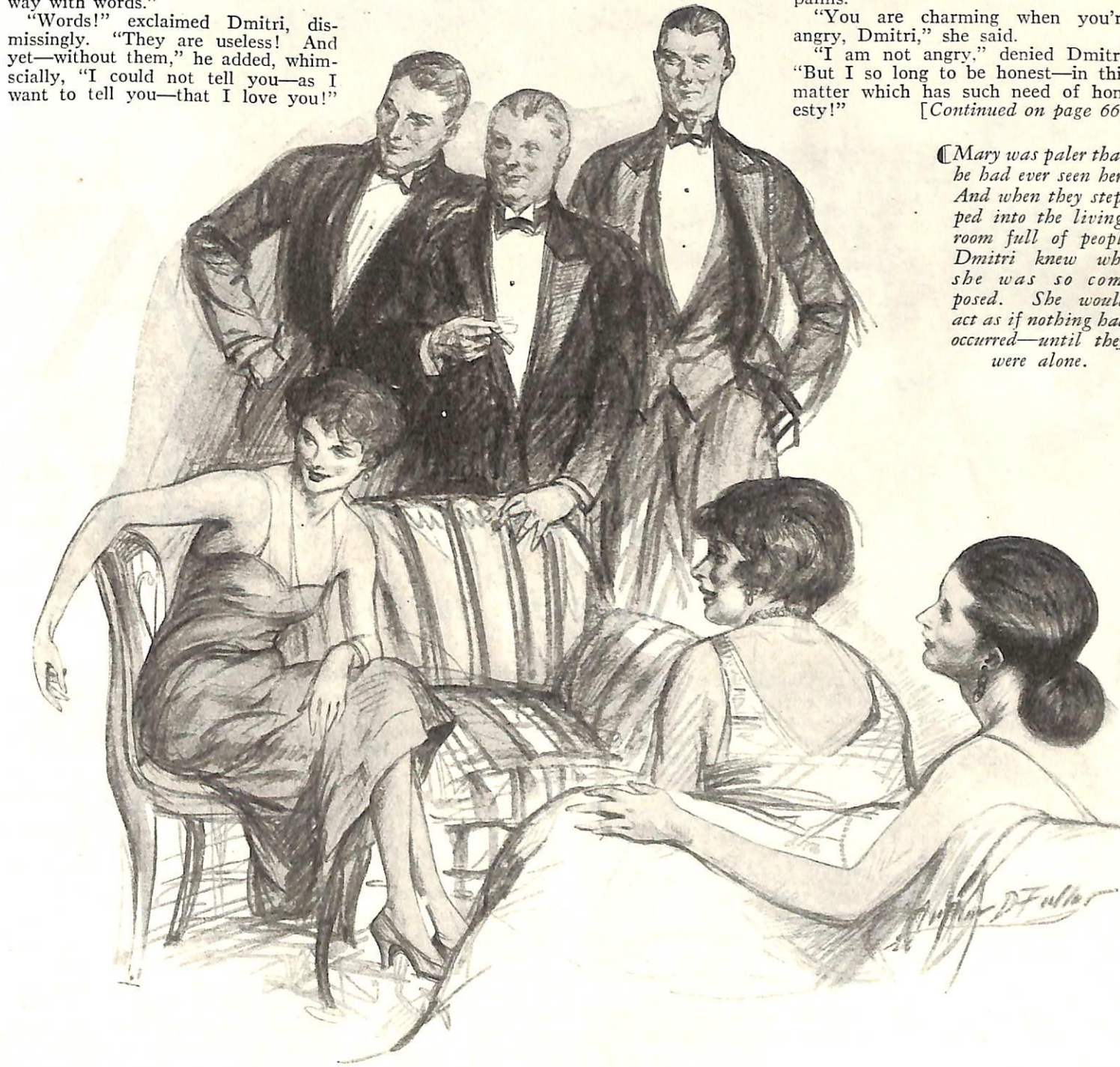
"Dmitri," she said, "you are done with the past." She sat down on the divan, and thus brought her head nearer the level of his.

"Yes—done with the past," said Dmitri, and then his eyes traveled over her face, wondering. "You are so beautiful," he said, at last. "I think you must be the loveliest thing in the world!" He touched the hollow of her throat.

"I remember so well the day when we met," he went on, "You came in and took a seat in the second row—or it might have been the third—and I looked at you only because I was angered at your tardiness. And then you raised your head—and it was as if a thousand birds had waked singing—in my heart!" The woman's smile was touched with triumph.

"I think, possibly, there was a poet spoiled in you, Dmitri," she said. "You have such a delightful way with words."

"Words!" exclaimed Dmitri, dismissingly. "They are useless! And yet—without them," he added, whimsically, "I could not tell you—as I want to tell you—that I love you!"



And he put his arms about her and raised his lips. His face was cold, as were his hands. Even the coat, which he had not taken off, still bore the fresh chill of the winter streets. After a long moment, Dmitri took his lips away, and rested his head against the woman's breast, as if he were tired.

"Why could we not have had happiness—without hurting those others?" he asked. "I like Gilbert—but we can never be friends again. Because I am running away with Gilbert's wife!" His eyes became troubled. "Do you suppose—do you suppose he has got your note?" he asked.

THE woman was annoyed. "I—don't know," she said, shortly. "Why must we talk about that? You have left it all behind. It is—dead, Dmitri!" Dmitri glanced into the fire; he looked at the woman.

"One would think, Helen," he said, smilingly, "that you had not written anything!" The woman laughed a bit.

"Well, I haven't—yet!" she retorted. "There is time enough—from the boat." Dmitri made a swift movement of impatience.

"But it was agreed!" he exclaimed. "I was to write to Mary—and you were to write to Gilbert. And with these letters, we were to make a clean break with everything that went before!" The woman cupped his face with her rosy palms.

"You are charming when you're angry, Dmitri," she said.

"I am not angry," denied Dmitri. "But I so long to be honest—in this matter which has such need of honesty!"

[Continued on page 66]

(Mary was paler than he had ever seen her. And when they stepped into the living-room full of people Dmitri knew why she was so composed. She would act as if nothing had occurred—until they were alone.)



(Another Tale
By JACK

"Bab!" said Farquhar.
"I would never trust a
half-breed the length of
my arm. They inherit the
vices of both parents!"

A Delicate

(A Story in which A Canny Scot

IT WAS a rare bit of foresight. Considering the thing that happened I, MacDougall, could not regret that I had suggested to Jean Baptiste the wisdom of concealing the fact that he was my son. And there are many strange wheels within wheels in a vast concern like the Hudson's Bay as who could know better than I who had been more than thirty years a factor at the time I am mentioning. The most faithful service is naturally examined the more closely as a man's time draws near for retiring on pension lest the Company's bounty be wasted on the undeserving.

And here was I confronted with the blessing of a new-found son, a tall and silent man with hard eyes in the warrior's face of him. Ah, God, Sir! 'Twas a terrible way the death of his brave little Chippewa mother came back to me in memory from so long ago! And Jean Baptiste with the mind of him fixed to hold but lightly the grandest traditions of the Company and to be scornful of its favor.

"As you like," said Jean Baptiste, "since your Company might object, I will be Jean Baptiste and you shall be Mac-Dougall."

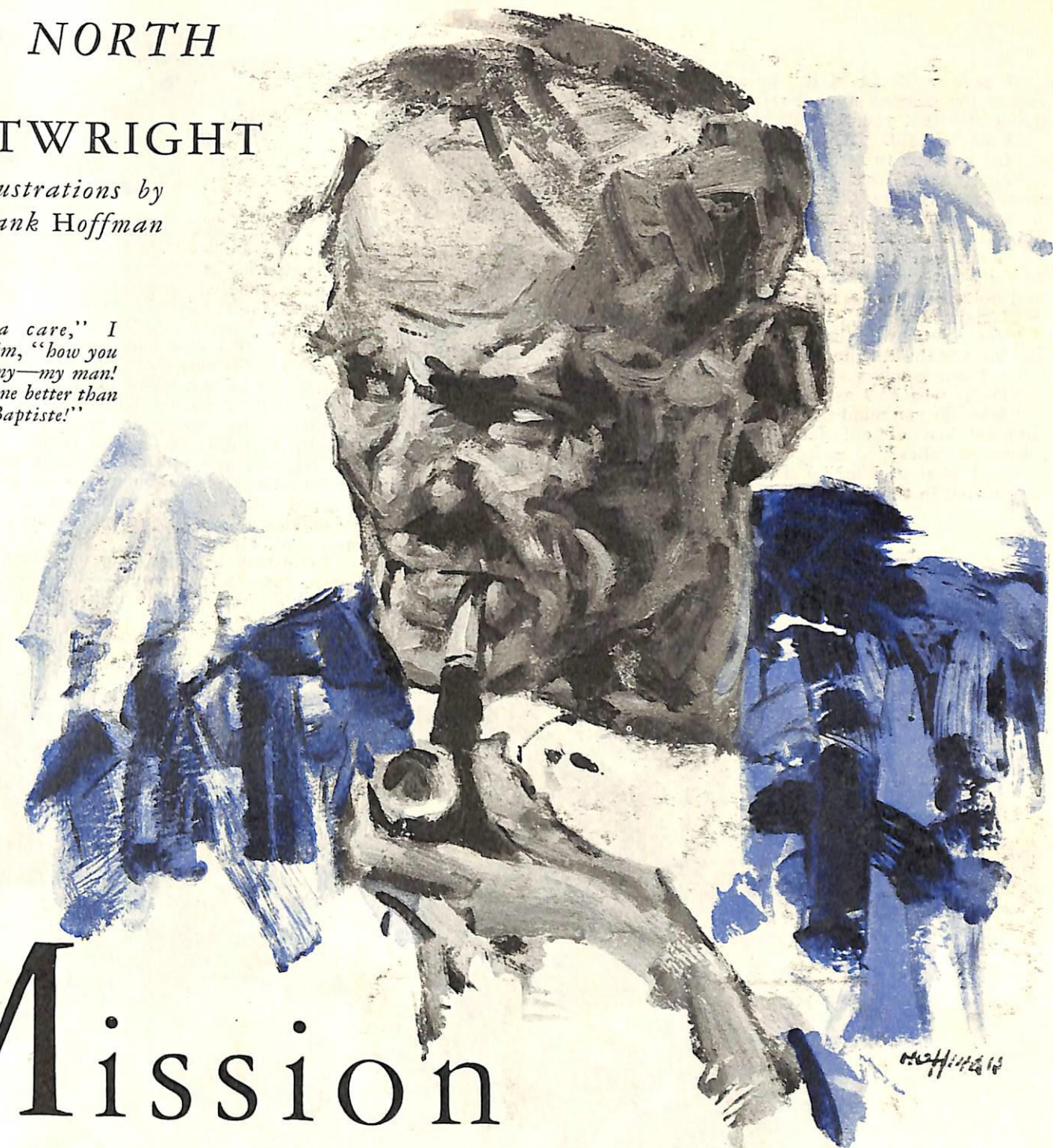
So it was that only the two of us and the young wife of Jean Baptiste knew that he was my son and the very apple of my eye.

We were busy one day in the latter end of March. I tidied up the matter of some general reports and Jean Baptiste in the small store-room adjoining my office was mending a bit of his dog harness. He cursed cheerfully at the need for doing so. With spring so close at hand the dogs were soon to be done with their winter labors and free to go marauding about Peace River Landing. I should have been well content at the thought of coming Spring and the trappers soon to appear with their Winter's catch and the very stimulating season of trade at hand. But I was disturbed for that Jean Baptiste he kept humming a bit of song in French. I begrudge no man his happiness but I had come to know that when Jean Baptiste was overcheerful then trouble stalked for someone. I knew it for an omen. I had no more than realized this and was taking the merest brace from a bottle of fortitude I kept in my office when there was a great commotion outside. Somebody was damning and raging about and the door burst open before I

of the NORTH
CARTWRIGHT

(Illustrations by
Frank Hoffman

"Have a care," I
warned him, "how you
speak of my—my man!
There's none better than
Jean Baptiste!"



Mission

takes the count from A Half-Breed

was prepared. And who should it be of course but Farquhar from Edmonton and him the superintendent of posts and my immediate superior!

"Good day!" I greeted him promptly.

"Bah!" said he. "It is a villainous day that I should be dragging about the wilderness on a wretched dog sled like a bale of fur."

"There is no need for an inspection of my post," I tell him, "since everything is regular."

"Hm—I see!" he grunts and takes up my bottle from the table.

"I see. I merely find you loafing about, too lazy to meet me at your door and drinking to excess no doubt."

"'Tis a bit of tonic," I tell him, "to cool down the blood against Spring."

"Bah!" he says again and pours out the half of a tumbler. "My own blood is boiling just now!"

Then he drinks it down in gross extravagant gulps as though the place might be in Aberdeen itself.

"It is all very fine for you factors, Mac," he says. "You

have whiskies; swindling a few simple-minded Indians out of their furs and enriching yourselves at the Company's expense, I'm sure. You have no conception of the endless strain of being a superintendent and bearing so great a burden of responsibility year after year."

"You bear it well," I consoled him, for I knew this Farquhar of old.

"If I have put on a bit of flesh," he said, "it is only to protect my bones against the assaults of my ungrateful superiors. It is a dog's life, Mac, and you are well out of it here in your snug post and the easy routine you have."

I could be sure that he had not torn himself away from the comfort of his elegant office in Edmonton and journeyed so far in Winter time merely to seek my sympathy.

"Mac," he said, "you are an old and proven friend of mine, are you not?"

"I am the friend of any honest man," I told him, "and in thirty years I have not been short one pelt nor lost a pound of the grubstakes I have advanced. My record is clear and my post in order."

"I have no doubt of it," he says. "And since your application for pension must be recommended by me, I do not doubt also that you are indeed my friend."

"I am," I said. "Any man that says otherwise is a liar."

"Let us drink to it," he suggested and we did.

"Now, Mac," this Farquhar began as he motioned me to draw close to him. "I'm in the very devil of a mess and I look to you to help me out. You know how it is in the Company's service; if a man makes a daring move and it turns out well 'tis to the Company's glory and profit. But if he fails then he is raked fore and aft if not demoted outright and noted down as a fool in the Doomsday book."

"I know how it is," I said.

"Yes. And with the General Manager hounding me about the inroads the Revillons make into our business, why damn it, Mac, I was amply justified in doing it. Amply!"

"Doing what?" I asked him.

"Mac, do you mind the young red-head—that Gavin O'Neill, adopted son of old Jerry O'Neill who was Inspector of Mounted Police?"

"And what of him?" I asked. Farquhar glared about and got all red in the face.



"The impudent young whelp!" he exclaimed. "What of it indeed! 'Tis all very well for you, MacDougall, that is a bachelor to be so cool and say 'what of it?' I tell you 'tis a very low trick indeed that a man's wife plays on him to bear him a girl and her growing up that stubborn and bull-headed till she drives her poor father crazy. Curse him!"

"Curse who?" I asked.

"This scoundrel O'Neill, who else?" he roared. "'Tis from her mother's side she gets it."

"What has the young Gavin O'Neill done now?" I asked him.

"She is in love with him," Farquhar stormed, "and she defies me in spite of all my mad rages. And him the son of

God alone knows who!"

"Tell me about it," I said, for I could see no calamity in it, barring the

lad was wild-like and fond of getting himself in trouble now and again.

"The young O'Neill, curse him, was doing very well as a buyer for some London furriers. The high prices and all you understand and him being a sound judge of fur, I've no doubt he was doing no harm to himself. But 'tis a slack life in Winter-time before the trappers are in, so he must go jaunting about to all the God-forsaken places, trading a bit with the independent trappers and arranging to buy their fur in the Spring. Making himself a nuisance, you see, around the posts in my district. Well, I was never the one to neglect my duties in the matter of protecting my posts. You know that, MacDougall."

"There may be some poor ones that need help," I agreed, "but as for myself—"

"So I devised a bold scheme," said Farquhar, "and

it worked. It worked grand!" Then must he break off for a general round of swearing at the competition and the harsh way of the general manager that drove him to do it and dwelling with feeling on the young O'Neill. I agreed with him.

"I made a deal with the young villain, a secret agreement. And I pretended not to mind his hanging about my house making sheep's eyes at my daughter. I sent him out last Winter; furnished him money to trade and compete with our posts and the Revillons. Sound business, you see, to sharpen up my own men and harass the accursed competition a little.



"Er, young man," this Farquhar began, thinking no doubt he addressed a common half-breed, "I come from Edmonton where I am a very great official of the Hudson's Bay Company!"

"God is great," said Jean Baptiste, as he stood looking down at him with cold disdain.

He had a good way with the Indians and brought a decent lot of fur in the Spring. Made a nice bit for himself and I—well, damn it, Mac, a man has tremendous expenses in the city what with dressing a grown daughter and all!"

"How much did you make for yourself?" I asked.

"Nothing! Barely enough to cover my own trouble, you understand."

"Aye, trouble is costly," I agreed, though to me it smelled of treachery against the Company.

"And this Winter I sent him out again. Tied hard and fast on a Company contract, you understand, to bring his furs to me. Only I kept the accursed contract, you see, instead of filing it with my regular reports. I meant to surprise the General Manager, Mac, meaning to show him that I knew how to handle the competition when I was ready. 'Twas my wilful and ungrateful daughter I did it for, to get rid of the young idiot O'Neill."

"Sensible! A bold scheme indeed," I said.

"And now last week am I in the club and there are a few

of us drinking a bit, among them this Frenchman, Beranger, who is Superintendent for our rival, you see. 'Oho!' he jeers at me. 'Is the great Hudson's Bay begun to decay? I am on to your red-head who is playing at Independent around the Hay Lakes. But the drinks are for you to buy, M. Farquhar, since we have suborned your agent. Ha-ha,' he laughed, at me, mind you, 'we buy his furs this year! All but enough to repay your advances.' Can you believe such unspeakable conduct?" Farquhar asked of me.

"They are above nothing," I told him. "They even raised the prices to the Indians when fur advanced, you remember."

"I bought the drinks," said Farquhar, "though I was fairly choking with rage. 'I am not given to anger, Mac, as a usual thing, but I forgot myself in my worry over that young ninny of a daughter my wife bore me.'"

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Do?" raged Farquhar. "I went to the Police and swore to a complaint against O'Neill for fraud. And they issued a warrant for his arrest, curse them!"

"And what of it?" I inquired. "They will bring him in."
 "Bah! What of it? MacDougall, I seriously doubt you will last out your time. My lack-witted daughter has more gump-tion than you who hold a responsible position with the Company," he said. "She it was who reminded me that I would be in a fine mess for the false arrest of a man when I had no evidence. And probably disgraced or even demoted," he mourned.

"You could withdraw the charge," I suggested, "since the Police will not be anxious for a useless journey to the Hay Lakes."

"They have already gone!" he roared.

He got up, and strode about the room and I was sharply reminded that Jean Baptiste was still within the adjoining room while Farquhar had supposed we were alone.

"MacDougall, I want a man," said Farquhar, "A man more ready-witted than yourself or even I. In his own way I mean. Find me a trusty man and I'll have the evidence when yon red-head is brought to justice. And I'll save my innocent young daughter from marrying him in spite of herself. The stubborn little fool!"

"There is such a man at hand," I said, thinking of the rare way in which Jean Baptiste might prove his value to the Company.

"Bring him," said Farquhar.

So I locked the bottle in my desk and went outside to think of a way of drawing him from the office till Jean Baptiste could escape from the side-room. 'Twas just as well I thought that Farquhar did not know my son was there. I was spared the worry for there was Jean Baptiste just lowering himself from a narrow window that I had supposed to be safely barred.

"I cut the bars when I used to sleep in there," he said, "in case of fire."

"My son you must come at once. He wants a man for a very delicate mission. It is your chance."

"I heard," said Jean Baptiste.

"Well?"

"I do not like great fat men," he said. "They think only of themselves."

I was in despair, for Jean Baptiste was a man to say a thing only when he meant it.

"It is so great an opportunity for you," I said, for I wanted to please Farquhar on account of my pension, you see.

"For you I will go," said Jean Baptiste, "but I do not like fat men."

"FORGIVE him the matter of his paunch," I urged, "and come along." And when we had come inside the office I said to Farquhar: "This is the man." Even then I feared that the stupid ox would antagonize Jean Baptiste. For he must peer and grunt to himself and purse his lips as a man might have to do in buying a fur. And Jean Baptiste stood looking down at him with the cold disdain his own great yellow lead-dog had for those that ran behind him.

"Er, young man," this Farquhar began, thinking no doubt he addressed a common half-breed. "I come from Edmonton where I am a very great official of the Hudson's Bay Company."

"God is great," said Jean Baptiste piously.

Farquhar he stared doubtfully at this, but let it pass.

"Now you are to have the honor of doing a very important errand for me, do you understand? Do you know the country of the Hay Lakes?"

Jean Baptiste nodded.

"Do you know a man with red hair named Gavin O'Neill?"

"I know no man of that name," said Jean Baptiste.

"All the better, you see," said Farquhar to me, as if proving the worth of his brains.

"When do I start?" asked Jean Baptiste, "and do I go alone?"

"At once," said Farquhar. "It is very urgent and you had best take a man with you. A trusty man now mind."

At this Jean Baptiste turned and went outside and when he came back shortly I saw his young wife running along the path toward the Indian settlement across the little Hart river.

"I have sent for the man," said Jean Baptiste. "We start in the morning."

"Why not this afternoon?" demanded Farquhar, jumping

to his feet. "Have I not told you the matter is urgent?"

"The man lives in Grouard," answered Jean Baptiste with patience, "and he cannot know till I have sent the word."

"'Tis eighty miles to Grouard," roared Farquhar, "and you talk of starting in the morning!"

My son gave him a look of patient scorn.

"The little Martine," he said, "will come on his own bowed legs. We will start in the morning."

"'Twill be so," I said to Farquhar. "Best tell him what he is to do."

"A Police party has already gone," explained Farquhar, "but you must reach the place and find this Gavin O'Neill before they do. And you are to buy fur from him, do you understand? I will give you money to buy all you can whether he will or no. Would it be safe, do you think, his taking so much money?" asked Farquhar of me. "'Tis my own money, you understand."

"It will be safe," I said.

"More than two thousand I advanced the treacherous hound," Farquhar grumbled. "I will give as much more to you. Tempt him beyond his strength! Buy a fur or a sled-load and come back to me without the Police having sight of you. My reasons for this are my own. And see that you tell no one where you go or why."

"AND then?" asked Jean Baptiste, looking into the big man's eyes.

"Can you do it?" demanded Farquhar.

"I can beat the Police to Hay Lakes," said Jean Baptiste, "though they are two days gone. They go down the Peace to Fort Vermilion where they pick up the Corporal James. 'Tis the way of the Police," he added. "We go straight; along the Clear Hills and finding the trapper's trail as we cross the Battle river. In five days we are at the Hay Lakes and the Police are at Vermilion."

"He is a bright lad," said Farquhar to me.

"He would be," I agreed.

"And I will not forget," Farquhar told him.

"You will not," said Jean Baptiste and left us.

It was only nearing dark that very evening, not four hours later, when Jean Baptiste came in again and with him the little Martine.

"My man has come," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Farquhar, "Do you mean to say the man mentioned is here already?"

"This man is Martine," said Jean Baptiste. "Can you not see him?"

"But this is magic," said Farquhar to me, and I saw that he was greatly impressed.

When it was still dark the next morning there was the little Martine putting a chew of the violent snuff into his toothless mouth and trotting about with the lantern to help Jean Baptiste as he packed the narrow toboggan sled. Jean Baptiste had come to be very pleased with the trip as I knew from the manner of his departure.

"Remember your instructions," commanded Farquhar, "and follow them to the letter. I want—"

But Martine he whirled and cut him off with a sudden hiss. He lifted the lantern high in both hands and spat into the darkness beyond the feet of Farquhar. I looked at Jean Baptiste and he raised his left hand in brief salute. A word to his dogs as he snapped the whip away and Martine he dipped the lantern suddenly leaving us in darkness. They were gone, Jean Baptiste clinging to the back of his sled and Martine running behind on the curious legs he had.

"Do you feel certain the man will succeed?" Farquhar asked me when we had gone inside.

"Jean Baptiste will do all any mortal man can do," I told him, "do not worry yourself."

"It is all very well for you, MacDougall, who have nothing to do but loaf about—and—where did you put the bottle now?" he demanded. "You'd let a man shiver himself to death while you fumble about making a fire."

So I must give him a drink and I had a little one myself against the chill of the morning.

"Well, I am not so certain," continued Farquhar, "he has a lot of my money in that belt of his. A half-breed, isn't he?"

"The mother of Jean Baptiste was Indian," I told him coldly.

Nine thousand times he would ask [Continued on page 61]



(MISS BOURNE (Gladys Ffolliott), given to mannish attire and caustic speech, referring to Teddie, the "cut-up" whose flippancy annoys her—People of that type shouldn't be allowed to travel unattended.

The GHOST TRAIN

By
Arnold Ridley

(Thrills, taut nerves and ultimate laughter dash down the track

A STORMY night finds a little way-station in Maine desolate and tempest-beaten. Rain dashes against the dim windows and the doors, and the fire in the little stove sinks to a faint glimmer. The station-master gets his lantern ready to meet the last train of the night—a train which is late and so has "missed connections." It deposits at the way-station a strangely assorted company of travelers who are marooned within the station's dinginess for the night. There is no hotel near, no farm house, no available motor to take them to civilization—nothing!

Saul Hodgkin, the station-master, itches to lock up and be off to parts unknown. But the travelers think that it would be a good idea if he would stay with them.

Saul (WALTER WILSON)—Me stay at Clear Vale Junction all night?

Richard Winthrop, a young business man, is traveling with his self-sufficient wife, Elsie. The pair are on the brink of a divorce.

Richard (ROBERT RENDEL)—That was the idea.

Saul—See here, gov'nor, haven't you never heard tell about this station?

Charles Murdock (JOHN WILLIAMS)—on the first lap of

his honeymoon with his sweet little Peggy—No, I haven't. Peggy (CLAUDETTE COLBERT)—Well, what about it?

Saul—It's haunted, Miss.

Peggy—Haunted!

Miss Bourne (GLADYS FFOLLIOTT)—Goodgracious! (Miss Bourne is a middle-aged spinster, addicted to mannish attire.)

Teddie Deakin, the cut-up of the party who aggravates everybody almost to the point of murder, (ERIC BLORE)—Well, if it isn't absolutely too priceless! The station's haunted!

Saul—Go on—laugh!

Teddie—May I! Oh, thanks!

Richard—You don't mean to say you believe in ghosts?

Saul—I believe in this one. There's nobody in these parts that don't. I wouldn't stay in this station for all the money in the world—tonight of all nights! . . .

Charles—Wait a minute . . . Tell us about the ghost . . . We want something to entertain us.

Saul—Entertain you? My God!

His tale runs in this wise: "Twenty years ago tonight a party of people went to a jollification up in Rockland and they chartered a special to take them back home to Waldoboro. That was the only night-train that ever ran on this track. Ted

Holmes was kept on duty. It must have been eleven o'clock when they phoned from Rockland to shut the swing-bridge, as the special was starting off. Ted answers as how he'd go and shut the bridge, and them was the last words he was ever heard to speak. That was at eleven. He goes to the door, and then it was that some sickness comes to him and he falls down on that platform, just outside that door—dead . . . the lamp still burning in his hand . . . On comes the train down the valley—forty miles an hour. Poor Ben Isaacs was a-drivin' and it seemed as though something warned him . . . he claps on the brakes, and the train goes a-tearing through this here station with whistles screamin', and then—crash! . . . Six killed outright, and two died after . . . Ben Isaacs climbs out of the river and comes back here, his mind gone. He was a-walking the platform for hours, wavin' a lantern and singin' 'Rock of Ages.' Next mornin' he died. Six stiff they brought up and laid out in this room . . . Ever since that night this station has been haunted . . . Some nights the signal bell rings and a train comes screamin' and tearin' through the station with all brakes on . . . I'm a-tellin' ye there ain't no trains that run on these metals after ten o'clock at night 'til seven in the mornin' . . . All the folks in these parts run like the devil if they hear a train at night. They say to look on the ghost train means death."

The travelers, of course, don't believe the story, although the women exhibit a slight nervousness. Saul, lighting his bicycle lamp prepares to go off.

Teddie—Good night, and a pleasant ride to you, old top. I hope you get jolly well soaked.

Saul—I'd sooner be soaked than croaked. Then he vanishes and the men try to make the women comfortable for the night. Suddenly there is the sound of something falling.



(TEDDIE, the "cut-up" (Eric Blore)—If it isn't too priceless! The station's haunted!

Miss Bourne—What's that? (Something bumped against the door leading out to the platform.)

When Charles Murdock opens the door, Saul is found lying on the platform with his lighted bicycle lamp in his hand. They carry him inside.

Peggy—Is he ill?

Miss Bourne—Oh dear, oh dear—he can't be—

Elsie (screaming)—Ah! . . . Look! Look!

Richard—What?

Elsie—The lamp! . . . Don't you remember—"Outside the door they found him, with the lamp . . ."

Charles—Eleven o'clock! Good God!

After that, nerves jump and spines grow cold. They put the dead man in the adjoining room.

Peggy— . . . you don't think his death had anything to do with the story he told us?

Richard—My dear lady . . . it was just a coincidence.

Teddie—And a jolly strange thing, wasn't it. It's just what he said happened.

Charles—Shut up!

Miss Bourne—People of that type shouldn't be allowed to travel unattended.

The flap of the ticket-window suddenly drops down, startling them all to tatters. Peggy thinks she hears a footstep on the platform. Teddie opens the door to the storm.

Miss Bourne—Oh—shut the door. I'm sure something will get in at us . . . I feel so ill. I am sure I am going to faint.

Teddie bethinks himself of his flask. They persuade Miss Bourne to take a sip. Once in possession of what she chooses to look upon as "medicine," she is carried away by its flavor and while the others are not looking drinks it all. Their attention is finally recalled to her.



(When JULIA regains consciousness she has forgotten all about seeing the Ghost Train. STERLING (Henry Mowbray)—You fainted after the train came, not before. The question is, what made you faint?

Charles—Good Lord! What shall we do!

Peggy—Is she—?

Charles—I'm afraid she is.

So they tuck the happy and oblivious Miss Bourne up on a bench near the window, wrapped in a traveling shawl.

Then—a knock at the door. After a minute's hesitation they open and find on the threshold a pretty girl in evening dress and cloak, panting with excitement. She shuts the door with a slam behind her.

Julia Price (ISOBEL ELSOM)—Tell me? Has it come? . . . Will you help me?

Richard—Of course—but what is the matter?

Julia—Hide me from them. Hide me—please . . . Don't let them take me back . . .

They try to calm the hysterical girl, to discover the cause of her panic; then a man's voice is heard calling in the distance: "Julia!"

Julia—They will take me back again! Help me!

Charles—That's all right. Nobody's going to hurt you.

Julia—Then let me hide in there.

Richard—No—no! Not in there!

Frantic, she runs to the main entrance of the station as two men start to push open the door. She springs behind it. The new arrivals are an elderly Englishman and a keen young Yankee.

The Englishman (ARTHUR BARRY)—My name is Price. This is Doctor Sterling.

We are looking for my sister . . . Have you seen a young lady? The other men, intrigued by the girl's plight and beauty try to stall.

Price—I mean to get to the bottom of this.

And then, as Sterling closes the door to keep out the wind, they see Julia crouching terror-stricken behind it.

Sterling (HENRY MOWBRAY)—Come along, Julia. Let's get out of this while the rain holds off.



(The Ghost Train did one good thing: It made RICHARD WINTHROP (Robert Rendel) and his wife (Gypsy O'Brien) renew their love for one another.

Julia—What's the use of talking. I must stay here. I can't help myself.

Price—If she won't come, we must take her.

The girl runs madly to Richard, who flings an arm around her.

Richard—You will pardon me, but this lady has put herself under my protection.

Sterling—You'd better explain to them, Price.

Price— . . . You people have heard about this place?

Charles— . . . Something about this station being haunted?

Price—Yes. Please don't let my sister worry you. She's—well—she suffers from—

er—delusions, at times . . . It's all this infernal ghost train business. She was very

near the station one night, several years ago, and she thought she saw the train . . . It

was a great shock . . . permanently upset her. She's perfectly well most of the time,

but some nights she has an idea this ghost train will run, and it has a morbid fascination

for her . . . It's one of her bad nights . . .

Julia—It will come tonight! . . . I'm never wrong! That night the tramp died

. . . I felt it then.

Price—There you are, you see. How did you people get to know this story?

Saul Hodgkin, of course, had told them the prickly tale.

Julia—He wouldn't stay here?

Richard—No.

Julia—I don't blame him. I wouldn't stay here if I could help it.

Price—Good. Then come along.

Julia—But I can't help it . . . It draws me. I've got to see it again.

Richard— . . . He took his bicycle lamp and went away. Then . . . we found him lying outside—dead.

Price—Good God!

[Continued on page 65]

The WAY of

EVER so informal was their first meeting. He had been about to sink for the twenty-second and probably the last time—he had been counting these submersions with automatic precision and was characteristically if incongruously pleased with having bettered what might be called drowning in par by a sweet nineteen—when she who was known to her circle as Nicky Frye swam into his life. He was not then aware that she was so known or that she was precisely the sort of girl who, having been christened a nice sweet name like Janice, would inevitably be rechristened Nicky. He wasn't, at the moment, even sure that she was human; he had an idea that perhaps he had drowned and had arrived—well, where he wasn't so sure.

In heaven, to the best of his knowledge, white nighties and gold harps were the mode, and she had neither a nightie nor a harp. She did, however, have a competent over-hand stroke which even in extremis he could not but admire.

"Perhaps she's a Mark Sennett bathing girl cut off in her youth," he mused, hazily, then mused no more.

Nantucket Sound, whose amorous advances he had been withstanding these last three hours, was drawing him to its heart, breathing sweet nothings in his ear.

Twenty minutes later he came to. He did not know that twenty minutes had passed, all he knew was that he was no longer in the water. Yet neither was he floating around on any pink cloud. Whatever it was he was lying on was extremely inhospitable to certain segments of his anatomy. He blinked an eye open uncertainly and then closed it with great celerity.

A red-headed angel with aquamarine eyes was obviously about to kiss him. It seemed best to him that he should do nothing that might divert her attention.

"A-a-ugh!" he gasped, as the red-headed angel instead of kissing him blew down his throat, and, at the same time, gave him an all too vigorous dig in the ribs.

This might be an approved celestial caress. If so, his preferences were still of the earth earthy.

A voice spoke. A masculine voice.

"Well what are you up to now!" it demanded. This sounded reminiscent. A great many people had asked him that question at various times. But before he could decide what to answer the red-headed angel herself spoke.

"What do you think I'm doing?" she demanded. "Stop gawking like a goop and help me, you idiot!"

Evidently angels, if red-headed, had a temper, he decided. Of Nicky that was certainly true at almost any time, but at the moment she had more excuse than usual.

To save human life is ever an instinct to be commended. Upon it she had acted with no thought of self. She had rescued the drowning and having so far committed herself, must do her best to achieve resuscitation. But her enthusiasm had so soon suffered eclipse.

To begin with, he whom she had saved was not at all the sort of a man one could imagine ever posing for collar ads.

One of his eyebrows was missing and a great deal of his hair had been singed off. Beyond that he was dirty—as dirty as were his sleeveless shirt and his trousers, both of which had once been white presumably, but which were now a sodden sticky mass of grease, grime and soot.

It might be that somebody loved him, but Nicky had her doubts. She felt as if, in some subtle way, she had been sold. He was, she guessed, a stoker from some steamer.

The possessor of the masculine voice, who happened to be her brother Chris, now irritated her anew.



It might be that somebody loved him—this man she had saved—but Nicky had her doubts.

"I—er—suppose I owe you a vote of thanks," he began. "You had better let my brother see if he can find you some dry clothes," intervened Nicky, in a tone that further suggested that she did not care very much whether he thanked her or not.

This surprised him. He was more surprised by what her eyes said. He was, in fact, more accustomed to glimpse in feminine eyes that "whither-thou-goest-there-will-I-go" expression that made him abruptly realize that he travels fastest who travels alone.

But, as he glanced down at his costume he discovered the clue. He grinned.

"Thanks," he accepted, addressing her and then turning to Chris.

NICKY considered her responsibility ended and drifted off toward the bath house. In the sanctuary so achieved she dressed with what is usually considered unfeminine dispatch. But then she was fortunate in having hair that a whisk of the comb and a couple of pats here and there efficiently and picturesquely disposed of.

And if she powdered her nose that was done mechanically. Life, at the moment was nothing to powder one's nose for, in her opinion.

The summer, which in prospect, had presaged a glorious freedom of which she planned to make the most—her parents being abroad, leaving her and Chris in possession of the Potuit house—was proving a flop. She wondered how those gifted authors who wrote thrilling stories about flaming youth got that way, anyway.

At Potuit, which is on Cape Cod and noted chiefly for its sea drenched, sleepy charm, youth could not be made to flame

"Where did you get him?" he demanded, inanely.

"Where does anybody get a drowning man?" she snapped. "Stop asking foolish questions and see if you can breathe air into his lungs. I'm all in—"

He who had been salvaged considered that nebulously for a second. Then as two anything but feminine lips were pressed to his, he opened his eyes abruptly.

"Er—I feel much better," he said.

To prove it, he managed to achieve a sitting position. That proved a considerable effort but he was rewarded by a view of his rescuer from a new angle. She was, he now realized, no angel—though how far removed from that estate he was yet to discover—but she had attributes which, if human, were yet worthy of consideration.

These her bathing suit rendered obvious to all mankind. He blinked.

a MAID with a MAN MISLAID

By ROYAL BROWN

Illustrated by David Robinson



His rescuer, he now realized, was no angel, but she had attributes which, if human, were yet worthy of consideration.

apparently. Anyway, the summer was the same old story so far with the same old actors.

The same old Lonny Buxton—Lonny wasn't old in years, but he came from an old Boston family whose every tradition negated any idea he could become a flaming youth—to be scorned and bedeviled. One of those terribly earnest young men, Lonny, with the faithful, worshiping eyes of a police dog.

At least he had been that way until Rosemary Trent appeared. Now—now, emerging from the bath house into the jonquilt-tinted July sunshine Nicky set her pretty teeth as if she would like to bite someone. And that is precisely the way she felt.

Chris was awaiting her. "Who do you suppose he is!" he demanded, breathless with awe.

This might have surprised some, for Chris, as a senior at Harvard did not consider awe good form. But it did not surprise Nicky who, though only a sophomore at Smith, felt old enough at odd moments to be his mother.

"Pour it out before it spills," she suggested, disdainfully.

"Jeremy Jones!" he announced, too thrilled to take exception to her manner.

"Not really!" she mimicked. "I don't seem to place Jeremy but I know I have heard of his family. Do you mean he's really one of the Joneses?"

"If you weren't just out of rompers you'd remember him all right," he retorted. "Five years ago in the Yale game he picked up a loose ball and—"

"Oh mi-gosh!" wailed Nicky. "Is he all-America?"

"Nothing but!" corroborated Chris. "He—"

"I wish I'd let him drown!" broke in Nicky, viciously. "I'm so darned sick of All-Americans. Whenever I meet a man who is not beautiful but awfully dumb and who looks as if he expected every girl to fall on her face before him I just know he's All-America—"

The best laid plans of mice and . . . women!

"He's a bug on speed boats," Chris went on, unheeding. "He was trying one out this morning when it went blotto on him—caught fire and sank. But he's got two more and a fast cruiser, too—"

"Two more speed boats?" echoed Nicky, impressed in spite of herself. "Gosh—he must have money!"

"Money!" apostrophized Chris. "Did you ever see that big plant just outside New Haven—the Jones Boiler Corporation? Well his father is the whole works and Jeremy is in with him—"

"Did you ask him to stay to lunch?" demanded Nicky to whom, being feminine, such details as the precise nature of Jeremy's job were immaterial, irrelevant and incompetent.

"Sure!" He's got to duck right afterwards but he's coming back—"

"You can just bet he is," Nicky assured him. "What else did I save his life for?"

"Fat chance!" he jeered, with fraternal frankness. "He's bomb proof. There isn't a trick in your little bag he isn't hep to—"

"That was what they said of Anthony—until he met Cleopatra," retorted Nicky, serenely.

"If you think you're any Cleopatra—"

"I don't—but just watch me!" suggested Nicky.

Through lunch he did. Goggle-eyed, if a Harvard senior can be such. Nicky sat in her mother's place, shy, gracious and disarmingly demure. One might indeed believe her an angel—if red-headed. But then, as Jeremy Jones was discovering, her hair wasn't really red. Copper, auburn, red-gold—all these variations he considered and discarded as wanting.

He approved of her. Tremendously.

And Nicky approved of him. She had decided, so soon, just what she wanted of him. Oh it was going to be perfectly

gorgeous—if she could only get him to promise to do something for her without knowing what that something was.

He promised. That was after lunch from which Nicky had maneuvered him out on to the bricked terrace which looked down upon the sea.

"It wasn't much," she murmured, as he thanked her for what she had done. "No more than anybody would do for anyone, that is—"

She paused, her eyes troubled, then added:

"But there is one thing you could do for me—if you really do feel under obligation. I can't tell you what it is unless you promise—cross-your-throat-and-hope-you-may-die—first."

A faint misgiving stirred within him. He was naturally wary. And yet she looked so sweet, so disturbingly beseeching, that he cast caution to the winds.

"I promise," he said.

Whereupon, her end achieved, she exploded her bomb with business-like celerity.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, when she finished. "I—I—mind if I smoke?"

She didn't and he produced a cigarette, lit it and disposed of the match.

"Let's get this straight," he suggested. "This Lonny Buxton for whom you say a certain Rosemary Trent has angled so patently and yet so successfully—may I suggest that it occurs to me that you probably treated him like a worm and that the worm finally turned? If I seem over-frank—"

"Oh be as frank as you choose," retorted Nicky.

"Thanks. Am I to assume that you want—or expect Lonny back?"

Nicky tossed her charming head. "Oh I don't care a hoot about Lonny," she informed him. "It's just that—"

"He was your property until Rosemary came along," he contributed.

Nicky glanced up at him. There was something in his eyes she did not quite care for, but then, what difference did it make? She had his promise.

"I hate to have her think she can get him away so easily," she answered frankly. "As if any girl couldn't get a man if she were willing to gaze at him adoringly in that 'how big, how brave, how brilliant you are' way. As if everybody didn't know she's after him just for his money," scorned Nicky. "If he didn't have a cent she'd never give him a glance."

"Let's be sure of that hypothesis inasmuch as the little plot you have so carefully cooked up depends upon it," he persisted. "Has Lonny absolutely no other attractions?"

"Well—he plays a pretty decent game of golf and he's not bad looking," conceded Nicky. "But it's his money, absolutely. They've been stopping at the Inn—Rosemary and her mother, I mean—but now they're talking of taking the Wiide house for the rest of the season."

"Meaning just what?"

"That they've decided Lonny is worth going after," she explained. "Of course everybody knew that it was all bunk—their saying that they loved being at the Inn because it was so simple and restful there and such a relief from having to entertain. They were just retrenching, saving money—"

"A poor lone widow and her only child—why be so hard on them?" he asked.

"A poor lone widow!" commented Nicky, scathingly. "Wait until you see her—and then tell me how you would like to have her for a mother-in-law!"

"I am not in the market for a mother-in-law, but is she as bad as that?"

"A harpy, absolutely," Nicky assured him with finality.

Cigarette smoke issued from him as he considered that. He had on one of Chris's sweaters and a pair of his knickers. As soon as his eyebrow grew again he would really be—

"As I understand it," he broke in upon her thought, "you expect me to return here with the best car money can buy or hire and—"

"The sort the lady in 'The Green Hat' had," she contributed, definitely.

"And," he went on, "look and act as if I were trying to persuade you to accept the heart and hand which along with various other parts of me you saved from drowning—"

"Exactly—only don't put it on too thick," she instructed him.

"You see I don't want her to get the idea there isn't a chance to get you away from me because if she thinks that, she'll hold on to Lonny—"

"And you actually believe that she'll let go of Lonny in order to make a play for me?" he demanded, satirically. "I suppose I ought to feel flattered—"

"You needn't be," she retorted coolly. "It will be just because she thinks you have much more money than Lonny. You see Lonny's family isn't so very rich. In fact, I don't think he'd satisfy Mrs. Trent unless she were desperate—"

"What makes you think I have enough to satisfy her?"

"It doesn't make any difference anyway. When she sees that car, and the flowers and candy you send every day she'll think you have and that's all that is necessary. So I'll expect you back on Saturday prepared to stay a while—"

"You forget," he hedged, "that I am, after all, a business man—"

"And you forget," she reminded him, "that you're lucky to be alive."

"I'm not so sure I am lucky," he retorted, ruefully. "You seem determined to exact your pound of flesh and it occurs to me that in what you call a gorgeous little comedy I'm cast for the boulder's rôle—"

"You should be more careful what you promise," she said sweetly.

"I certainly will be, hereafter," he assured her.

"And you forget," she reminded him, "that you're lucky to be alive."

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"I certainly will be, hereafter," he assured her.

"And you forget," she reminded him, "that you're lucky to be alive."



Rosemary looked like a Madonna, and her soft voice was the most beguiling thing. Her mother saw to that—a ruthless woman, frustrated by life yet determined to conquer it through the best marriage possible for Rosemary, from a money standpoint.



"Good Lord!" she sputtered. "If you tell me that you can't see her as she is, you're hopeless. Or—in love!" This last was an afterthought. "Are you?" she asked, involuntarily.

Now what could a man do with a girl like that? The question was in Jeremy Jones' mind most of the time from then until Saturday. He was a reasonable, logical thirty; she, an unreasonable, illogical spoilt twenty, had exacted from him a perfectly preposterous promise.

This she expected him to fulfill to the limit. But no man in his right senses would! He convinced himself of that.

Nevertheless, on Saturday he returned to Potuit. He did not, however, make the trip in the car she had demanded, or any car. He arrived, instead, in the Spindrift, a cruiser which could and often did make better than twenty knots an hour and which, with the leveling rays of the sun upon it made an eye filling spectacle to Potuit as its anchor went overboard.

The Spindrift was not his idea of an acceptable substitute for the kind of car the lady in the Green Hat owned. He had come to Potuit merely that he might try to make Nicky listen to reason.

Instead, she regarded the Spindrift thoughtfully, as he joined her. She was on the east terrace wearing a wisp of a gown casually protected by a wisp of a wrap with a highly incongruous but highly becoming fur collar.

"I think it's even better than the car," she assured him at once enthusiastically. "It's so perfectly spiffy—and it screeches money—"

"Look here," he began desperately, "I—"

"Your eyebrow is coming back nicely," she interrupted.

"And so is your hair. I wouldn't be surprised if Rosemary preferred you to Lonny, even if you didn't have more money. You're really quite attractive, truly—"

"If you will stop appraising me as if I were a Greek slave and give me a chance to speak—"

"But we mustn't stop now," she broke in. "We're late for the dance at the Country Club now. Come on!"

She started for her roadster, parked in the drive. He hesitated a second, then followed. She was at the wheel when he reached her.

"Get in," she commanded. "We can talk on the way—if you feel you must!"

He felt he must. But he should have known her better than to believe she really intended to give him a chance to.

"Everybody," she announced, "is crazy to see you. They've heard the whole romantic story of course—how I saved you and all that—"

"Oh my Lord," he groaned. "You don't mean to say that—"

"Well—I did save you, didn't I? And if they draw their

own conclusions from the fact that you've come back to stay a month that's not my fault is it?"

They were swinging through Potuit with its gleaming cottages, its old fashioned gardens and its general atmosphere of sea-permeated charm sublimated by the glory of the sunset, at a pace that would have taken his breath away even if what she had said had not.

"We're almost there," she added. "And please don't look so glum—else they'll think I've refused you already!"

"The prospect of being shot off to a dance where everybody awaits a glimpse of me is not particularly alluring," he managed.

"I'm sorry—but it's necessary," said she. "Otherwise somebody might suspect that you were not as devoted as reported. Or—worse still—that love at first sight had vanished at second. I should not care for that—it would be too much like the stories one reads of being deserted on one's wedding night."

"So I'm supposed to be a victim of love at first sight, too?"

"Isn't it to be expected? Under the circumstances? It isn't so preposterous that anyone should fall in love with me, is it?"

HER eyes met his deliberately, their clear white intensified by her tan. The wind had ruffled her hair, she was at the moment charming enough to quicken any masculine pulse. In spite of himself his did accelerate.

"I can see how it might come about," he confessed.

"Oh it has—often," she assured him serenely. "I'm quite popular, truly. The dance tonight won't be such an ordeal, the stag line will do its duty."

The Country Club broadcasting light and syncopation, came into sight. She drove into the grounds, parked her car expertly and a moment later they were inside the clubhouse. The music stopped as they entered; to Jeremy it seemed as if every eye were upon them. He felt as he had on another occasion years before when, having been pitched into the sea by one of his temperamental speed boats, he had sacrificed his trousers in order to get ashore.

Then, abruptly, he found himself being introduced.

"Miss Trent," announced Nicky. And added, "And Mr. Buxton."

Rosemary was blonde, exquisitely so. Lonny was dark and serious with an inescapable Boston accent and manner. So much Jeremy gathered as the music broke forth anew and he was left deserted, Nicky disappearing to rid herself of her wrap and perform those mysterious [Continued on page 75]

Famous IDOLS of Youth

By
Lawrence Perry



Robert Zuppke, University of Illinois, one of the most successful coaches in the country, is here shown with Red Grange whom he developed.

The Men who Develop Muscle and Character on the Gridiron

WHATEVER may be said about their activities and preoccupations the year round one thing with certainty may be asserted and that is that of all men in this busy world, whatever their professions or their business, there is none who is any more involved, engrossed and absorbed mentally and physically just at this particular season of the year than the head coaches of the various football elevens throughout the country.

A president of a great university who knows a great deal about life outside the academic walls, having been a man of affairs, as well as an educator, once said to the writer that any successful coach of an important football eleven is nothing more nor less than the raw material of a captain of industry who preferred to remain a boy.

There was more of keen observation in this than one might catch at first glance; for among the various outstanding qualities of the man who has devoted his life to coaching football is a certain boyish enthusiasm which is an absolute necessity in one who associates with boys and rules them not alone by iron discipline but by understanding, if not sharing their points of view, their reactions and their idealism, which last is nowhere so high as among youth.

What the educator above quoted meant was that the successful football coach is a curious being endowed with the will-power, the force of character, the pertinacity, the resourcefulness and initiative, and the ordered mind of those who lead in the ramified interests of our national life combined with a persistent youthfulness of spirit that in the first instance drew him to the gridiron and then kept him there.

The pity is that only a limited number of young Americans studying in our colleges and universities have the advantage of contact with these men who play such an important part in the building of character and development and personality.

Not nearly enough men, for example, come under the direct influence of Amos Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago, although, even so, he meets and knows and directs more men than most of his fellow coaches since in addition to teaching football he is concerned with various sports in his capacity as general director of athletics.

Stagg has been coaching football at Chicago for thirty-two years, ever since he left Yale, and he stands like a monolith in inter-

collegiate sport not only because of his achievements but because of the rugged strength of his character, the greatness of his soul and the loftiness of his ideals.

No one comes quite so close to young men as a coach to those who are playing football under him; no one has his power either for good or evil. For his word is law, his decrees inexorable. Football is a game which demands, as no game does, utter sacrifice of self, complete devotion to a cause, whole-hearted willingness for service.

The coach and the coach only catches the boy thus and it is in his hands to incite him to impulse well nigh murderous or to lift his vision to the heights.

More than one man, hair graying at the temples now, but whose stalwart figures recall the strenuous days of their beautiful prime, have told the writer that what they had become was the work of Stagg, or Fielding Yost or some mentor of like high character who cracked the whiplash over them on the gridiron and off it talked to them and counseled and inspired them like fathers.

I don't think there is a Princeton man who played on the famous 1922 eleven, a team of less physical assets than many another successful Tiger eleven which, thanks largely to the inspiration of the coach, William Roper, could not be beaten because it would not—I don't think there is a member of that time who does not hold among his memories a scene that occurred after the game when the Princetonians had gone to the dressing-room.

That battle of the gridiron probably will be recalled as one of the most spectacular and thrilling contests ever waged. For three periods there was practically only one team in the game, Chicago, and only one outcome seemed possible—a sound trouncing of the New Jersey outfit. In the fourth period with the score 18 to 7 in Chicago's favor, supporters of the Maroon had no thought save of the celebration that would follow the convincing victory and Princeton's adherents, although courageously vociferous in cheer and song, saw no light ahead.

Then came a Chicago fumble, the typical dash of a Tiger for a touchdown. Soon another Princeton touchdown followed and Nassau went into the lead. But not daunted the westerners took the ball and began a series of advances which ended when Princeton recaptured the pigskin upon her two foot line and [Continued on page 78]



Thanks to the inspiration of the coach, William Roper, many a Princeton eleven could not be beaten because it would not.

How long do you take to dress in the morning?

Do you know how to shave in the shortest possible time?

Men, what part do you take in housekeeping?

Is your household a fifty-fifty proposition?

CAN HOUSEWORK Be Made House-PLAY?

Mrs. Frank B. Gilbreth, Expert in Scientific Management

Says IT CAN

By Jeanette Eaton

TWENTY years ago a young bride and groom decided that they were going to "live happily ever after." This hardly isolated them from mankind. All true lovers decide the same thing. What did distinguish them was a definite program. Whereas most brides and grooms look forward to a fairy tale of bliss and ease, these two expected to make a real story. They wanted the thrill of sharing work. Together they would have a professional career and they would also have a large family.

"We'll go fifty-fifty," said he. "For every hour you give the job I shall give an hour to the problem of running the house and bringing up the children."

It was Frank Bunker Gilbreth who made this offer and Lillian Gilbreth who promptly accepted it. She was a college graduate. But without that fifty-fifty proposition she wouldn't have considered a career possible for many years. She would never have sacrificed children to it. With her it was both or nothing.

Because this pair combined will with trained intelligence they made their wishes come true. The partnership became an important international enterprise in scientific management. Today Lillian Gilbreth has so high a professional standing that she has been made one of two honorary members of the Society of Industrial Engineers. The other is Herbert Hoover. As for their second plan, eleven children—six boys and five girls—compose this truly pioneer family. Today, although Frank Gilbreth died two years ago, his wife is carrying on the work of Frank B. Gilbreth, Inc., Consulting Engineers.

"The great job in the average marriage," says Mrs. Gilbreth, "is clever planning. If you don't plan you're lost in a welter of detail. There are only twenty-four hours in the day. How can we busy housekeepers and mothers get enough time to do what we want—whether that wish is social activity or a career?"

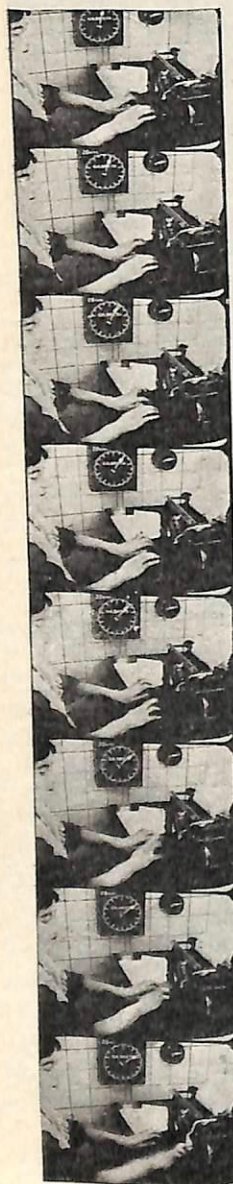
This is the question. Women all over the country, all over the world, are complaining that housework and the care of children take every hour of the day, every drop of energy they possess. Even those who manage to save a margin are often too fatigued to enjoy it. Moreover, the husband and children of a fussy, discouraged wife are as badly off as she is herself.

HERE is a common ill—one that threatens the home. If Lillian Gilbreth has found a cure—and it looks as though she has—we all want to know what it is. The lever she wields upon household problems is more powerful than that of the dietitian or advisor on budgets. She has a system and the value of it is that any mother, whether she has two children or ten, can adopt it. It enabled her to give eleven youngsters a wonderful foundation for life and still go on with her profession.

"My recipe," says she, "begins with the husband. You must arouse his interest."

Arouse his interest! At the sound of these words a million feminine eye-brows go up. All very well to talk, but the advice





In the Gilbreth system of saving time and energy a motion picture is taken of the worker from which a chart is made revealing just what motions are unnecessary. The charting may now be done standing or sitting.

is exactly like saying to a color-blind man, "Look at that gorgeous sunset!" For the average man is house-blind. If he brings home the bacon it's his wife's job to cook it.

Nor is it only the men who hold this view. Many women think that a man who busies himself with the house is in the same class with one who leads a Pomeranian out for its airing. They resent not only any activity from him, but any suggestions regarding their way of doing things.

Right here let us say that the Gilbreth plan is a dud until both men and women get over this foolish taboo. Until they draw on man's organizing genius for the running of it, they never advance beyond the wife's old plight of "having no time to call her own."

This does not mean that friend husband must put on an apron. It does mean that he must put on his brain. Under this new system he can't treat his home like a chocolate machine—something where he puts in his money and draws out satisfaction. He must help his wife think out better ways of doing every household task. Is her ice-box in the right place? Wouldn't her dusting take less time if she put away some of those pictures and ornaments? Problems like these, which he is accustomed to solving in business, are just what he should work out at home.

The second ingredient in the Gilbreth scheme of organization is the cooperation of the children. Their assistance is as important in one way as that of the husband in another. But, wait! Before we hear the detail of the children's part, let us see step by step how the Gilbreths applied their carefully considered theories in their own family.

Perhaps the image in your mind of this woman—famous efficiency engineer that she is—may be something as impersonal as one of her own tables of statistics. Let us hasten to say that nothing could be farther from the truth. Mrs. Gilbreth is nothing if not human. Slender, of medium height, with

dreamy blue eyes and fairish hair showing no touch of grey, she is feminine to the core. Something cordial, personal and sweet is immediately projected from her to each person she meets. Her humor and sympathy dominate one's impression of dynamic force.

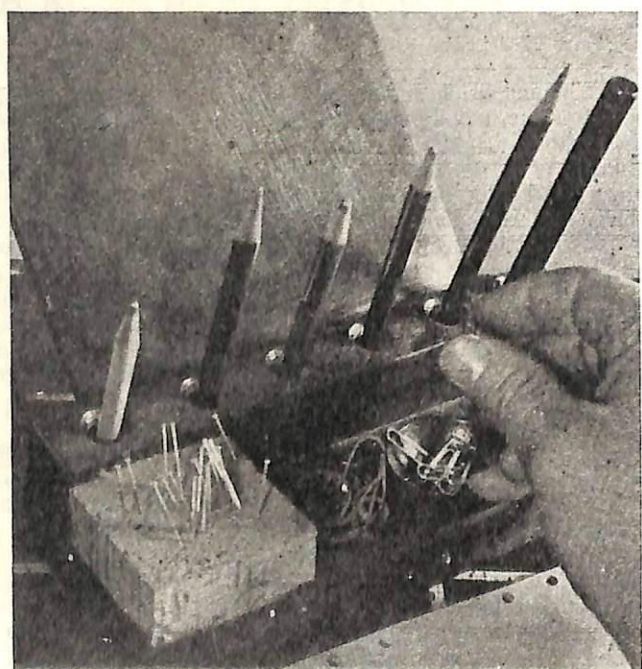
With all the eagerness of an ardent nature she began life with her partner husband. Their first few years were spent in a New York apartment. Here the young wife flung herself into professional contacts, study, writing and research. Mr. Gilbreth's mother lived with the young people. She did all the ordering, helped with the housework and when the babies arrived she helped take care of them.

Right here Mrs. Gilbreth makes an important admission. She says that any mother of very small children cannot hope to undertake a career without a good deal of expert service. She herself after the first baby came—even with a maid and a devoted mother-in-law—was unable to use more than three hours in the daytime for professional work. Moreover, she says frankly she would not have had that if there had been any health problem whatsoever to overcome.

From the very beginning she and her husband worked together on the standardization of the household work. They drew up charts of every task and made time studies to discover how long it took to clean rooms of various sizes and how the process might be shortened and simplified. The arrangement of shelves, stores and utensils in kitchen and pantry was analyzed and so adjusted as to save all possible steps.

However, the city itself presented obstacles which no ingenuity could overcome. Mrs. Gilbreth is convinced that the difficulty of preserving that margin for doing what you like is twice as great for the city mother as for one who lives in a small community. "Take the question of the morning airing," said she. "In the city babies always have to be very well dressed. Twenty years ago every proud mother was obliged to show off her infants in snowy white from head to foot. Well, it takes time, even with help, to get three children and a baby-carriage ready, to summon the elevator and then, when you reach the street, to cross it through traffic."

It was largely to simplify existence that this family left New York for good. They lived successively in Providence, White Plains and finally Montclair—always in a house with as much garden space as possible. Under such circumstances preparation for the children's out-door period consisted of slipping a sweater over their rompers and stepping out on the porch. Moreover, by the use of safe enclosures within which the children could play



A pencil rack designed to eliminate waste motion.

A motion picture showing the pencil rack in use with Gilbreth clock recording time required for each motion.



Mrs. Gilbreth found she could watch over them while she worked. Thus she made a double gain of time.

However, long before they left New York these proficient parents had been building for the future by initiating their children into the technique of cooperation. Anne, the oldest child, was naturally the first to sit in on the parental conferences on management. In terms that she could understand it was made clear to her that she was now part of a going concern and had her responsibility for its success.

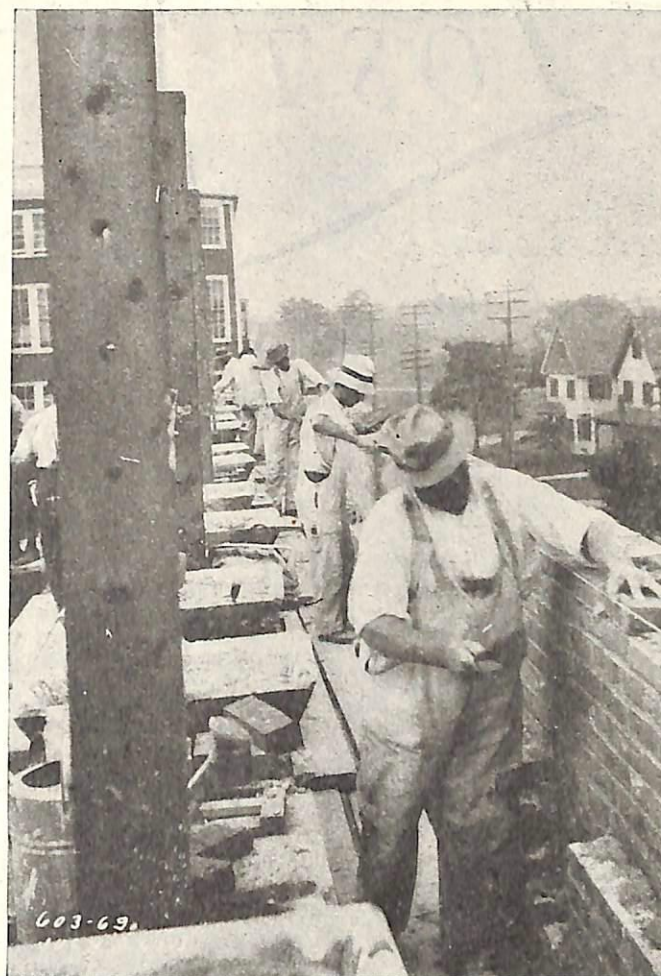
"Because you are such a big girl now, Anne," said her father, "we need you to help us all you can. First, mother is going to teach you to dress yourself. Then we want you to work for us one hour every morning."

Anne was three years old. Yet from that time on she was a producer. No longer a clog, she was now a cog in the family. It was all very exciting. First she learned where all her clothes were kept and every evening while mother watched and directed she trotted about getting everything out for morning and looking each garment over to be sure no button was missing. In the morning the lesson was harder. Everything had to be done just so and as fast as possible. Which garments went on first, how to put a sock on swiftly without wrinkling and how to use both hands in struggling with buttons and bows—such were the A.B.C.'s of saving time, doing things right, and making children useful.

"Mothers who let their children dream for half an hour in the morning with one sock on and the other off don't know what they're doing!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbreth. Dawdling habits are likely to undermine a child's power of concentration. You have to teach children every single motion to make when they are learning a new task and to fix their minds on it. You have to praise them like everything for every success. Gradually they cease to have to concentrate on each movement. It becomes habitual. Finally they get to the stage where they can dream away and yet be sure that their own busy hands are quickly buttoning rompers and tying shoe-strings. When this happens the teacher's work is done. For that bit of routine has been mastered.

When Anne reached this stage she began her industrial career as household assistant. The boss engaged her to dust everything within her reach, furnished her with a dust cloth and had her begin. The gravity of that little face was matched by the vigor of fat little hands jabbing eagerly at chair rungs and table legs. Finally the fore-lady who had been watching her said: "It took you above five minutes to do that one chair, dear. Now watch how mother does it." Beginning at the top of the chair that expert hand guided the cloth smoothly down, across and up again. Not a corner was missed, yet the time involved amounted to less than half a minute.

It was an impressive object lesson. "Oh, mother, can I do it that way, too?" And so the young producer was initiated into the one right way of dusting which saves energy and gives a perfect result. Naturally, it took weeks of careful supervision before little hands automatically pursued a rhythmic course.



This photograph shows bricklayers laying brick with the Gilbreth motion-and-fatigue-saving scaffold.

A motion picture of the Gilbreth method for finding the best way to assemble a braiding machine to lessen the operator's fatigue and increase output.



However, Anne, who was destined to become the leader of ten brothers and sisters, did not stop with this type of service. When she had learned to dress herself and dust she added to her responsibilities that of keeping her room tidy.

"We mothers of three and four-year-old children," comments Mrs. Gilbreth, "don't need to assume the time-taking nuisance of putting their rooms in order. With low hooks in the closet, low bureau drawers and a small hamper for soiled clothes, children of this age may be easily taught to leave everything absolutely in place. Of course, at first they must be taught where things go and learn to restrain that impulse to fling everything in the wash basket."

RIGHT here the average woman begins to shake her head. "So much bother!" she exclaims. "Heavens! It's far more trouble to train a child to do things than to do them yourself!"

Certainly it is—at first. It requires all the patience and exactitude of any other form of careful teaching. But after a year or two the mother who puts through such a course of training begins to reap the benefit in the skillful assistance which is given her. Besides, the cultivation of neatness, the growth of muscular control and the attitude of cooperation are all extremely beneficial to a child's development. Mrs. Gil-

breth considers all these things basic. She would let nothing interfere with achieving this part of her program. From the time she began with her first child to this very day she has devoted three hours in the morning—from six to nine—to such educational work.

When she was five years old Anne was taught to make her bed. "Of course," laughed Mrs. Gilbreth, "for about a year it was as lumpy as one's first attempt at gravy. But gradually it got better. As long as she didn't think it was well made when it wasn't and tried her very best I was content to await improvement."

At this stage in our story the family had moved to Providence and three other children were advancing toward the enviable status of their eldest sister. Every stage of Anne's home education was repeated for the other ten children. In this family no distinction in assigning tasks was made between boys and girls until they reached the age when physical strength counted. The boys took dusting and making beds so much for granted that nobody will ever be able to persuade them that helping with housework can rub the bloom from their manly dignity.

Because she had such a large family Mrs. Gilbreth was able to establish a routine of promotions. By the time Anne was seven she had advanced from dusting to setting the table. From that task she went on to arranging flowers, helping sort the laundry and the less arduous forms of brushing up. For now another tiny tot was dusting every morning and the two in between were helping with the table. In the same way work in the garden was graduated. The smaller children weeded and clipped off dead leaves and their sisters [Continued on page 83]

The Lost Lode

*How Love and Success came
to a man who left a Gold
Mine sealed to till the soil*

By
Gerald Mygatt

Illustrations by
George Wright

THE story of the lost lode is Sidney Traice's story, but Sidney never will write it. The telling falls, therefore, to me. And it is a story, I think, worth recounting.

When I first knew Sidney Traice he was a cub reporter on a New York newspaper. He had come to New York from a farm in Arkansas; a towering, ruddy-faced, modest sort of boy with an itch to see the world, which he had translated into an itch to write. He was a good enough newspaper man, not brilliant, but reliable and efficient and inclined to bring home a piece of news when he was sent after it. In the language of our day he was a go-getter. More than that, he was the sort of man whom people just naturally like. When the Planet was bought by the Examiner he was one of the few who were taken over.

But Sid, country-bred, did not really enjoy New York. This I found out, little by little, as we got to know each other better. The city fretted him, sometimes it seemed to befuddle him.

"Gosh," he said more than once, "I'd like to lay my paws on the handles of a plow again."

"What you need is exercise," I suggested. "Go to a gym. Join the Y. M. C. A."

But he just laughed that big sunny laugh of his.

It was shortly after this that Sid lost his gay, wholesome laugh. He became silent, uncommunicative, almost morose. It was some time before I could root out the trouble. He had fallen in love—or so he thought, anyway—with a girl he had met in the self-styled artistic environs of Greenwich Village. He introduced me to her finally, and the minute I saw her and talked with her I had a pretty good idea—or so I thought, anyway—as to what the situation was.

"Elaine came off a farm too," he told me with great pride. "I did not," she snapped. "I only said that to kid you. And even if I did, it's nobody's business, is it?" She was really indignant.

Aha, thought I, she's ashamed of being a country girl! There are girls like that in New York. Still it was not hard to figure out her train of thought. Here she was, a girl who made her living by posing for artists, and if she wasn't breath-taking to look at I'm not an American citizen! To begin with she must have been one of those peaches-and-cream blondes, and what she hadn't done to "improve" herself could be written in a one-page book with all the pages blank. She had bobbed her hair and had it permanently waved. She had plucked her eyebrows, and, for all I know, had had them permanently waved. She had had her complexion made permanent—not padded on with a rouge puff as most of our daughters do it, but tattooed pinkly into her face. Even her lips had been tat-

toed an even carmine. And don't laugh, either! She was probably the most exquisite piece of art I've ever seen, including the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls and the oil docks at Port Arthur, Texas. You couldn't look at her without being impressed. Anyway, I couldn't. As for Sid, who had never seen anything like her, he fell like a Dakota thermometer in February.

"She's the most wonderful thing," he confided to me afterward in an awed sort of voice. "It isn't often you find 'em with beauty and brains at once."

I AGREED to this. It wasn't the time, just then, to tell Sid what I really thought of him—and her.

"She has ambitions for me," he went on. "She wants me to write." I didn't tell him that I did, too. "She wants me to give up my job," he said with something like a holy light in his eye. "If I give up my job and take up writing she'll know I care for her."

The girl, of course, was just a shallow nothing; not worth the nail on the little finger of Sid's left hand. But he had to go through this kind of thing sooner or later, so I let him. Every man, to rate as a man, must make a damn fool of himself once. So Sid gave up his job, and not long after that the girl ran off to Palm Beach with a capitalist from Chicago, and a kindly God took the glasses off Sid's eyes and he saw himself as he was.

After about the third day he was able to talk connected English.

"Do you think I can write?" he demanded.

"I know you can," I said.

"Then, believe me—but, murder, I'm sick of this fake dump!"

"Sid," I said. "New York didn't make a fool of itself. You did."

"I've found the lost lode," piped the elderly gentleman. "They're all crazy around here and they think I'm crazy! They think there ain't no gold in Dead Horse Flat!"



Sid had fallen in love with a girl he had met in the self-styled artistic environs of Greenwich Village. She was an artist's model, and what she hadn't done to "improve" herself could be written in a one-page book with all the pages blank.

He swallowed this like medicine and thought it over. At length he said miserably, "I can't go back home."

"You bet your life you can't," I agreed. To go back home licked is not a healthy experience for anybody. After a little while I began talking to him about the West, not the tourist and bathing-girl West but that section of the real West, which lies, and for many, many years will continue to lie between the Rockies and the high Sierras. "You'll get a kick out of it," I prophesied. He didn't care much, but three days later he left, armed with a suitcase full of clothes and a half-dozen letters from me to various good souls who would not know, as I did, that Sid was temporarily crazy.

SID eased himself off the train at a certain town in Nevada and presented the first of his letters. The letter was to a local judge who was also, after the way of Nevada folk, a human being. The judge, whose name we shall call Green, took to Sid as a duck takes to water. He would have entertained Sid anyway, but as it was he laid himself out. In the first place he liked Sid, and in the second place Sid was a writer. A writer can do much for a country that needs both population and capital.

At all events Sid was introduced at a Kiwanis luncheon and given a card to the Elks and the Commercial Club. In between times he was bundled into the front seat of an automobile—almost anybody's automobile, so it seemed—and whisked breathlessly about the town and countryside. He was shown the new marble bank and every mile of the eighteen miles of paved streets; he was taken to the hot springs and the ice caves, he was driven through the newest irrigation project, which proved to be as luscious and green to the eye as the

rest of the landscape was hard and dry; he was taken down into mines.

"Great country, don't you think?"

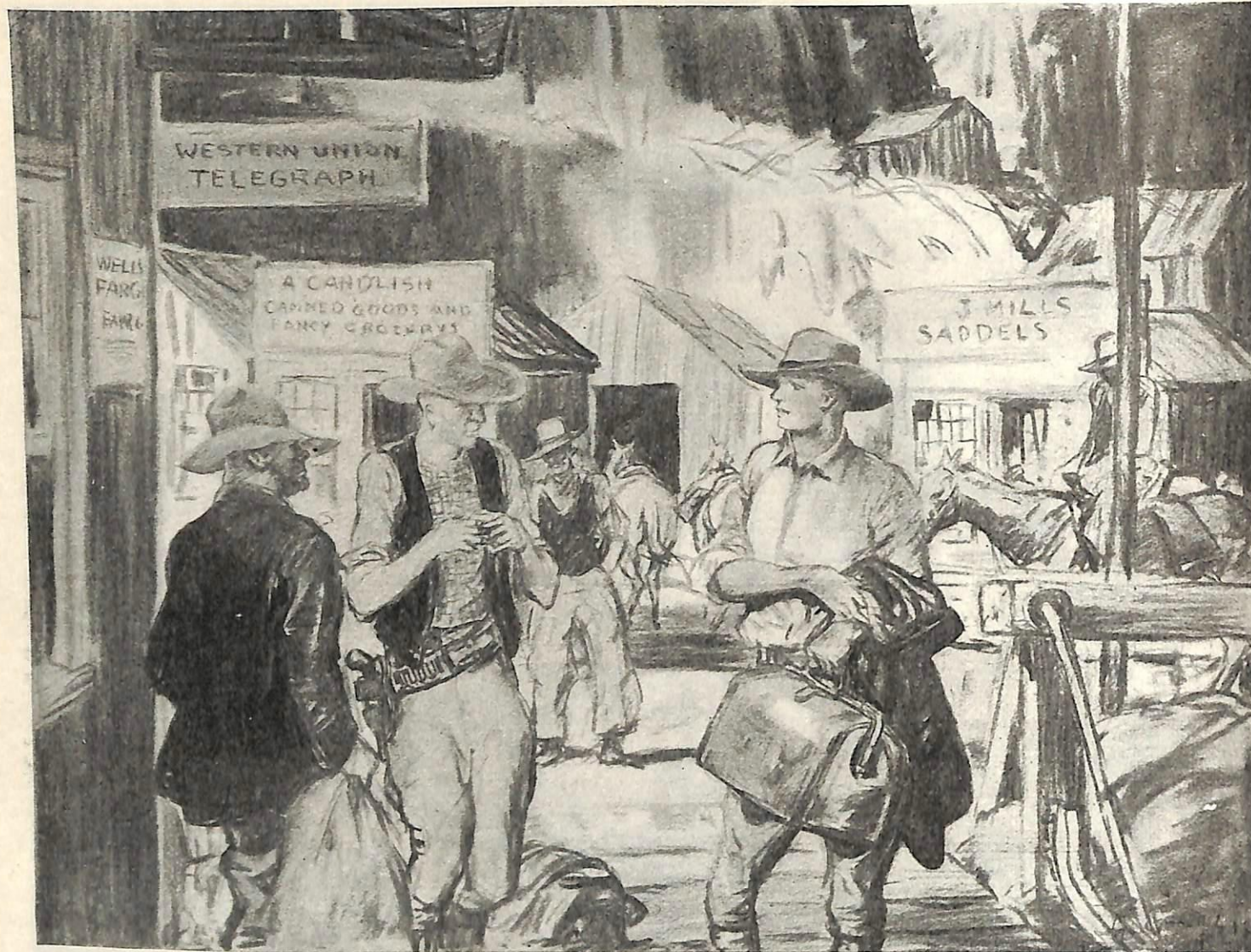
"You bet," Sid always agreed. He meant it, too. After the third or fourth day he wrote me a letter that proved he meant it. "I'm glad I came," he wrote. "It's great, both ways. And it's new—new country and new material for a writer. It hasn't been written about much, anyway, not since the early days of Mark Twain. I think I'll be able to get something big out of this. I've been down in what seems like a million mines, and I love 'em. The mining thing gets me. You dig and maybe you get rich. Also maybe you don't. I think I'll tackle a story about mining to start with. Judge Green says he'll help me. Believe me, he's a prince."

I learned afterward how Judge Green helped him. Judge Green's perfectly honest attempt to help Sidney Traice was what actually started Sid's adventure of the lost lode.

IT SEEMS that the Rotarians had motored him everywhere—up to Lake Tahoe, which is clear and fresh, and over to Pyramid Lake, which isn't. They had shown him the State prison with its gas chamber for putting murderers to death and they had shown him a fair green field—just that and nothing more—where seventy-odd years ago a city of thirty thousand people had been born and lived and died. The only thing left to show him was the county insane asylum. Judge Green drove him there on a Sunday afternoon.

"Great plant," the judge chanted.

Sidney, somewhat bored, trailed the judge through the bright corridors. But suddenly he stopped being bored. The superintendent was introducing them, quite civilly, to a tall, lanky



["Where can I get a horse?" Sid asked. The look that passed between the two men before they answered was enough for him. "That's funny," one of them answered, "We're lookin' for horses, too!"]

elderly gentleman with chin whiskers, and an excited manner.

"Colonel Johnson is a new guest of ours," said the superintendent, just managing to conceal a smile. "Your Eastern friend ought to get to know him, Ed. Colonel Johnson has discovered the lost lode."

"What's the lost lode?" Sidney asked. "I've heard of the Comstock lode—"

Colonel Johnson piped up at this point in a little, shrill voice. "The Comstock—pooh!" he squeaked. "They only took millions out of the Comstock. I tell you this lode of mine—"

"The lost lode," Judge Green was explaining in his level voice, "the lost lode is what everybody dreamed about finding when the Comstock went dry. What we mean by a lode is a mother vein of pure metal—gold, in the old days before the gold was all taken out. Now we're content to think in terms of silver. There's still silver, but the gold—"

He made a gesture with his hands and shoulders. "Don't you believe him," piped the elderly gentleman with the chin whiskers. He seized Sid by the lapels of his coat. "Don't you believe him. They're all crazy around here. I tell you I've found the lost lode. She's solid gold and a yard wide."

"Where?" Sidney asked him.

"Don't you mind where. You go partners with me and I'll tell you, right enough. I got a map, I have. Don't you mind where. It's a secret." The man's eyes rolled peculiarly. "Just because it's in the middle of Dead Horse Flat," he half whispered, "they think I'm crazy. They think there ain't no gold there." He began to laugh, a high cackling laugh. "They think I'm crazy," he repeated. "Ha! What do I care!"

Judge Green was edging away, but Sidney stuck. "There's a story in this," he whispered to his host. His eyes were sparkling as he said it.

"Story, fiddlesticks!" the judge retorted good-humoredly and aloud. "If you want stories like that there are men in this county who can tell you a thousand of them—all facts, too."

"This gentleman looks to me like a fact," said Sid with a smile.

"Bet your life I'm a fact," the whiskered one supported. "Me, I'm a fact, and my lode's a fact. Just because everybody's crazy around here—"

"Give me ten minutes with him," Sid pleaded.

"You take ten minutes," squeaked the old man, "and you'll be my partner for the next ten years. That's just the trouble around here. Nobody'll give me ten minutes. They say I'm crazy."

SOME twenty minutes later Sidney Traice found Judge Green and the superintendent smoking together in the asylum office. "Did you go into partnership with him?" the superintendent asked, chuckling.

"Yes," said Sid.

The two Nevadans stared at him, mouths open.

"I paid him one dollar for this," Sid hurried on, brandishing an exceedingly soiled and rumpled piece of paper. "That made it legal, he said. I paid him one dollar—"

"He's been trying to raise that dollar ever since he's been here," the superintendent laughed. "I thought they didn't breed suckers in the East, Mr. Traice. Well, well, well!" And he slapped his knee heartily. Judge Green laughed too.

"I paid him one dollar," Sidney continued unperturbed, "and I promised him to go look at the place. I have to go alone, he says."

"You'll go alone, all right."

"How's that?" Sid wanted to know.

"Ever seen Dead Horse Flat?" the judge queried, with a

mysterious manner. "Have you ever even heard about it?"

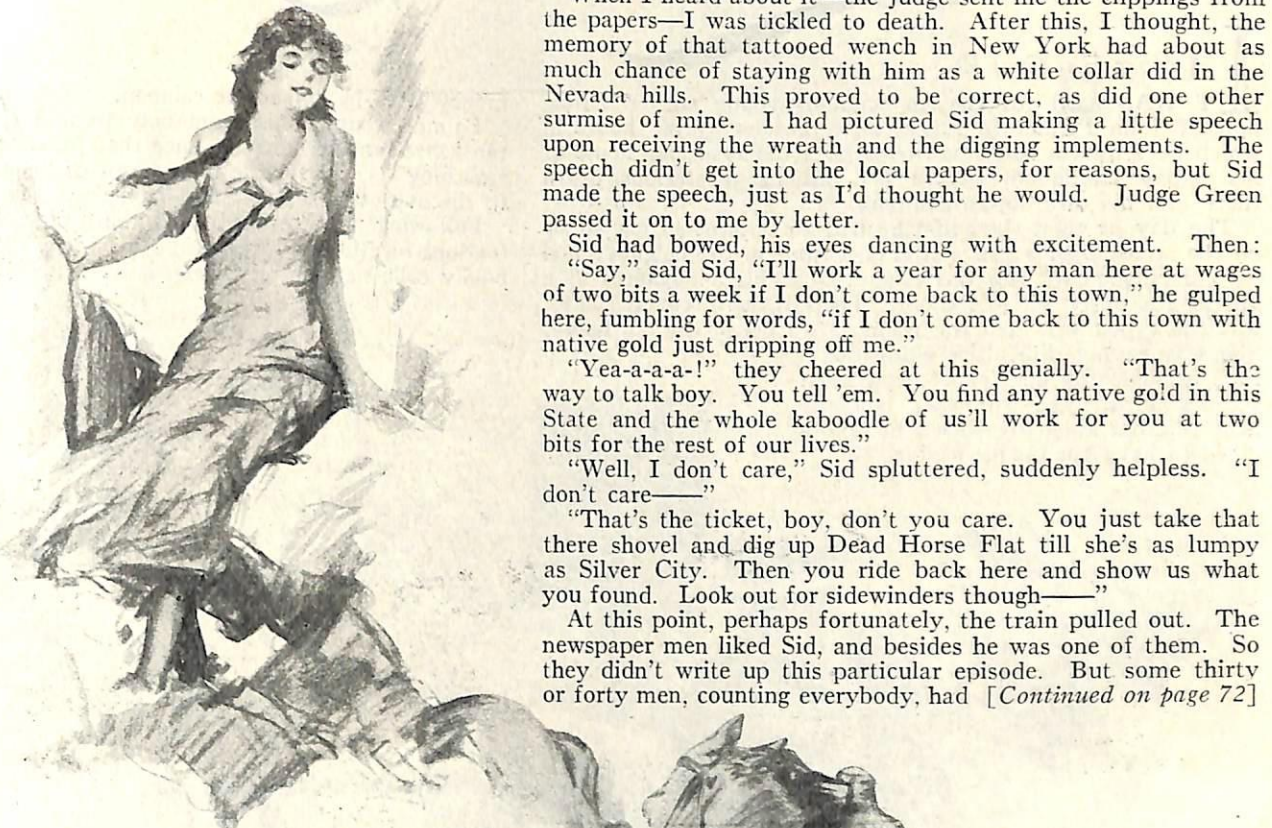
"No but what's that got to do—"

"Well, in the first place there's no automobile road that goes there. In the second place it's to hell-and-gone. You take the narrow gauge at East Humboldt Junction and you ride about seven or eight hours south. They run a mixed train every other day. You get off at the end of the line, and then if you're lucky you hire yourself a horse and take the trail across Dead Horse ridge. A car can't make it. After that you get to Dead Horse Flat. It's a pretty place. It's as flat as this desk and about a hundred miles long by forty wide—"

"Thirty-five," the superintendent corrected.

"Thirty-five then. It'll seem like a hundred and thirty-five."

High noon brought Sid to the foot of Dead Horse Ridge—not a blade of grass, everything barren. Then suddenly a voice asked: "What do you want?" and Sid, in the shock of it, fell off his horse. It was a woman's voice.



Probably more men have died crossing Dead Horse Flat—"

"What's there?" Sidney asked.

Precisely what I've told you. In other words, nothing. Just bare dirt. A piece of sage brush now and then, maybe. Still want to go?"

"Sure," said Sid. "Here, look at the map."

They looked at it, shoulders bent. It was Dead Horse rightly enough, they agreed. The trail came down from the ridge—so. It picked up on the other side between the Baby Girls. The Baby Girls, they informed the boy, were twin peaks that made good landmarks. But across the flat there wasn't any trail at all.

"It's a fool's errand, son," the judge said kindly. "There's nothing there, you know. That's why this old man is locked up in here. They don't commit a man in Nevada just because he thinks he's found metal. If they did, half the State would be in an asylum. By the way, Joe," this to the superintendent, "where was this bird committed from?"

"Jupiter. Ma Cullen turned him over. Said she was sorry for him. Now there's a place, Mr. Traice, if you want to write stories—"

"I'll stick to this, I guess," said Sid stubbornly. He grinned. "Don't think I'm going to waste a dollar, do you? Besides," and here unconsciously he lowered his voice, "there's a mystery connected with it."

The judge and the superintendent caught

each other's eyes and began laughing again. Sid reddened a bit.

"Well, there is just the same," he insisted.

"What is it, son?"

"I'm darned if I'll tell you," said Sid.

Of course all this in itself was a good story, as newspaper stories go, and since there are newspaper men in Nevada the tale crept into the local public prints. When finally he left for Dead Horse Flat Sidney Traice was escorted to the train by a good-natured crowd of his new acquaintances. Everyone pretended to be very solemn, but there was more or less practical joking. Sid was presented with a wreath. He was also presented with a pick and shovel, all tied up with red ribbon.

When I heard about it—the judge sent me the clippings from the papers—I was tickled to death. After this, I thought, the memory of that tattooed wench in New York had about as much chance of staying with him as a white collar did in the Nevada hills. This proved to be correct, as did one other surmise of mine. I had pictured Sid making a little speech upon receiving the wreath and the digging implements. The speech didn't get into the local papers, for reasons, but Sid made the speech, just as I'd thought he would. Judge Green passed it on to me by letter.

Sid had bowed, his eyes dancing with excitement. Then: "Say," said Sid, "I'll work a year for any man here at wages of two bits a week if I don't come back to this town," he gulped here, fumbling for words, "if I don't come back to this town with native gold just dripping off me."

"Yea-a-a-a!" they cheered at this genially. "That's the way to talk boy. You tell 'em. You find any native gold in this State and the whole kaboodle of us'll work for you at two bits for the rest of our lives."

"Well, I don't care," Sid spluttered, suddenly helpless. "I don't care—"

"That's the ticket, boy, don't you care. You just take that there shovel and dig up Dead Horse Flat till she's as lumpy as Silver City. Then you ride back here and show us what you found. Look out for sidewinders though—"

At this point, perhaps fortunately, the train pulled out. The newspaper men liked Sid, and besides he was one of them. So they didn't write up this particular episode. But some thirty or forty men, counting everybody, had [Continued on page 72]



LIFE Takes a Hand in the Novel of QUEER STREET

What Has Gone Before.

IT WAS hard for the impecunious young author calling himself John Palmer to realize that the shabby old house in which he rented a room had once been the luxurious home of his happy childhood, before his father's mysterious death there and his own sojourn abroad.

The day he took the room he had an unpleasant encounter on the street with a gangster, well-known in the neighborhood as Yid November, who was frustrated in his annoyances of a girl by the quick wit of Palmer. The girl, he discovered later, was the typist who had the room above his in the old house. She was having difficulties eking out a bare existence by her typing; and when Palmer heard the shrewish landlady hectoring her about overdue rent he decided to have her do his typing.



Apparently unconscious of Palmer's identity, Mr. Machen, a queer old lodger, gave him the idea for a plot in the history of the old house right through to the "suicide" of its former owner. But when the young author, for the story's sake, suggested murder instead of suicide, Machen was strangely agitated. And from that time on there was something very puzzling and very disquieting in the prying interest which Machen and the landlady, Mrs. Fay, took in his novel, "Queer Street, the Story of a Haunted House."

Palmer threw himself into the writing of the novel, but thoughts of the girl upstairs (Miss May Wilding) kept distracting him, and when he found that she was suddenly going out every night on mysterious pilgrimages and returning in the small hours he decided to follow her and discovered her as one of the so-called "hostesses" in a Dance Palace. They confessed love for each other on the way home. When they reached the old house they found that Mr. Machen, the queer old lodger, had made a mysterious and unsuccessful effort to leave the house in haste. He had called in a truculent cabman to carry out bags that clinked with the sound of gold. And upon the cabman voicing suspicion of their contents, Machen in terror had pushed him from the room and locked himself in.

While the cabman was loudly explaining to Palmer just what had happened, Machen's door opened suddenly and he thrust out a hand in which was a ten-dollar gold piece. "Here's your

money," he shouted to the cabman. "Take it and go!"

Palmer went to his room only to find it had been ransacked, and he knew at once that Machen had been searching futilely for the manuscript of "Queer Street" to discover who Palmer had named as the murderer.

Following up a carefully laid plan of forcing his attentions on May Wilding, Yid November, the gangster, boldly called at the old house, only to be informed by

Mrs. Fay that the girl was out. As he was leaving, Mr. Machen stealthily beckoned him into his rooms. Closeted behind locked doors, Mr. Machen told the gangster that he would pay well to have John Palmer "removed."

"WHAT I mean," November in this genial mood elucidated, "you're on, ol' sport, our boy frien's way-billed to th' morgue already. So all I an' you's got to settle's w'en you want this job pulled off an' w'at about this handsome present you're gonna gi' me for pullin' it, see?"

He raked a match under his thigh, and as he set its fire to a communistic cigarette, he teetered skilfully on the hind legs of his chair, eying his host with genuine amusement.

A rattling in his windpipe was all the reply that the old man for the moment was able to manage. Fear in a new phase had, while November had been speaking, seized on his heart and broken its performance. Now and for the first time clearly it was made manifest to his understanding, by the color of the gunman's tone and smirk as much as by the sense of what he had said, how hopelessly he stood committed to the power

By
LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE

Illustrations by
Donald Teague



of this deadly and insolent animal.

"Well, gran'pa: what about it?" The professional assassin, having expelled the last wisp of smoke from his system, put off reinflation long enough to prod his victim.

"I'm sure I—I don't know what to say," Machen hoarsely faltered. "I have never before felt obliged to enter into negotiations of this peculiar nature . . ."

"Sure: I know," November cruelly sympathized. "Gettin' too rusty an' stiff in th' joints t' do your own croakin': 's tough, I'll tell th' cockeyed worl'. Well: tha's how life is, w'en a guy gets one foot in th' grave he's gotta give up some o' his pleasures. Come on now: w'at's it wort' to you to see Mister Palmer headin' into th' undertaker's?"

"Say," Machen brought out with painful effort . . . "Shall we say a hundred, Mr. November? A whole hundred dollars!"

An eloquent snort prefaced the reply he got: "W'at you t'ink you're tryin' t' do, gran'pa, kid me 'r somethin'? A job like this 'ld be dirt cheap at a grand."

"A what?"

"A t'ousand, sweetheart—one t'ousand smackers."

"One thousand dollars!" That interpretation came in a

Just as Yid November and his gunmen had Palmer and May Wilding at their mercy a cry rang out: "Cheese it! Th' Devil Dogs!" And the circle of desperadoes flew to cover from the enemy gang, leaving Palmer and the girl free to fly up the steps of the old house.

squeal of horror: Machen reeled into a chair. "Surely—surely, Mr. November, you are joking!"

November in silence and one unbroken inhalation dragged the remaining half of his cigarette into his system. The aged man shuddered and, bending forward, clasped trembling hands.

"But that is a great deal of money, Mr. November, more than I would know how to lay my hands on . . ."

Silence again, in which that grin grew more direct and sinister, was all his answer.

"But I—I do assure you, I have not so much money in the world!"

November with a grunt of contempt dropped the butt of his cigarette and sat up to grind out its fire with a heel.

"Tell 't to Sweeny," he advised. "One grand's w'at it's gonna cost you, fella; an' you're gonna find th' coin an' no more stallin', or a little boid I know's gonna light on Palmer's shoulder an' spill a swell line of twitter before evenin'."

"O my God!" Machen bleated. "No—you wouldn't—you wouldn't!"

"Five hundred down, cash money," the gunman inflexibly stipulated; "th' balance of th' gran' w'enever I send round for it, after Mister Palmer's planted."

"Five hundred!" The old man remembered too late to avert his eyes lest they betray the inspiration of his cunning. "Five hundred in advance—yes, Mr. November, that much I think I might manage."

"I kinda t'ought you would, gran'pa. An' it'll be all right wit' me if you get a move on an' come t'rough wit' th' iron men w'ile I sit here an' smoke me another coffin-nail. But don't go runnin' away wit' no funny idear you're gonna duck outa payin' th' nex' instalment, fella: any guy't t'inks he can gyp th' Toid Avenoo Cowboys an' get away wit' it's plannin' his own funeral."

"I—quite understand, Mr. November." Machen got up, tottering but at the end of his resistance. "You need have no fear of my failing to live up to my promise. If—if you will be good enough to excuse me for a few minutes—just wait where you are and make yourself at home—"

"Just a minute, gran'pa!" The gunman got upon his feet in one lithe bound of mistrust. "W'ere t'ell d'you t'ink you're goin'?"

"Only into the next room here—my den, as you might call it, Mr. November. I won't keep you waiting long, you may be sure of that, sir."

"All right, gran'pa. But look out you don't try no funny business."

WITH a failing cackle of disclaimer Machen stumbled back into the library. As the sliding doors closed to behind him November sat down again and unlaced his shoes, then stood up, stepped out of them, and with feet as quiet as a cat's strode to the doors and laid an ear to them.

The noises on their far side may well have mystified him: the sobbing and wheezing respiration of the old man as he toiled at a task which ebbing stores of vitality were barely equal to; a curious scraping sound, as of some weighty object dragged across a carpet, with an occasional creak of ungreased hinges added; then, barely audible, a whirring and clinking that wound up in the muffled thud of metal bolts and tumblers displaced from their sockets; a moan or two of unmitigated heart-break; a dull yet ringing minor crash as a heavy parcel of some description escaped an unsure hold and found the floor; more moans, like the whining of a tormented beast, stertorous pantings mixed with musical clinkings: at length the scuffle of slipped feet, leaden with fatigue and reluctance, approaching the doors.

When they reopened to permit Machen to slip out again, November was properly shod and, back in his chair, guilelessly smoking.

Imperturbable though his pose was, it wasn't proof against the shock which Machen administered when, halting in front of the gunman, he offered with a piteous gesture a double handful of bright new double eagles.

Stunned beyond speech, the gunman got up and suffered the miser to pour that hoard into his hat, then turning to a nearby table counted the coins, one by one rung them on the marble top, and stowed them about his person, a few to each pocket.

"Correct!" he announced, cynical self-possession restored. "Twenty-five times twenty's five hundred—to th' dollar. I'll be on my way now, gran'pa, an' round up th' Cowboys for 'safternoon's rodeo; when Mister Palmer comes home his s'prise party 'll be all set and waitin'. But lis'n, fella: I want you should tell me somethin'. This gold, now—I hope y' got a couple pecks of th' same put away w'ere this come from."

"No," Machen made frantic denial. "No, I assure you! I just happen to have collected a debt in gold a few days ago, and haven't had time to take it to the bank since."

"Because," November pursued as if he hadn't heard, and clinked the lovely pieces in his pockets, "you're gonna get a

call for twenty-five more o' these boys inside th' nex' twenty-four hours. And that's gonna be only th' beginnin'. It ain't th' first cost o' gettin a guy croaked, y'see, gran'pa—it's th' upkeep."

IT WAS, on the whole, and certainly with sufficient excuse, a well-content young murder merchant of mongrel extraction who hung back in the shallow entrance to the old house that second time to sieve, through the sensitive mesh of an economy highly organized for self-preservation, the life of Queer Street for untoward symptoms.

A sun low in the west was flooding the street with a wash as ruddy as the new cargo with which November's pockets were so comfortably laden; the simmering day was waning into its first lull of ease.

The troop of neighborhood urchins which had occupied the area of a deserted dwelling across the way to pitch pennies and squabble like so many sparrows was a social phenomenon too ordinary to win more than the most cursory of a prominent gang leader's glances.

Thus, when he sauntered down the steps and away with mind at rest and the congratulation of the sun upon his back, and two of the gamblers chose the same time to differ so acutely that they must come to blows, with the upshot that one fled, blubbing black blasphemies, in November's wake, the incident imperceptibly flawed the calm of a reflective temper.

Observed by neither "bull" nor "dick" nor enemy gangster, he ambled on his pensive way, rounded the corner of Third avenue, and considerably short of the next to the north doubled in through the swing-doors of an establishment of ill local fame.

Upon the doorsteps of this place of diverse entertainment, a moment after November had ducked into its ill-favored glooms, the sniveling youngster flopped him down to rest and wipe his nose; and presently, having weathered the worst of his woe and thoughtfully studied his feet long enough to conclude that their gear would be none the worse for exterior shining, too, got up and boldly scuffed across that godless threshold.

Two minutes later he was ejected by a rude gentleman with castiron features, who, holding the immature customer firmly by the nape of a grimy neck and the seat of sketchy breeches, propelled him bodily through the swing doors and aimed a kick at his flying stern which narrowly missed its mark.

The swing doors had closed by the time the bounced picked himself up and whirled around to speak his indignant mind; but finding the bouncer no longer visible, had to content himself with bawling a challenge under the doors.

"Gwan, ya big stiff! whasamatter witcha? I only wanted t' tell Scotty his fader's hootched 'n' he'd better not go home tonight 'r he'll get hell licked outa him. Jus' wait till me gang catches ya, ya dirty bum ya—we'll burn ya up—"

At this juncture the head and shoulders of the tyrant showed above the doors, and these ringing terms of defiance dried upon their hurler's lips. Incontinently he turned tail, then the corner on high, though no man pursued, and winged directly back to the theater of his first discomfiting, only to find that the game had broken up in his absence and the gamblers dispersed, leaving the winner, who happened to have been the victor in their recent argument, to tot up his lawless gains alone.

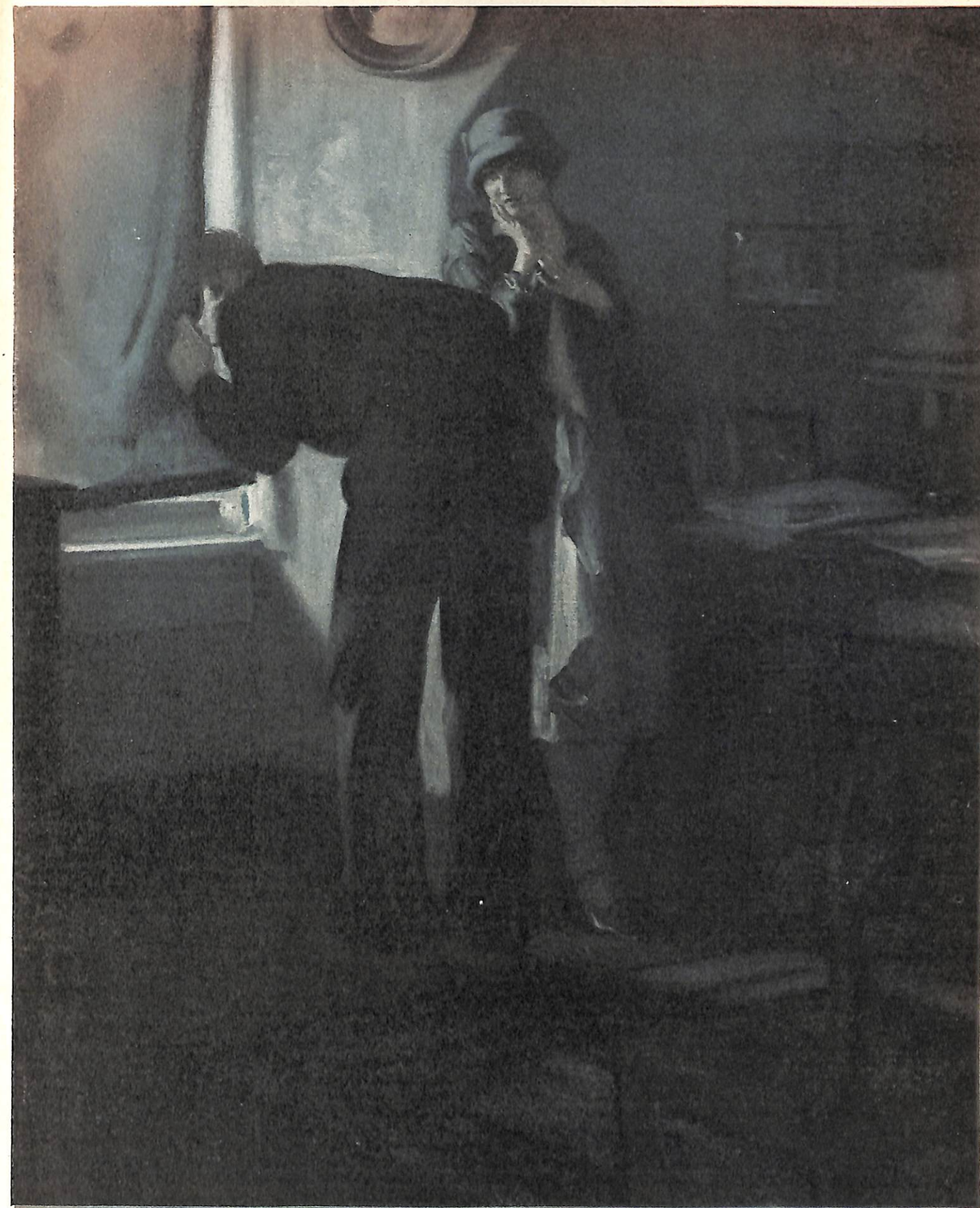
No indications of hard feelings signalized their reunion. The two hailed and fraternized on the front steps of the empty house as warmly as though their friendship had never known a rift.

"... Yid's settin' in wunner de shoe-shine chairs, talkin' low t' Ike de Bite, so Scotty lets on he's gotta fill his water-bottle at de sink; but all he gets a chanst to tell muh is dat Yid's tellin' de Bite how dey's gonna croak a guy t'night, 'cause dat big piecer cheese Charley pipes muh 'n' gives muh de bum's rush. Whatcha t'ink, Nig?"

"Chee!" thought Mr. O'Ryan— "doity woik at de cross-roads, all right, all right. 'N' I can't do nuttin', 'cause I promised me frien' I'd stick on dis job o' shadderin' de ol' guy. Chee!"

"Want I should beat it to de station-house 'n' tip de sarge off?"

"Ah! cops ain't takin' no stock in w'at a kid tells 'm. I gotta figger it out how t' wise me frien' how Yid's layin' for him—dat's de foist t'ing. 'N' some one's gotta do somepin so's dat moiderer can't go round croakin' people alla time. Special-ly frien's o' mine. Say, lis'n: Yunno Pinkey, over Secont



(Trembling with fear and excitement from the almost miraculous escape May Wilding whispered: "We can't stay here and we don't dare to leave!" Palmer went to the window and spied down. "The cops are on the job already. Very soon there'll be two gangs less in the old town.")

avenoo? Know where he hangs out, nex' door t' Stuyvesant Square?"

"Cheese it, Nig: de Bite!"

Forthwith, but without unseemly haste, the two children gravely wound up their game and drifted off together toward

Fourth avenue, leaving their late playground to become the roost of one whose face called to mind an extremely common bath sponge that had known hard usage, and whose present disposition unmistakably was to nap away the heat of the evening in that deserted doorway. [Continued on page 85]



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

HOW LONG since you read Alice in Wonderland?

Very likely not since you were a kid unless you read it to your children. Better reread it.

Lewis Carroll was indeed a humorist, but in my opinion the greatest joke he ever played in this life was when he put out Alice in Wonderland as a juvenile book and made it stick. If that isn't a grown-up book then I am still infantile in my thought processes, which is quite possible.

Consider the Pig, which was really a very nice and good-looking Pig that insisted on being a baby, and, of course, was a very homely baby. How many, many Nobles have you seen who were fine Oriental Guides or splendid Alchemists, who insisted on being very poor Potentates instead?

How about the Mock Turtle whose only claim to fame was that he was once a Real Turtle. Instead of trying to accomplish something as a Mock Turtle all he did was sit around and brag about having once been a Real Turtle. How many of us old Past Potentates do you know whose only claim to fame is the fact that we were once real Potentates? If, instead of living so much in the past, we took off our coat with its Past Potentate jewel and got busy doing something for the Temple, Nobles might forget that we are has-beens!

Remember the Dormouse? It was always getting ready to do or say something important and going to sleep before it finished. We all know a lot of fellows like that: fellows who start a lot of things and never finish any of them.

The Mad Hatter and the March Hare are fascinating, whether in the book or in the Shrine, but the character which I love the best is the Cheshire Cat. Ah, Nobles, there was an animal for you!

If the human mind ever conceived or the human pen ever

recorded a better Shrine character than the Cheshire Cat, some one please tell me about it!

The Cheshire Cat reasoned that it was not mad like the Mad Hatter or the Mad Queen, or a mad dog. When a dog is friendly it wags its tail and when it is angry it growls. The Cheshire Cat explained that it growled when it was pleased and wagged its tail when it was angry.

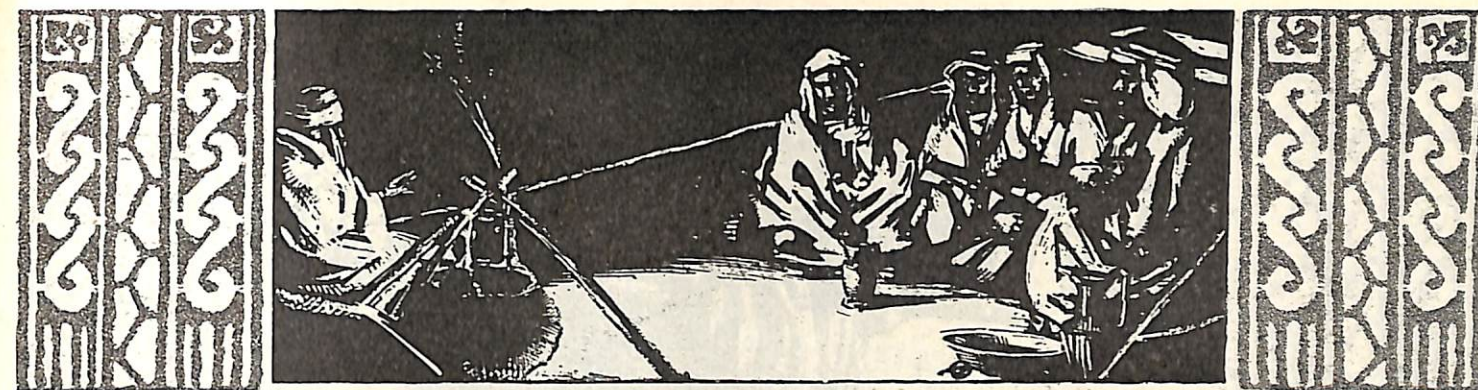
How often have you listened to a group of Shriners who, loving each other as only Noble friends can love, were growling, villifying and trying in vain to insult each other? The best evidence of their good humor is that they growl at each other.

I have seen Nobles who had never met before, growl at each other in the same way. Crowded at the gate of a delayed train, I once heard one man say to the fellow in front of him, "If you had any of the instincts of a gentleman you would not push yourself forward that way!" The other man turned and with a glance at the Shrine pin on the other's coat said in an equally insulting way, "When I get into a crowd of cattle I act like they act." Each man grinned at the other and the incident was closed. No true Shriner ever mistakes the good nature of another.

But I wander from the Cheshire Cat, which so fascinates me. Recall that this cat had a way of turning up at the most unexpected places. It would vanish and reappear in the same way, over and over again. First there would be just the cat's grin. Alice remarked that she had often seen a cat without a grin but this was the first time she had seen a grin without any cat. When the cat decided to vanish it began to disappear at the end of its tail. The whole cat would pass out of sight until at the last there would be nothing left but the grin! Oh Boy! If the man who wrote that book had had Nobles in mind he would have been unable to describe the perfect Shriner more accurately.

The first you see of a real Shriner is his grin. The grin ought to be there long before you are conscious of the man. The last recollection of a brother Noble should be his grin. The man may fade out but that good-natured Shrine grin should remain to sight and to memory dear.

It used to be thought that good [Continued on page 83]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

AN APOSTLE OF PESSIMISM HAS NO PLACE IN THE TEMPLES OF THE SHRINE

MYTHOLOGY says that the goddess Lato, driven out of her country by the jealous Juno, wandered far. Footsore and weary, she came to a pond wherein some rustics were gathering willows and ossiers. From these her parched lips begged a drink but they railed at her and bade her begone. They even went so far as to stir up the mud in the bottom of the pond, making it undrinkable.

Lato raised her hands to the high gods and begged that as a punishment they never be allowed to leave the pond.

Their necks shortened and their bodies became squat and ugly. Slowly but surely they were metamorphosed into what we now know to be frogs. The voices which croaked at her in her misfortune became characteristic of the batrachian.

Who wants to be a frog?

Why croak?

If you do not like to see, you do not have to look, you know. Half sunk in the mud of some stagnant pool of his own choosing, the croaker sings his doleful song which jars on every ear and makes music for none.

No apostle of pessimism has a place in the Shrine. The voice of the croaker will be drowned in the shrill music of the musette in the oriental band, in the happy laughter of little children skipping as they walk out of the Shrine hospitals and in the whoops of joy of the Nobility who teach the proud and lofty in spirit that at a ceremonial they figure about as high as a soiled deuce in a greasy pack!

Optimism, faith in the joy of the future, a firm belief that right will always overthrow wrong, a jovial confidence that every Noble will do the right thing at the right time, a steadfast hope in everything which is happy and fine are the characteristics of the Shrine and the spirit it inculcates.

Back to the miasmatic swamps and the muddy bottoms with the other frogs, for the croakers; while we live, laugh, love and do God's work with a happy belief that everything is going to come out all right in the end and that every old maid has a chance at a husband some day if she will but study the Charleston with assiduity.

NOBLE, WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE ORDER OF DEMOLAY FOR BOYS? IS YOUR SON A MEMBER?

WHAT do you know of the Order of Demolay for boys? Is your boy one of the over-privileged children? Would you care to have come into his life such an influence as came into yours when you first knelt at the Altar of Masonry?

Would you like to have that fine manly lad of yours taught some of the wonderful lessons of life and philosophy which are taught you in the Masonic orders to which you belong?

This is not a suggestion that you have your boy go into something of which you know nothing. It is a suggestion that you attend one of the meetings yourself.

Every Master Mason in good standing is welcomed and entitled to attend the meetings of DeMolay. Witness the

ceremonies of the Order and then let your conscience be your guide. Your boy should not belong to organizations which you have not personally investigated.

If you are an officer of any Masonic body, go in humility, for you will be humiliated! When you see a degree put on by these lads, witness their histrionic ability and see the impressiveness of their work, you will have a poorer opinion of yourself as a ritualist and a better opinion of boys.

When you have witnessed these degrees, when you have swallowed the lump in your throat, you will be a better husband, a better father and a better Mason. You will require no argument from anyone about the advisability of putting that splendid boy of yours into the Order, if possible.

THE MOTTO OF TEMPLE UNITS SHOULD BE "ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL"

FOR many years a certain careful Noble had been systematic about his shirts. He wore white soft shirts all the time, which were laundered at home. Each morning when he went to his bureau drawer to get out a fresh shirt, he carefully took the bottom one from the pile, so that he would not be wearing the same shirt over and over, leaving a few at the bottom never to be worn.

Mrs. Noble was a careful woman. She, too, had thought of a plan to prevent her husband from wearing a portion of his shirts all the time and leaving the other portion unworn. She systematically placed the fresh laundered shirts at the bottom of the drawer so when he came for a clean shirt he would be sure to get one not recently worn.

Both ideas were good; both people were well meaning. But working at cross purposes they perfectly counteracted each other and defeated the object which was to be attained.

Every Shrine Temple is composed of several units.

That these units benefit the Temple goes without saying. They make the ceremonials and street parades things of beauty. But when they do not work in perfect coordination, when their activities and policies do not mesh perfectly, they can as easily defeat each other's purposes as did Mr. and Mrs. Noble in the matter of the shirts.

Every well regulated Temple should arrange for monthly meetings of the heads of these units to discuss in round table fashion their ambitions and plans. At these meetings the Potentate should preside, for, in the last analysis, the units of a Temple are created by the Potentate and can be disbanded by him regardless of the Temple. They are responsible to him and he responsible to the Temple for them.

In proportion to their perfect cooperation with the Potentate and with each other, will these units be praiseworthy or blameworthy. The moment the units as such begin to dabble in Temple politics, to over-estimate their own importance, their usefulness ceases. That moment that particular unit should be torn down and rebuilt with more discerning material.

Like the well advertised little girl who had the little curl, units when they are good are very, very good, but when they are bad they are horrid. In those few rare cases where they are horrid they are so because they have lost their sense of proportion. This round table plan with "All for one and one for all" as a motto will do much to enable the heads of the various units to maintain their sense of values.



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

AN IDEAL MASON OR NOBLE IS A GOOD CITIZEN WHO GOES TO THE POLLS AND CASTS HIS VOTE

A FUNDAMENTAL of Masonry and the Shrine, as an integral part of the Order to which it owes its existence, is good citizenship.

A fundamental to good fellowship is the exercise of the franchise. No man can be an ideal citizen who does not go to the polls and cast his vote. No man can be an ideal Mason or Noble who does not cast a ballot expressing his preference between men or principles at elections.

No man has the right to criticize politics, government, executives, who has not attempted to right the wrongs of which he complains by casting his ballot against them. No one who fails to vote can excuse himself by saying that the country is in the hands of scheming politicians. Scheming politicians will control as long as only fifty percent of our citizens vote.

Australia has a compulsory voting law under which a citizen who fails to vote at the election is subject to fine. When voting was optional, they, too, had but fifty percent of the citizens voting. Under the new law ninety-one and thirty-one one hundredths of the eligible population voted.

We compel our citizens to serve on juries. The exercise of this franchise is as great a duty as jury duty. It is not impossible that our already law ridden country will have to add a compulsory voting law to get out the vote.

There are six hundred thousand Nobles on this continent. What a potential force for good! What power in this great mass of men to put over any worthy cause! Would it not be wonderful if the Mystic Shrine could report to the country that every wearer of the scimitar and crescent cast his ballot at the next election?

The Shrine has taken off its former character of an organization existing only for the amusement of its membership. We made giant strides when we took up the work of hospitals for crippled children. Must we stop there? Nobles are the cream skimmed from every community in which they exist. They are culled from its best citizenry. Is it too much to ask that this highly selected, over-the-average intelligence unit of the citizens of the United States and Canada take an hour to record their wishes in the government of city, state or province at the polls?

A TEMPLE THAT FAILS TO HOLD ITS PAST POTENTATES IN ITS WORK IS LOSING A BIG ASSET

ONE who serves his Temple as Potentate learns something by experience. A certain railroad president was a strong advocate of having vice-presidents promoted from among his workers, with particular reference to those who had risen from the ranks. He explained that the railroad business could only be learned by experience.

This is true of the Mystic Shrine. The old Greek rule of old men for council and young men for war applies to the Shrine. That Temple which is not holding its Past Potentates in its work is losing a big asset.

Retention of old timers in the work of the Temple is an objective worthy of any Potentate. One Temple recently had the second section planned and put on by Past Potentates. Each was asked to put into the tortures of the candidates the stunt which made the biggest hit during his own administration. The success of the ceremonial was so great that at the following meeting these same Past Potentates put on the first section of the work in a manner rarely equaled.

Whenever and wherever this is done, it makes a splendid meeting and tends toward harmony in the factions which at times creep into even our own good-natured organization.

Recognition of Past Potentates, Past Grand Masters and other Masonic officials at Ceremonials is another way of cementing the various branches of our great Fraternity and tying the Shrine into its activities. We must never forget the mother organization on which our very existence is predicated.

After all, is there anything in life as innocent appearing as an unopened jack pot?

THE TEMPLE NEEDS ALL THREE CLASSES OF MEN—THE KNOWER, THE DOER, THE SAYER

EMERSON divides the world of men into three classes, the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer, giving equal credit to each of the three.

The hot-air artist is never a go-getter, or the wisenheimer much of an orator or an executive. A Temple of the Mystic Shrine is a cross section cut through the upper strata of humanity. To be an outstanding success it must have an equal number of the three classes. It is not fitting that the wise old Noble who knows Shrine law and Shrine tradition should be pushed to one side for the fiery orator who oozes eloquence from every pore and pimple. Nor is it fitting that this sensational Sayer should be pushed to one side for the Doers, those hard-working Nobles who get candidates, serve on Patrol or over-alled floor team.

There is a tendency for the wise old Knower to ask what the Sayer knows about the Shrine, anyhow! There is a disposition in the Sayer to wonder how the Knower gets that way when he cannot tell what he knows so the Temple will listen! The Doers wonder why the Temple is willing to give official precedence to the Sayer and the Knower when he does all the work!

Little would the knowledge of the Knower profit the Temple if he were unable to say it or carry it into effect. A Temple composed of Sayers only would make a poor showing without the Knower to tell him and the Doer to carry out his oratorical dreams. A Temple with Doers only would be lost without its Knowers and its Sayers to advise the actions of the Doers and then tell the more or less strabismic world about what they had accomplished.

No one type can claim credit for a successful Temple. It takes a bit of the sour of the lemon, of the sweet of the sugar, and of the cold of the ice to make a perfect glass of lemonade. So also, it takes a bit of the Doer, the Sayer and the Knower to make up an ideal Temple. To each should go his proportion of the credit.



The wards of the Chicago Unit are decorated in a most attractive style, designs particularly pleasing to the little patients.

The Dedication of the CHICAGO Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children

WITH the dedication of the Chicago unit of Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, nine hospitals are now in active operation—Minneapolis-St. Paul, Shreveport, San Francisco, Portland, Montreal, St. Louis, Springfield, Philadelphia, Chicago—one is under construction at Greenville, S. C., and others have been allocated to Richmond and Pittsburgh, which, when completed, will make a group of twelve units carrying an average of sixty patients each.

The Chicago unit made some records which are noteworthy. It awarded the contract on March 23, 1925, started building operations on March 30, laid the cornerstone on June 20th, the finished building was turned over to the Board of Governors on February 25, 1926, and the first ten patients admitted March 20.

At the present time there are sixty patients in the hospital, coming from the following oases: Medinah, Chicago; Tebala, Rockford; Mohammed, Peoria; Mizpah, Ft. Wayne; Orak, Hammond; Saladin, Grand Rapids; Moslem, Detroit; Ansar, Springfield, and Abu Bekr, Sioux City.

The site for the hospital was donated by Medinah Temple and the real estate and improvements to date approximate \$64,000; the cost of the building was \$465,000 and of equipment \$65,000, making a total investment of \$594,000, of which approximately \$75,000 was donated by various Temples and individuals.

The entire X-ray equipment, the blankets, playground equipment, moving picture equipment, gymnasium equipment, operating room equipment, sterilizing equipment, dental equipment, kitchen equipment, Board of Governors' room equipment, nurses' sitting-room furniture, radio equipment, children's and nurses' laboratories, seven-passenger sedan and a lot of minor articles have come in the form of donations.

The building committee was composed of the following, who were later continued as the Board of Governors: Will H. Wade, chairman; Kenneth E. Rice, secretary; E. Edwin Mills, Arthur H. Vincent, James Todd, Edward L. Johnson, Timothy M. Avery, Morris C. Jepson. The chief surgeon is Dr. Beveridge H. Moore, and the superintendent is Miss Grace A. Dunning, R. N.

A change that is simply little less than marvelous has been worked in the physical surroundings of the site since its selection. On the outskirts of the city, none of the improvements had been put in and up to the time of the selection none had been anticipated in the very near future. But the building committee went to work on the powers [Continued on page 79]



E. Edwin Mills
Potentate, Medinah



Past Potentate
W. H. Wade, Chairman

CHICAGO UNIT'S BOARD of GOVERNORS



Noble K. E. Rice,
Secretary



Past Potentate
A. H. Vincent



Noble
Morris C. Jepson



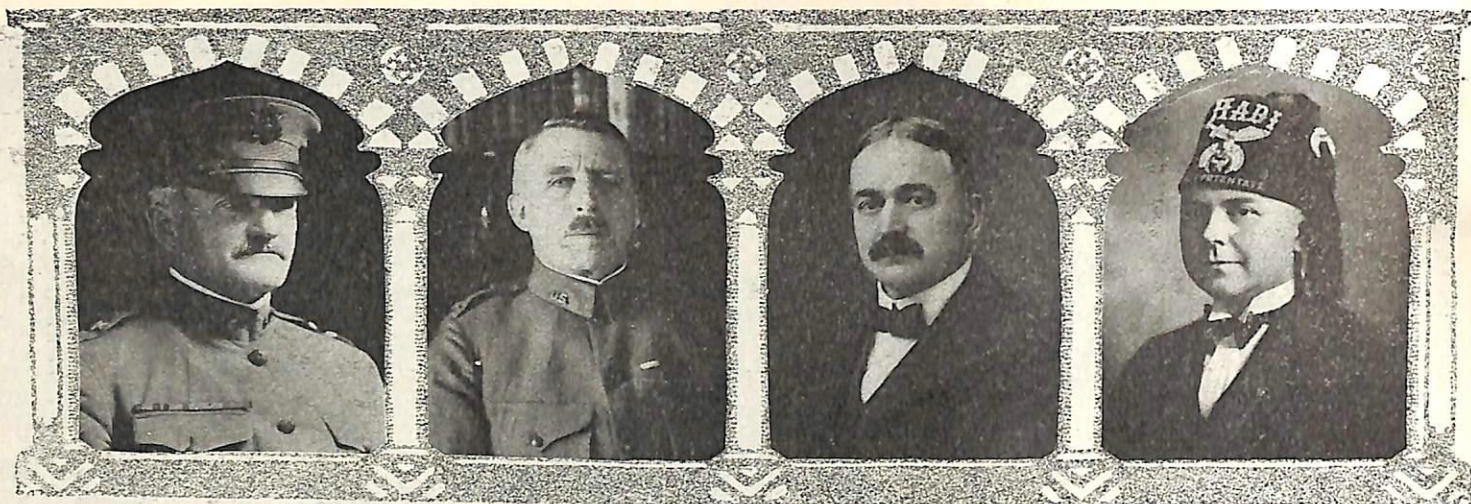
Noble
T. M. Avery



Past Potentate
James Todd



Past Potentate
E. L. Johnson



General John J. Pershing
Sesostris Temple
Lincoln, Nebraska

Major General Leonard Wood
Medinah Temple
Chicago, Ill.

Past Potentate A. B. C. Bray
Beni Kedem Temple
Charleston, W. Va.

Past Potentate R. E. Chambers
Hadi Temple
Evansville, Ind.

INCLUDED in the roll of Sesostris Temple, Lincoln, Nebraska, is a Noble who bears the name: Pershing, John J. This is General John J. Pershing, General of the Armies of the United States, Commander-in-chief of the A. E. F.

Jack Pershing, as he is still known to his older friends, went to West Point in 1882 and was president of his class at the Military Academy. Upon his graduation he served, under General Nelson Miles, against the Apaches under Geronimo. He stayed on the frontier until 1887, and then was assigned to teach Military Science and Tactics at the University of Nebraska—and it was characteristic that he used his spare time to study law. He then had a tour of duty at West Point as an instructor, but went back to active service when war came with Spain, during which he served with the famous Tenth Cavalry—a Negro regiment.

He served in the Philippines as Governor, and then was President of the Bamboo Shrine Club. During the Russo-Japanese war he was our Military Attaché with the Japanese. President Roosevelt, who, as lieutenant colonel of the Rough Riders, had come to know Pershing in Cuba, saw to it that, despite seniority, Pershing gained swift and well deserved promotion, and, in 1915 he was sent into Mexico in pursuit of Villa, General Funston, who would have had the assignment, having died suddenly.

His record as commander-in-chief in France is well known, but not so well known is the superb courage he displayed in his dealings with the allied high command. They wanted American troops to be drafted into French and British units. But Pershing kept his army together; sent it in in divisional and brigade units. He saved half a million American lives by his insistence—and he also, as is now conceded, shortened the war. But it took tremendous force to withstand the insistence of men like Foch and Haig.

General Pershing is a man among men always. A strict disciplinarian, he unbends when off duty, and is a fine storyteller and the best of good fellows.

MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD is one of the most distinguished members of the Shrine, being a Noble of Medinah Temple, Chicago. He comes of fighting stock, his great-great grandfather having helped to mow down the British at Bunker Hill.

Beginning life as a doctor Leonard Wood soon entered the Army on its medical side, and after some years of active service as active went in the old border days against the Sioux, he was detailed to Washington in 1895. There he renewed his friendship with a young man he had known at Harvard, Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When Roosevelt organized his Rough Riders Leonard Wood passed definitely from medicine to the sword, becoming colonel of that famous regiment. He became a Brigadier and, in December, 1899, a Major General and Governor General of Cuba. Later he served in the Philippines, first as governor of the Moro Province and later as commander-in-chief in the field. He came home to command the Department of the East and became, in due time, chief of staff. To his disappointment he never saw

Who's WHO

active service in the World War, though he played an important part in training Pershing's army. He is now Governor General of the Philippines.

WHEN Robert E. Chambers was Potentate of Hadi Temple, Evansville, Indiana, they called him the singing potentate. Noble Chambers has statewide fame, at least, as a singer, and they say that sometimes, when there is need, he turns his voice to the task of persuading some young man that a yellow necktie really doesn't look well with a green shirt. Mr. Chambers makes it his business to see that the young men of Evansville rival the Adonises of the collar advertisements on Saturday nights.

Fraternally Noble Chambers has been active in both York and Scottish Rites; he has been made a member of the Red Cross of Constantine at Indianapolis. He is an active and important member of Kiwanis. As a representative to the Imperial Council for five years he is well known, having received important committee assignments.

POTENTATE ROBERT E. LEE, of Tadmor Temple, Akron, Ohio, bears the name of a man who seldom acknowledged defeat, and took it well when it did come, and he has lived up to his name. Originally a member of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, which, years ago, he represented in the Imperial Council, he moved later to Akron to join one of the great tire manufacturing companies, and at once became active in the work of trying to secure a charter for Tadmor. As usual it was slow work; there were many setbacks and disappointments in the five years that passed before a dispensation came.

Tadmor has set a fast pace since it obtained recognition, however. One of its great feats was its trip to the Los Angeles meeting, when it reversed the usual order of things and entertained the commercial bodies of the cities visited en route. Noble Lee is at present Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, R. A. M. of Ohio.

PAST POTENTATE A. B. C. BRAY, of Beni Kedem Temple, Charleston, West Virginia, says the one hobby he has is holding office. He simply isn't happy unless he has some job that costs him more than the salary, if any, to maintain. He has been Potentate of his Temple, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter, Eminent Commander, Knights Templar and Knight Commander of the Court of Honor.

He has been in Politics, too—a member of the City Council of Ronceverte, a member of the Board of Education and has served two terms in the West Virginia legislature. Men like Noble Bray have as much chance of escaping office as a lightning rod of the old type had in a thunderstorm.



Potentate Robert E. Lee
Tadmor Temple
Akron, Ohio

The Rev. Dr. Mark A. Mathews
Nile Temple
Seattle, Wash.

Noble James J. Davis
Syria Temple
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Noble Charles Elroy Townsend
Moslem Temple
Detroit, Mich.

In Shrinedom

NOBLE CHARLES ELROY TOWNSEND, of Moslem, Detroit, survived, in a political way, insurgency. Back in the days when Uncle Joe Cannon, his cigar sticking out of the corner of that square mouth of his, ruled Congress with a gavel of iron, the second Michigan District sent Noble Townsend to the lower house—his first term beginning in 1903. That was not, of course, the beginning of his political career. He had been Recorder of Deeds in Jackson County, Michigan; he was one of the delegates to the Republican National Convention that nominated Benjamin Harrison in 1888. But it was his nomination for Congress and his election, in 1902, that first gave him a chance to become a national figure.

In those days, as everyone remembers, the Republican party rode high. McKinley was dead; the great days of Roosevelt had come. The country rode high on a wave of prosperity; the day of the first billion dollar Congress was in sight and Joe Cannon could say, without fear of successful contradiction, that this country "was a hell of a success."

Townsend was Scotch, though, and that racial strain implies a certain love of argument, a spirit of contradiction. There were things Townsend didn't like. One of them was the way the railways handled their affairs. He spoke out in meeting about that, as well as he could. But, in that time, if you were a young and relatively obscure Congressman, the House rules gave you little scope for the expression of your individuality. Most men who came up against those rules—and the iron jaw of Joe Cannon—recoiled. Not Townsend. He wanted to see what would happen when the irresistible force encountered the immovable object; he had a curiosity on that point akin to the curiosity that has moved most of the men who have done things since history began. And he found out.

He was one of that small band of original insurgents who, mocked, laughed and jeered at, the butts of ridicule all over the land, finally brought an end to the power of the Speaker of the House, that entrenched fortress first erected by Tom Reed. The immovable object had been forced to move before the insurgents were done; Townsend's four terms in Congress saw a complete reform of the House Rules and the passing of the czar-like power of the Speaker.

In 1911 Townsend moved up to the Senate and served in that august body until 1923. He is practicing law in Jackson now, but he still has an office in Washington, and it would be a poor idea to figure him permanently out of politics.

THE REVEREND MARK A. MATHEWS, of Nile Temple, Seattle, is one of the silver tongued orators of the Shrine. One of his most eloquent efforts was his great speech at Atlanta, when, thanks to his powers of persuasion, Nile defeated Islam, of San Francisco, in the fight to win the next meeting.

Masonic office holding has never appealed much to Noble Mathews, except in one office—he has been Grand Prelate of both Tennessee and Washington, and is now Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the United States.

Noble Mathews is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, and is a great believer in the power of Masonry in increasing both patriotism and true morality. He is one of those who believes that the Shrine will yet be forced into the arena of politics, and will tell anyone who cares to argue with him just why he thinks so.

JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor, will never be President of the United States. In 1924, when they were trying pretty hard, out in Cleveland, to select a vice-presidential candidate, after the thrilling convention battle that led to the nomination of Calvin Coolidge—the thrill being confined to speculation as to whether the radio photographs would be recognizable—some one thought it would be a good idea to name Davis. It was a good scheme; the only trouble with it was that he happens to have been born in Wales. He was seven years old when he came over.

It isn't a matter of record that Mr. Davis has ever lost much sleep over surrendering his shadowy rights in that vice-presidential nomination to Charles G. Dawes and his trick pipe. But his mother felt differently about it. Later that year, during the campaign, some one referred to the incident in a speech heard by the elder Davises. And Mrs. Davis, turning to her husband, spoke to him, in pure and bitter Welsh:

"There!" she said, "Dave Davis, if you'd come to America when I wanted you to we'd have had a Vice-President in the family!"

And so it went, one suspects, in the words of Clare Briggs, far, far into the night. Women have long memories!

Yet, on the whole, Mrs. Davis has some reason to be proud of her son. He is one of the great figures of the country in a fraternal sense. In the Shrine he is a Noble of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh. He is a Knights Templar, a Scottish Rite Mason, an Oddfellow, an Elk, a Red Man and an Eagle. And, also, he is the boss Moose of them all. He became Director-General of the Loyal Order of Moose when it had a total membership of 246 and two subordinate lodges. Under his leadership it has grown to a membership of 650,000, with more than sixteen hundred lodges.

To an unusual extent the order reflects the energy, the talent and the character of one man. Mooseheart was Davis's idea; he made it. The great home school for dependent children there is one of the most completely successful of all benevolent institutions. A hundred mothers and more than two thousand children have been received and cared for there.

An important figure in Pennsylvania politics, Noble Davis has by no means exhausted the possibilities of his career. President Harding made him Secretary of Labor; President Coolidge has kept him in office, and he is one of the most influential and important members of the cabinet.



MEDINAH'S COUNTRY CLUB

(Medinah Temple's
new Country Club,
Chicago, Illinois.)

IF FRIEND Mohammed were to take a few weeks off with a view to giving the once over to his erstwhile abiding place and he should happen to land in the neighborhood of Medinah Country Club, there is reason to believe that he would send for a bunch of those hours of his and try to establish permanent headquarters for Islam right on the grounds, so Arabic are they in their buildings and decorations. The ships of the desert would feel at home on the camel hump hole on the golf ground.

Three years or more ago, some live believers in the life of the great outdoors became obsessed with the idea that Medinah, as the largest Shrine Temple in the world, should build a country club in keeping with its size and the character of its membership.

Today, the club stands a monument to the faith and industry and ability and progressiveness of these few Nobles, who have overcome almost insurmountable obstacles in bringing to a successful conclusion this mammoth enterprise. The doubting Thomases were there with buckets of the coldest water to drown out enthusiasm and there were not wanting even more active antagonists to the project; but today in the light of fulfilled promises and extraordinary achievement the band wagon is loaded to the guards with enthusiastic advocates of the plan.

It was during the term of Past Potentate James Todd that the club first received official encouragement and he it was who presided over the laying

of the corner stone Nov. 2, 1924. Successively the plan was approved and the organization fostered by Past Potentates E. L. Johnson, Arthur H. Vincent and the present incumbent, E. Edwin Mills, so that it took on from the very first a semi-official character. Dedication ceremonies were held in September.

It is claimed for the project that it is the largest social center in the world, covering an area of 456 acres, just twenty-two miles from the center of the city, with a lake of 56 acres. Conservative estimates place the value of the land alone at \$2000 per acre, which would indicate a primary investment of \$912,000.

The corner stone laying was an event of Oriental magnificence, all the ceremonies suggesting those that distinguished the reign of the potentates of the Orient. The camel drivers were there, chanters, cymbal beaters, sheiks and no less than 20,000 people were on the grounds.

The membership is limited to 1500 enrolment and the quota is completely filled. Non-resident memberships are accepted and each Temple of the Order has three assignments to it, with honorary memberships to the Potentates of Medinah and Tebala, at Rockford. The cost of local memberships at the start was \$750 each, the price advancing \$100 with each 100 members secured, making the present initiation fee \$1450.

Oriental, from start to finish, the first view the visitor gets of the grounds is the main entrance, the "Gates of Medinah." [Continued on page 56]



(E. Edwin Mills, Potentate, Medinah Temple.)



(Skiing and toboggan sliding are included in the sports at Medinah Country Club. The grounds are beautiful and fully equipped for every possible outdoor diversion.)



(Charles H. Canode, Pres. Medinah Country Club.)



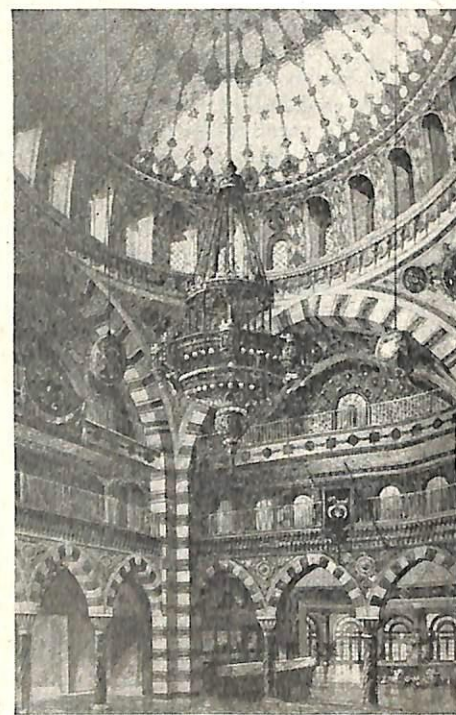
(F. N. Peck, Treasurer, Medinah Country Club.)



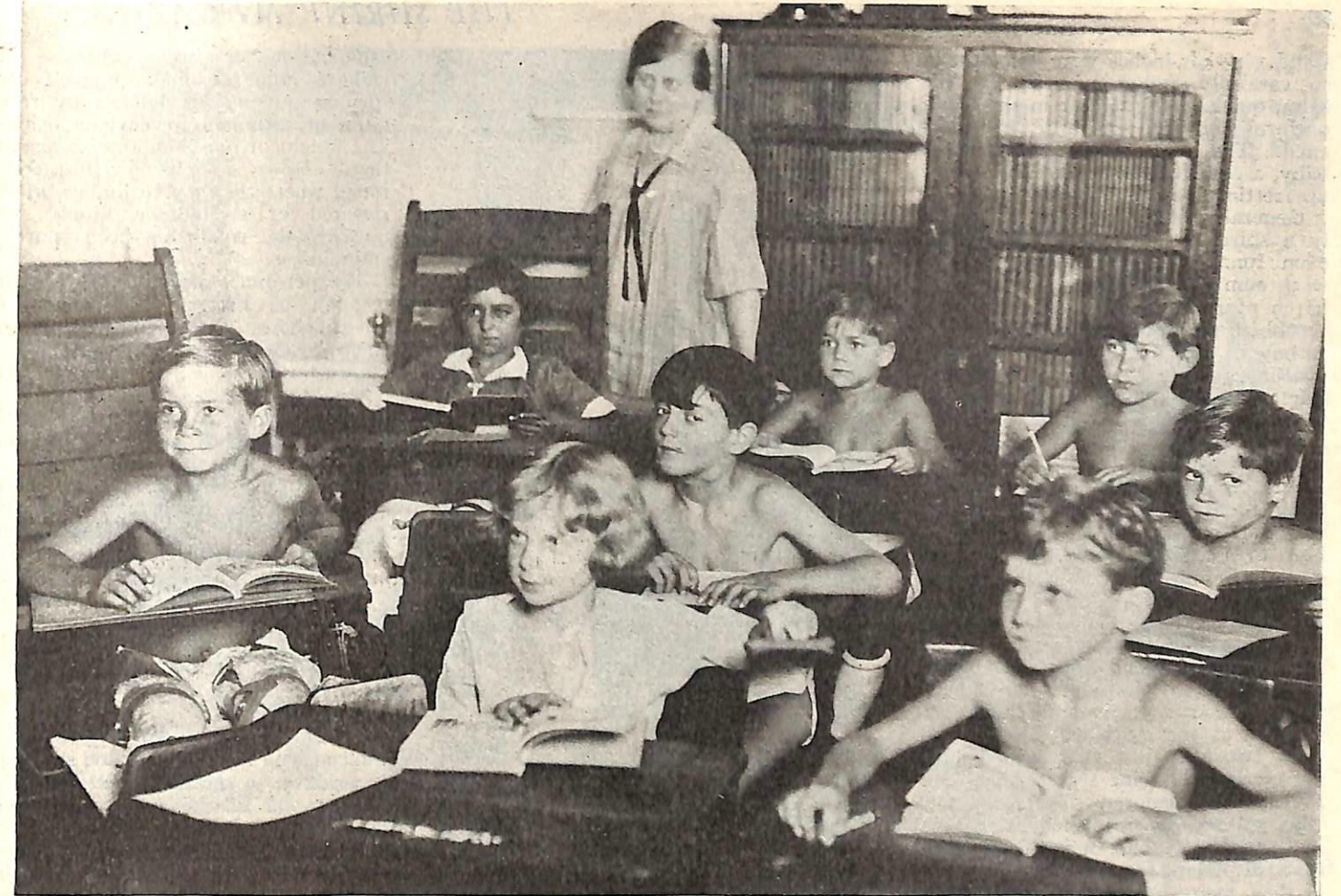
(Theodore R. Heman, Vice-Pres. Medinah Country Club.)



(William S. Barbee, Sec'y & Director, Country Club.)



(The corner of the Grand Rotunda, Medinah Temple's Country Club, gives a glimpse of the Oriental magnificence which makes this one of the finest clubhouses in America.)



(The schoolroom at Shriners St. Louis Hospital. The boys are clad in just a breech clout and shoes, sunshine and air being a large part of the curative treatment.)

A Day in the ST. LOUIS Hospital

By Shirley Seifert

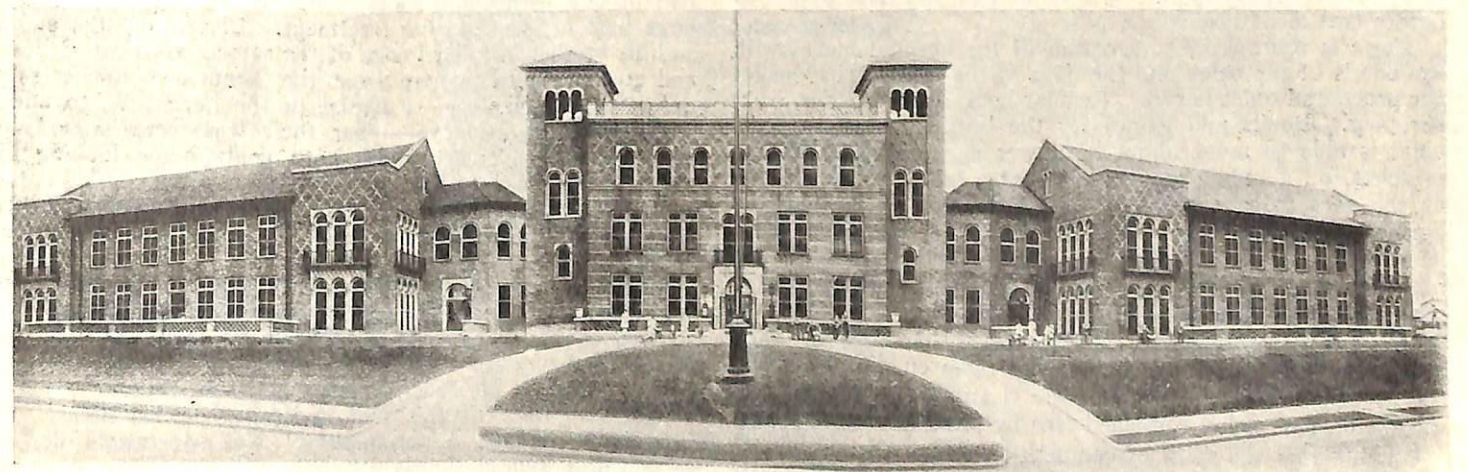
(How the Shriners are Healing Children Through Science and Devotion)

A HOSPITAL is a place of healing. The Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Louis has emphasized that definition. Here is no word about suffering, about pain, about despair. Here are hope and good cheer, restored faith in the kindness of man, belief in the works of science and the devotion of scientists to the welfare of humankind.

Children have a canny way of knowing just where to place their trust. You can't fool them with gifts or tricks. Not very long. They know the things men do and a still unclouded instinct guides them through known facts to the truth about motives. My tribute is not of my own sentiment but the verdict of the one hundred and seven children now being healed

in the St. Louis Unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

On an inspection tour which carried me upstairs and down, through wards, receiving rooms, room for changing plasters, physio-therapy gymnasium, operating rooms, I saw children from eighteen months old to fourteen, with legs or arms or both stiff in plaster molds, some bedfast with a limb or so held rigid in a stretching device or with their backs braced, some able to wheel themselves about in chairs, some hobbling about on crutches, a few taking their first steps in braces or using for the first time new straight legs; and in all that tour I heard only two whimpers of complaint. One was from a little girl, apparently about five, who had just been admitted and was up on the table for examination. She couldn't under-



stand why her inches were being taken so carefully and completely by the calm, quick young doctor in the white uniform and she was a little frightened. The other protest was from a baby, a club feet case, who had waked up fretting from her morning nap.

Generally there prevailed not merely a spirit of good cheer, there was even fun. There was giggling in a washroom off one of the wards. A batch of the less disabled were being scrubbed up before a school period. A boy of ten had gathered, where a visitor couldn't have said, the usual grime on his hands and was doing the usual boy's hit and miss ablutions with a brush and soap under the censorship of an attendant and a ring of scoffing contemporaries. We passed a bubbling fountain in a corridor. A lad on a sort of wheeled cart that allowed him to keep his legs stretched out straight before him was getting himself a drink of water.

"Hullo!" he responded casually, serenely, to our greeting and went on stretching after that drink.

Outside, on the sun-swept plaza, where as many beds and chairs are wheeled as the space will hold at one time, two kids, just kids, in neighboring cots were having a great joke over the iodine-discolored fingers of one. This painted one informed us that he had "ar-thro-de-sis", or it sounded like that, displaying a pride they all have in their many-syllabled cases.

The question arose as to what produced this happy spirit. Mr. Niedringhaus, the president of the board of governors for this hospital, said it was the atmosphere of the place. Dr. Abbott, the chief surgeon, smiled sideways in an evasive way which testified that he was a great man in his line, and said he didn't know what Miss Cargo did to them. Miss Cargo, the superintendent, said it was routine, good food, rest, recreation and so on. The bright-eyed nurse in charge of the physio-therapy treatments said it was a spirit of competition.

These are some reasons that the visitor thought out, saving the biggest and deepest for the last. The hospital is a cheerful place. It is a pretty building of ornamental, soft-toned brick, spreading out in two many-windowed wings from a central tower. It stands on a terraced lawn above a wide boulevard separating it from Forest Park, a fourteen hundred acre reservation of green trees and grass and flowers. There will always be available fresh air and pleasant prospects. Indeed, the visitor's impression of the building is one of light and sun and fresh air blowing through. Children come to this place from mountain huts, from squalid mining colonies, from crowded slums. They know, many of them, for the first time in their lives, clean sheets, clean garments, tasty and nourishing food. They are physically more comfortable than they have ever been before treatment begins.

There is routine. The program of the hospital moves with the hands of the clock and the days of the week. That makes for peace and quiet nerves. Regular hours for sleep, for work, for play. Books and games for the bedfast. As soon as a child is able to move about he moves in a wheeled chair, on crutches, on a kiddie-car or what seems best. So moving, he or she goes to school for an hour and a half in the morning at lessons and an hour every afternoon for manual training. The teacher is provided by the St. Louis Public Schools. The manual training is sewing, embroidery and toy-making for the girls and brush-making and toy-making for the boys, and, for some of them, sewing, too. They seem to like cross-stitching. All their works they take home with them on dismissal from the hospital. Saturday nights there is a picture show in every ward, the films being furnished free by local picture firms.

Undoubtedly the spirit of competition helps. All the children are in wards except a few new ones who are still under



(Noble Henry F. Niedringhaus, Chairman Board of Governors, St. Louis Unit Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, with one of the little patients.)

examination for throat cultures. No child is going to make himself conspicuous among his fellows by resistance or complaint or lagging behind. The weight of public opinion is against that. Down in the physio-therapy room, where they try to limber up the restored or straightened limbs and muscles, the rivalry is keen sport, I am told.

The personnel directing the hospital couldn't be better. Mr. Henry F. Niedringhaus, the president of the Board of Governors, is one of the best known business men in St. Louis. He is the kind of American business man of whom we, nationally, are justly proud, dignified by success and industry, and genial, paternal. He is known to every child on the place. "Hello, Mr. Niedringhaus!" they cry. In the little girls' ward a curly-headed imp stood up in bed and reached for his watchchain. He carries a repeater. "Wait a minute, sister! Mustn't touch. I'll hold it so you can hear."

And he pressed a spring, to delight her with the tinkling, silver chimes of his magic timepiece. That's the kind of man he is.

To know Dr. L. C. Abbott, the chief surgeon, you have to examine statistics or go down to the basement and see a reel run off in the projecting room, the modern pictorial record of the miracles he has worked in straightening crooked bodies. He is a nationally known authority on orthopedic surgery, but he has the personality intact of a boy himself. Smiling, cheerful, evasive and elusive, dodging publicity like anything, he was caught just long enough to let one see how children must adore him and never fear him.

Miss Cargo, the superintendent, is the kind of nurse who makes young girls think the profession is a divine calling. She can straighten a baby in a crib with one hand and o.k. a telegram with the other and look pleasant doing either, with her soft hair and tender eyes belying the starch of her white uniform.

But the big thing with these children is that they know what is being done for them. They know they are going to be helped, that they are going out better than they came in. There is never a wavering of doubt. Mondays and Thursdays are operating days. They say blithely that they "go upstairs" on such and such a date. They enter the operating room smiling and confident. Their faith is the most beautiful and touching thing one could behold! It often removes the need for anesthetics. There are three hundred and seventeen children listed for entry now, waiting their turn.

This serene confidence is borne out by facts. Riding around the little boys' ward the day of my visit was a brown, plump, straight little fellow, as husky a savage as you could imagine, clad in the prevailing mode of a breech clout, eked out by a pair of new orthopedic shoes, sunshine and fresh air being a large part of the curative treatment. Eleven months ago he and his brother, a taller image of the same sun-browned health and sturdiness, came here from the Tennessee mountains so deformed by rickets—a disease of the bones due to under-nourishment in infancy—that their legs were shaped like barrel hoops. Now they are both going home looking like prize-winners in a health contest.

The difficult cases that are helped here can be judged by the remark of a boy from Oklahoma at whose bed we stopped. He apologized for being there.

"I'm just a spastic case," he drawled in his soft Western way, "not very bad. Only one leg and one arm."

He may have been comparing himself to a case just dismissed, that of a boy who came to the hospital, not on crutches, but crawling on all fours. When he grew tired of that, he would sometimes lift his feet and walk on his hands. He went home upright, a normal boy. Not so straight perhaps as you or I, but gloriously straight [Continued on page 59]

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The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

(The Head of All the Shriners Continues on His Triumphal Way through the Northwest)

WHEN the party arrived at Spokane, Potentate George W. Hoag, El Katif, Past Potentate E. Burt Clausin, C. Clair Cater and Charles C. Adams met the party, and escorted them to the Davenport hotel, where the presidential suite was assigned the Imperial Potentate and his family.

Early the next morning, Potentate Hoag and Past Potentate Clausin called at the hotel and a trip of 140 miles was made in Noble Clausin's car, reaching Calam Temple about noon. This Temple is situated in one of the most historic spots in the Northwest, on the trail through which the Lewis and Clark expedition made its way. It was the birthplace of the first white child in Idaho, the original capital of the state, the spot where the first house, the first school, the first church and the first printing press of Idaho saw the light of day.

The delegation from Calam, headed by Potentate John H. Lewis, met the visitors at the boundary of their jurisdiction. Arriving at Lewiston, lunch was served to the visitors, after which the party drove to the monument erected by the Idaho D. A. R. to the memory of Rev. Henry H. Spalding and wife, as commemorative of the service

of these pioneers in the state of Idaho. In the evening, a dinner dance was indulged in and Potentate John H. Lewis made a most admirable toastmaster, introducing Past Potentate Fred E. Butler who made an address of welcome; Past Potentate Joseph Kincaid, who presented to the Imperial Potentate some silverware, which the Imperial Potentate accepted in his usual gracious manner; Potentate Hoag, of El Katif, who spoke at length on the work of the Shrine.

The address of the Imperial Potentate was received with marked favor. The spirit of cordial heartiness was nowhere better exemplified than by Calam at Lewiston.

Then came enough thrills to serve the Imperial party for the balance of the trip—the drive back to Spokane, which was reached at three o'clock in the morning. The road was impressive in the daytime, but the serpentine windings were awesome at night and the difficulty of driving was added to by the cloudy atmosphere due to the surrounding forest fires.

The Spokane Nobility and their ladies were on tiptoe all through the day, trying to crowd into ten short hours all that there was to see or do. And they were moderately successful, too. The ladies were separately entertained, and the boys found the daughters of Past Potentate Clausin perfect hostesses.

A visit was made to the mobile unit, where Chairman Henry A. Pierce and Potentate Hoag shared the honors. The Imperial

Potentate made himself a very acceptable visitor by his distribution of chewing gum, each patient receiving a package.

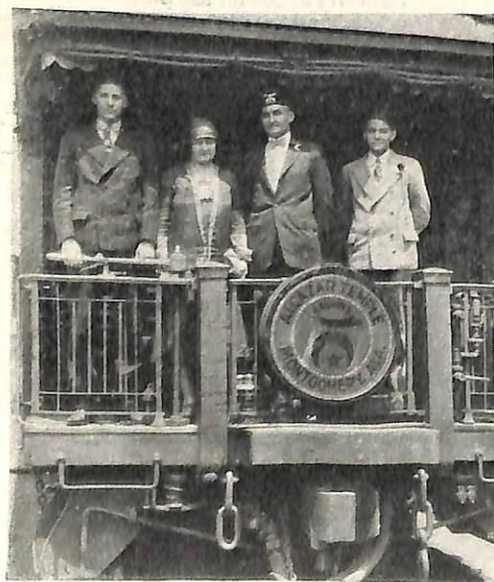
Promptly at six o'clock, Potentate Hoag and his committee, all of whom had been indefatigable in their efforts to entertain, escorted the Imperial Potentate and party to the Masonic Temple, while the ladies were entertained at dinner at the hotel.

Potentate Hoag saw that an impressive entry was provided for the Imperial Potentate, the Band and Patrol being on hand in full regalia, acting as escort to his place in the banquet hall. After the speeches, the Imperial Potentate making a very impressive address, the Patrol lined up in front of his seat at the table and, in a few well chosen words, Captain Clausin presented some silverware, which was accepted in the Imperial Potentate's usual happy and gracious manner.

Following this, came a little by-play, Noble E. T. Dakin, chief auditor of the Northern Pacific, who had acted as host to the party on the private car, being censured for supplying so many brands of good cigars and cigarettes and running eternally and forever short on matches. The defect was remedied by the presentation of a full nickel box of safeties. Past Potentate Rahn followed by disputing the statements of the preceding speaker and on behalf of the Imperial Party presented Noble Dakin with a handsome silver match box, properly engraved, as a mark of appreciation of the many courtesies received at his hands, both personally and as a representative of the railroad. Despite clamorous calls for a speech, Noble Dakin escaped. Following the banquet, the party was escorted back to the hotel; the ladies joined them and the entire parade proceeded to the train, where the visitors again expressed their thanks for the glorious entertainment tendered them.

In the morning, Portland was the city in order and, while the official reception had been scheduled for not earlier than 8.30 o'clock a glance out of the window disclosed Mayor Baker and Past Potentate Hofmann patiently awaiting the signs of life on the car. These gentlemen were soon joined by Potentate Phil Metschan, Nobles Hugh J. Boyd, Stewart, Harvey Wells, Recorder Beckwith, Treasurer [Continued on page 54]

(The Reception Committee of Calam Temple, Lewiston, Idaho, welcoming Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland and some members of his party.)



(The Imperial Potentate and his family. Left to right: Edward Crosland, Mrs. Crosland, the Imperial Potentate and David Crosland, Jr.)



(Banquet given in honor of Imperial Potentate Crosland by Al Kader Temple, Portland, Oregon.)

NOVEMBER, 1926

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The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 52]

R. Lutke, Oriental Guide Seegers and others. The party was loaded into automobiles (under the supervision of Noble Stewart, who has never been able to live down the efficient work he did on the automobile committee of the Imperial Council session) and, headed by four motorcycle officers, the scenery in Oregon was put on its very best behavior. Mount Hood was looked over. Then the apple orchard country to Columbia Gorge, where a most sumptuous luncheon was provided. Then on to the Dalles, where that day's official reception was to be held. The Band, Drum Corps and Chanters escorted the Imperial Potentate into the city and to the hotel, where he reviewed the parade in his honor. It was on this trip that the Potentate of Ben Ali Temple, Noble Frank F. Atkinson, won the title of the Sunkist Pote.

The men were located in the regular dining-room of the hotel and the ladies were served in a smaller room, immediately adjoining, where the music and speeches could be heard. Potentate Metschan introduced Rajah Pepper, who represents Al Kader at the Dalles, and turned the meeting over to him. The Sunkist Potentate was called upon and he was followed by Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn, who was dubbed the Imperial Manager. Noble Melochen spoke and a silent tribute was paid to the memory of Noble Bill Johnson, recently deceased, whose activities were known to every member of the local party.

The Rajah thanked everybody who had contributed to the pleasure of the occasion and concluded with a very pleasing presentation address for the Nobles of Wasco and Sherman counties, who desired Mrs. Crosland to have one of the famous blankets made in that section. Mrs. Crosland accepted in a brief, but happily worded acknowledgment. The speech was greeted with war whoops as a fitting accompaniment to the blanket.

Imperial Potentate Crosland was then called upon and delivered a most enthusiastically received address on the duties of the Shrine and on the opportunities of its membership. At the conclusion of the meeting, the party was escorted to the hotel at Columbia Gorge.

Early in the morning, a start was made for the Columbia scenic highway, the Imperial Potentate being first presented with a crate of Oxborrow peaches, which had been picked especially for his party that morning. A fifty pound salmon was also taken in tow so that when he returned to his train and continued his journey there would be no lack of Oregon products. Stops were made at all the beauty spots along the drive and Noble Weisendanger, chief of the forest rangers, gave them a short trip through the most appealing parts of his 600,000 acre reserve. The fish hatchery was then visited and the fish fed. Hands were itching for poles as the speckled beauties rose to take in the offerings of the party.

Luncheon at the Chanticleer was a marked success. It is on the peak of one of the highest mountains and, as its name implies, is famous for its chicken menus.

A visit to the hospital was next in order. The Imperial Potentate distributed his usual quota of chewing gum. At the hospital it was discovered that the boys had organized a new order—Knights of the Great Outdoor—and the girls, not to be outdone, had formed a Merry-Go-Round Club, whose work was to study nature and do sewing under instruction. Both clubs were the thought of the teacher looking after the youngsters at this unit.

In the evening, Noble Hauser did his best to show what the Multnomah was capable

of in the matter of table decorations and the menu was equal to the surroundings. About 100 sat down to table, speech making being barred. As soon as the banquet was adjourned the ballroom came into operation and it was here that Mayor and Past Potentate Baker arranged a surprise. Noble Wells—a major during the war and a captain on the police force of Portland at the present time—came into the ballroom, a halt was called in the proceedings and Master Edward Crosland was paged. The Captain made a speech and so did the mayor and at the end of it Edward was sworn in as a police captain and a badge that had served captains in the department for more than forty years was presented to him and the maintenance of order placed in his hands. On behalf of Al Kader Temple, the mayor presented the Imperial Potentate with a beautiful coffee service in sterling silver. In response, the Imperial Potentate accepted the gift and took occasion to make one of his delightful talks which was listened to attentively and applauded vigorously.

At 11 o'clock the party was turned over to Potentate Askren and Oriental Guide Hatch, of Afifi, Tacoma, who were to escort them to that oasis.

Afifi, of Tacoma, kept up the good work of showing something new to the Imperial Potentate and his party. Automobile rides, of course, followed by a reception that was splendid and largely attended. Following the lead of Al Kader at Portland in creating Edward Crosland a captain of police, Mayor Tennant of Tacoma presented David Crosland with a certificate as chief of detectives, with instructions to apprehend the bogus police officer from Portland, which was accordingly done and Edward was arrested, tried, found guilty and fined \$1.00

the fine to go to the hospital. This brought Governor Hartley into play, he being also a Noble of the Mystic Shrine. He promptly remitted the unjust fine, but that the hospital might not suffer through his action assessed himself \$5.00 for the same fund. The comedy was much appreciated by the audience. At this point a committee from Gizeh, Victoria, B. C., joined the party as escort to the Imperial Potentate.

As a relief from the chicken diet with which the Imperial Potentate had been met at practically every stop, breakfast was had in the private car on arrival, the local committee joining, and a huge Columbia River salmon was the pièce de résistance.

The committee which greeted the Imperial party on arrival at Seattle was composed of Potentate Thomas M. Askren, Chief Rabban Fred R. Harrison, Assistant Rabban W. A. Eastman, Recorder Frank B. Lazier, Past Potentate D. B. Trefethen and Judge Howard M. Findley, Captain of the Guard. Potentate Wm. D. Askren, Afifi, Tacoma, accompanied the party from that city to Seattle.

Superior Judge Findley, on behalf of Nile Temple, presented, at the banquet at Lake Ballinger Shrine Country Club, a reading lamp decorated with Shrine emblems.

During the day, while the Imperial Potentate was in the hands of the Nobility, Mrs. Crosland was the guest of the wives of the members of the Divan.

Chief Rabban and Mrs. James R. Agar, Gizeh, Victoria, took charge of the party on leaving Seattle, escorting it to that Oasis.

Leaving Seattle by boat, the Imperial Potentate reached Victoria, B. C., the home of Gizeh Temple. They were greeted by Recorder and Mrs. Leeson of Victoria, Nobles J. R. Agar, Charles A. [Continued on page 56]



(Mrs. Crosland, Edward Crosland and Noble Nippert at Bozeman. Mrs. Crosland was almost buried in sweet peas for which this section is noted.)



(Famous Mt. Hood National Forest, near Portland, Ore., was included in the Imperial Potentate's Pilgrimage.)

No More Razor Blades to Buy!



Last Chance!
Act Quickly to Get this Amazing Invention with
My Guarantee that I'll Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

Final Opportunity to secure Famous New Shaving Invention Backed By My Astonishing-Written Guarantee to Keep you In Razor Blades for Life! It offers You 365 Keen, Cool Shaves A Year—And No More Blades to Buy Ever! But Act At Once! Blade-bond Offer Expires At Midnight Dec. 31st And WILL NEVER BE MADE AGAIN! Write today!

MY SENSATIONAL introductory offer that I will guarantee (in writing) to keep any man in razor blades for life, is drawing to a close! Promptly on the stroke of midnight of the 31st, this iron-clad blade-bond offer will pass into the annals of history. Nothing like it has ever appeared in the past. Nothing like it can ever appear in the future!

KRISS-KROSS—the remarkable invention that makes my extraordinary guarantee possible—marks such an amazing advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. **KRISS-KROSS** is a super-stropper—a blade rejuvenator! Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen **KRISS-KROSS**—and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how really sensational this introductory offer is!

365 Shaves A Year From One Blade!

KRISS-KROSS employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain. But that's not all. **KRISS-KROSS** embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It stropps from heavy to light. Adjustable, automatic jig notifies you when your blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take.

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life

of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades. No more "raking" with dull ones. **KRISS-KROSS**, coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever. And think of the economy.

Sensational Offer

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce **KRISS-KROSS** stropper to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it free a new kind of razor with 5 special process blades which completes the outfit which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life! Here's how the plan works. Use the blades and keep renewing them with **KRISS-KROSS** super-stropper.

If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking) return them and I'll recondition or replace them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an ironclad agreement to keep you in razor blades for life!

MYSTERY RAZOR FREE

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any shaving position. Flip of finger makes it straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Novel feature reduces beard resistance 45% and simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Nothing like it ever on the market before. Find out about it today.

SEND SPECIAL COUPON TODAY:

Write at once for information on this astonishing new invention and final guarantee-offer. **KRISS-KROSS** is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Remember the time limit is drawing near. Send for complete, illustrated details without delay. No obligation. Just clip and mail the coupon today!

AGENTS: \$175—\$400 A MONTH

Make big money with **KRISS-KROSS**! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made \$66 in one day. E. F. Kinsey, Penn., made \$28 in 11-2 hours. Others average \$30 to \$66 a day. Every man buys on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make \$6 to \$12 extra a day showing **KRISS-KROSS** to friends and fellow employees. S. Kantala made \$154 extra working evenings 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

RHODES MFG. CO. Inc.,
1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. S-821, St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of **KRISS-KROSS** stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

() Check this space if you are interested in making money as authorized **KRISS-KROSS** representative.

Wonderful Xmas Gift
KRISS-KROSS Stropper
and Razor in the neat
holly box make an ideal
Xmas gift. Exactly what
a man would choose for
himself.

Sold Only Through Authorized Representatives
Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER
Dept. S-821, 1418 Pendleton Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 54)

Welch of New Westminster and Noble and Mrs. T. D. Munro, of Vancouver. In the afternoon the party went to Butchart's Gardens and the races at the Willows. In the evening a dinner was given at the Empress Hotel and at nine o'clock the festivities were transferred to the Crystal Garden, where a formal reception was tendered the Imperial Potentate and dancing was indulged in, the affair being in charge of Noble Agar. A china tea set was presented the Imperial Potentate.

Strong representations were made asking for the establishment of a mobile unit at Victoria, to work in conjunction with Jubilee Hospital. The request will be presented to the Board of Trustees by the Imperial Potentate.

About midnight the Imperial Party left for Vancouver, under the guidance of Past Potentate Welsh. Breakfast was served at the Vancouver Hotel, quite a few of the local Nobility being in attendance. Lunch was had at the Golf Club, about fifteen miles out and a banquet was served in the evening in the pavilion at Stanley Park, about 200 being present. The Vancouver Shrine Club presented a handsome vase to their chief.

Noble Frank Newman, vice-president of the Soo Railroad, brought his private car on from Minneapolis and placed it at the service of the Imperial Potentate until he should reach Chicago.

Leaving Vancouver, the scenic beauty of the Canadian Rockies was enjoyed to the full, the luxurious surroundings and cordial courtesy of the Canadian Nobles leaving nothing to be desired. Lake Louise was the first stop and there the night was spent, the party being met by Potentate W. V. Dixon, and wife, Noble Peacock and wife and Noble Riley Pike. The trip to Banff was made in motor-cars and lunch was served there, when the cars continued on to Calgary.

Here a banquet was served and a dance given, the Imperial Potentate making a gracious speech combining social and fraternal activities in the Shrine. At its conclusion he was presented with a silver fruit bowl.

Leaving Calgary, the car was boarded at Moosehead by Potentate H. D. Macpherson, Noble and Mrs. Olson and the Divan, who escorted the visitors to the Shrine Club rooms on arrival at Regina. Here an informal reception was held. Dinner was served in the evening at the hotel, where Mrs. Crosland was presented with a handsome Indian bag and the Imperial Potentate with a silver meat platter. The Imperial Potentate responded to both presentations.

Winnipeg was the next city visited, Potentate MacLean and wife, Past Potentates A. W. Chapman, W. F. Taylor and W. A. McKay and wives greeting the party at the station and escorting them to the hotel. At noon, the ladies lunched together and later visited the theater, the men dining stag. In the evening a splendid banquet was served and the Imperial Potentate made an inspiring address. This was followed by the presentation of another piece of silver. On the following day, motor-car driving, luncheon and informal entertaining were in order.

From Winnipeg, the Imperial party proceeded to Minneapolis, where they were met by Past Imp. Potentate Ovenshire and wife, Potentate W. S. MacCartney and wife, and quite a delegation of Past Potentates and members of the Divan with their ladies. At St. Paul, Potentate and Mrs. E. A. Kramer, Chief Rabban John A. Wright, Assistant Rabban Arthur Ovrom, Recorder King, Representative Tom S. Rishworth and members of the Temple greeted them on arrival, visiting with them during the half hour stop at that city.

Then on to Chicago where, late as was the hour of arrival, Potentate E. Edwin Mills and Imperial Oriental Guide Thomas J. Houston were on hand to act as escort to the hotel. From this city, Mrs. Crosland and the two sons departed for Montgomery, the Imperial Potentate heading east to commence another series of visitations.

Secretary James A. Watt, Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals, constituted himself an advance guard and was present on arrival of Imperial Potentate at Montreal,

where Potentate Clarkson and Chairman of the Hospital Board Elliott met him at the train. Nobles Tom Currie and Fred Morgan were also of the reception committee. At this point the Imperial Potentate was joined by Deputy Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, of Palestine, Providence, and Past Potentate Harry Caswell, Melha, Springfield.

A meeting of the hospital board had been called and the hospital was visited and inspected and highly praised by the Imperial Potentate, who told the members of the Board informally just what his aim and ambition was in connection with the hospitals during his term of office. Noble Watt and Deputy Imperial Potentate Dunbar both spoke, being introduced by Noble Harry Elliott. In the evening a formal dinner was given at the Engineers' Club, Noble Elliott being host and toastmaster. Everybody around the board gave expression to their loyalty to the hospital movement and pledged renewed effort for its future advancement and betterment.

On the following day there was a flag raising at the hospital, the Canadian Military Band furnishing the music. After this ceremony, Deputy Imperial Potentate Dunbar borrowed the uniform coat of the leader, took possession of the cornet and rendered a selection, "The End of a Perfect Day," to the low accompaniment of the entire band. It was voted that he and the cornet had met before. Tea was served by the superintendent.

In the evening an informal meeting of the Temple was held at the Masonic Temple, at which place dinner was served and several addresses made, the feature of the occasion being the talk of the Imperial Potentate, who was at his best.

On Monday, the Harbor Commission acted as host to the party, placing the government boat at their disposal, two of the Commissioners accompanying to point out the places of interest in and around the harbor. Lunch was served on the boat.

The Imperial Potentate's Pilgrimage will be continued next month.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]

MEDINAH'S COUNTRY CLUB (Continued from page 48)

a stone building, with dome, and colored with the hues of Shrinedom. Entering the portal one comes on a wide paved driveway, which runs over bridges named Mohammed, Abdallah, Kismet and Osman. The driveway is Damascus and the lake is Kadajah, named for Mohammed's first wife, the one who kept him to herself as long as she lived, his harem being a later development. There are Mecca and Medinah creeks and the later developments will be named after some Arabic characters of renown. One rather striking evidence of the intent to make the place Arabic from start to finish is the tenth tee of the second golf course, which is shaped like a camel.

Already finished or in contemplation and well along the way are the three golf courses, an outdoor dancing pavilion, opening out of the ballroom, and capable of accommodating 2000, lagoons for canoeing, combination ski and toboggan slide, a polo ground covering thirty acres, a playground for the children, where all sorts of athletic appliances abound, and last a stadium to seat 11,000, where it is intended that night spectacles shall be put on. There are bridle paths galore, wooded nooks and sylvan dales, a complete pumping system, which

delivers 65 gallons to the minute, a spring that furnishes water analyzed as having exactly the same qualities as the Waukesha water.

Twenty-five miles of drain and water pipes have been installed in the two golf courses already completed and fully \$100,000 is invested under the clubhouse. The landscaping and two completed golf courses cost in the neighborhood of \$175,000 and a Holland windmill, 250 years old, is now on its way to this country for installation on the grounds. The dam and large bridge are picturesque in the extreme and fine, large oak trees abound at every turn. A bird club has been organized for the boys and girls in the families of members. An out-door swimming pool beckons most invitingly and numerous high tension electric lights illuminate every corner of the vast grounds. A gun club division has been organized and frequent tournaments are part of the activities anticipated. Log cabins are to be installed in various parts of the golf course and throughout the grounds for rest houses and it is even possible that later consideration will be given the matter of constructing some cabins for residence purposes. Baseball and croquet grounds have been marked

off and even horseshoe pitching is cared for, while the tennis courts are a delight.

And so every avenue of outside diversion has been attended to as far as the scope of the committee permitted and if anything has been overlooked there is plenty of space for its development.

Beautiful as are the grounds, lavish as Nature has been in giving an ideal beauty spot as a base for development, the clubhouse proper stands out as the one great big overwhelming accomplishment of the committee. To date it has cost \$975,000 and there will be finishing touches and added details which will run this figure well over the million. But for every dollar expended, there seems to be a well worth while return. It is a clubhouse for every member of the family and probably the only one in the world that caters so extensively to the ladies and children. There is a play room for the children in charge of a competent force, there is a separate and distinct apartment with shower baths and other attachments as fully equipped as the department for the men. There are also beauty parlors—anything and everything that will contribute in the slightest degree to milady's pleasure and comfort.

The building itself beggars description. It must be seen to be appreciated. It combines the harmonious blending of the symbolism of the Shrine with the exacting and luxurious requirements of a most modern club.

In the foreground, immediately fronting the entrance, is a mammoth floral Shrine emblem. At night, a great tiger claw and star design bejeweled with electric lights, stands out in massive relief, shining out upon the county highways and blazing twenty-five feet above the highest trees of the forest surrounding the building from its height of ninety feet.

The clubhouse itself is 360 feet long with an average depth of 120 feet. To the east, is an added dance promenade, designed upon the lines of the balconies and lodges of an Italian villa and lighted in brilliant Oriental fashion.

Connecting the dance promenade is the Byzantine grand stairway, presenting a stately entrance to a stairway so large that it will in itself accommodate an ordinary gathering. With this addition the building is 504 feet over all. The raised orchestra platform on the promenade will accommodate forty musicians. The ballroom inside is 48 by 92 feet, with capacity for 400 couple, the promenade accommodating 2000 dancers. The vaulted ceiling is 28 feet high and supported by ornamental pilasters and columns. Circle head French windows flank the balcony on front and sides and direct access to the terraces may be had from both sides and from the promenade by the grand staircase. The decorations are of the Louis XIV period.

The entrance is to the main lobby and vestibule. And there, 60 feet high, is the dome, its ceiling treated in polychrome colors and frescoes, with ornamental leaded glass. The design of the lobby is planned in Terrazzo mosaic, with Scagliola marble columns and ornamental caps. The lobby is 32 feet square, with promenades on two sides, eight feet wide.

Stairways of iron, with Terrazzo filled treads lead up to promenades on the second and third floors, with ornamental iron rails on all sides and leading to and connecting with all elevators, stairs and corridors of sleeping apartments.

In the north lobby is the office, with convenient additions for service counters, telephone booths and other equipment.

The Palm Room invites one to the recess across from the entrance. Flanked on either side by the great, long terraces, the view covers first and eighteenth holes and away beyond the water hazards. Below the Palm Room's beamed ceiling, 17 feet high, is an ornamental fountain of stone, with colored lights from floor to ceiling, in the center of its diameter.

The great dining-room is planned to seat 350 and in addition there are the private dining-rooms, the grill and the terrace dining service. The dining-room is 50 by 45 feet and 13 feet high, with a Terrazzo floor and base and French windows to terraces on both sides. The grill room has quarry tile floor, pressed brick walls, casement windows and a brick fireplace. This and the private dining-rooms have direct connection with the main dining-room.

Then there are card rooms and the billiard room and gymnasium, which is 47 by 42 feet and 10 feet high.

Description could run endlessly to detail, but the vastness of the project may best be visioned by stating that the combined accommodations for membership will reach the needs of 5160 people comfortably. Every modern accessory for comfort or efficiency is a part of the equipment. Medinah Country Club has set a mark for social clubs to aim at.



Try
10
cigars
free!
Send no money - just mail the coupon

NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try **absolutely free** a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

This is "my treat"

Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 199 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 200 into \$900 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$4.50. In other words, it costs me \$4.50 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I must offer an extraordinary cigar; it must be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap up this offer quick!

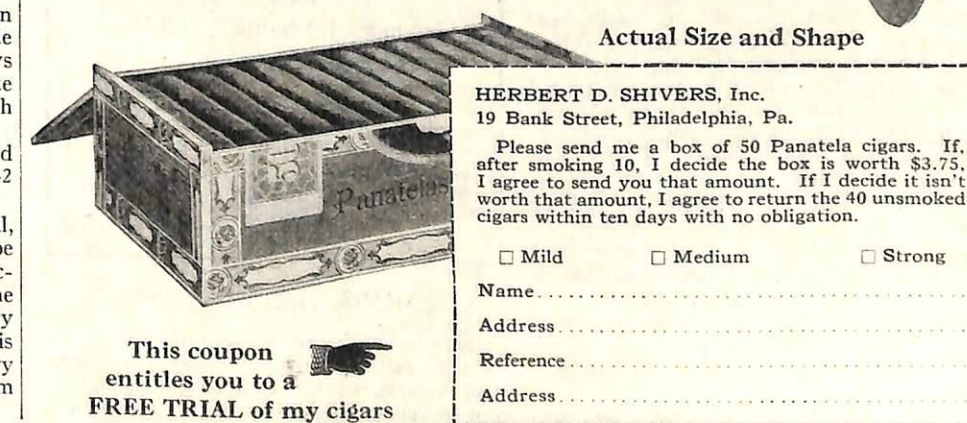
Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Actual Size and Shape



HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
19 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

Name.....
Address.....
Reference.....
Address.....

This coupon entitles you to a FREE TRIAL of my cigars

ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

TRIANGLE-ALASKA TOUR OF ISLAM

By Ernest L. West,
Potentate, Islam Temple

The Triangle-Alaska trip was considered to be one of the best pilgrimages ever made by the Nobles and Ladies of Islam Temple, and likewise, most successful, if good fellowship, abundance of scenery and good service, stand for success.

One hundred of us left San Francisco at midnight, Tuesday, June 22nd, on our Islam Temple Special. A happy, pleasure-bent crowd.

Our first stop at Portland, Oregon, was immense, but just a sample of what was before us. The feature here was an auto ride to Hood River, at the base of Mt. Hood, over the famous Columbia River Highway, winding its way along the south shore of the majestic Columbia.

After dinner at the Multnomah Hotel we were soon on our way again, until at eight o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Vancouver.

Here we spent a pleasant morning, with a motor trip to Stanley Park, and on June 25th our special started for Jasper National Park.

The journey from Vancouver to Jasper was for the most part along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. We entered the Fraser Canyon just before we came to Bastion Bar, and from then on the river was rarely anything but a rocky rapid. And in the morning we had our first and only glimpse of Mt. Robson, Canada's highest peak, 13,068 feet, covered with snow and shining in the sun.

We arrived at Jasper Park Lodge ten o'clock Saturday morning, June 26th, and our stay of three days here was all too short. The Park, a pleasure ground that spreads over an area of 4400 square miles, lies on a plateau surrounded by peaks that rise eight or ten thousand feet, and is sprinkled with lakes that gleam like precious stones in the sun.

The Lodge is a miniature village of rustic bungalows grouped round a main lodge. It is situated on the shore of the Lac Beauvert, whose waters reflect every color of the rainbow.

Leaving Jasper National Park on Tuesday morning, we again passed through the Canadian Rockies and the Coast Range, this time along the banks of the broad Skeena River and through virgin forests and quaint old Indian villages, arriving at Prince Rupert, where we embarked on the Canadian National Steamship "Prince George."

Our first "port of call" in Alaska was Ketchikan. We arrived there at ten o'clock at night but it was still daylight.

The next afternoon, July 1st, we passed very close to Taku Glacier, a great mass of ice, a mile wide, moving slowly and certainly toward the Sound. That night about eight o'clock we arrived at Juneau, the capital of Alaska, and here we took an auto ride to the Mendenhall Glacier. We walked over and under it, and saw great rocks that may have weighed tons, hanging in its frozen clutches, high in the air.

Our next stop, Skagway, we made at 8:00 A. M. Friday, July 2nd, where we immediately boarded a special train for Carcross, Yukon Territory.

This rail trip of 68 miles over the Saw-

tooth Mountains, and along Lake Bennett, over Dead Horse Gulch, through canyon after canyon, is a ride never to be forgotten.

At Carcross or Caribou Crossing, as the Indians named it, we boarded the little river type steamer, "Tutski" for a 41 mile trip down the head waters of the Yukon River and into Tagish Lake to "Ben My Chree." We suddenly discovered that we were alone in the world.

And when we arrived at Ben My Chree, a little Heaven in the wilderness of the Northland! A Rustic log cabin, surrounded by the most gorgeous flowers, most beautiful gardens, guarded by superstitious looking mountains on all sides, and inhabited by a charming old couple whose hospitality was golden. This was our destination. We ate of their bread and drank of their wine and sang songs of their love and so we left them, with words of thanks for their hospitality.

Our trip returning was over the same route except that we sailed Wrangle Narrows, a strip of water 300 feet wide, 20 miles long, between towering, tree covered mountains, and we called at Wrangle, Alaska, the totem pole town. Winding around hundreds of islands through the Inside Passage and on down to Prince Rupert again, where the boys of Gizeh entertained us.

Then on across Queen Charlotte Sound, and then Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, where we stopped over 24 hours as guests of Nile Temple.

The next day, July 9th, found us wending our way homeward through the fertile Willamette and Rogue River Valley of Oregon, over the Siskiyou Mountains, past Mt. Shasta, and then home.

OPEN DATES

NOVEMBER 3RD
Ceremonial LuLu, Philadelphia

NOVEMBER 5TH
Ceremonial Abou Ben Adhem,
Springfield, Mo.

NOVEMBER 5TH
Ceremonial Moslem, Detroit

NOVEMBER 8TH
Ceremonial Tripoli, Milwaukee
and Wisconsin Shrine Reunion

NOVEMBER 19TH
Ceremonial Ainad, E. St. Louis

NOVEMBER 19TH
Ceremonial Osiris, Wheeling,
State Fair Grounds, Imperial
Potentate's Official Visit

NOVEMBER 26TH
Ceremonial Medinah, Chicago

DECEMBER 7TH
Ceremonial Osman, St. Paul

DECEMBER 18TH
Dedication Ararat Shrine Temple,
Kansas City, Mo.

SAHARA VISITS HOSPITAL

El Karubah Temple's reputation as a host is too well known throughout the length and breadth of the land to enlarge upon, but never in its history did it entertain a

more enthusiastic gathering of the Nobility than when from out of the North the Caravan of Potentate Mitchell of Sahara Temple arrived, fresh from a two days' carnival of Saharamonials at Brinkley and Camden, Arkansas.

Feeling that the Nobility of Sahara and especially the wrecking crews needed rest and recreation, Potentate Mitchell notified Recorder Rowland that he was continuing his Pilgrimage and would visit the Oasis of El Karubah, for the express purpose of seeing "their hospital," at Shreveport and giving the kiddies there a treat, and "Daddy James" said "come ahead."

Bright and early the Caravan arrived, over 150 strong, and were met at the Central Station by the uniformed bodies of El Karubah Temple and escorted to their headquarters at the Youree Hotel, where breakfast was served. There automobiles were in waiting, and the entire caravan motored out to the Shreveport Unit. It was the first time since the founding of the institution here that a Temple had come in a body to pay its respects, and to get first hand information on the workings, and to say that the Nobility of Sahara was pleased and surprised to put it mildly.

Dr. Durham and his assistants, Supt. Miss Byrd Boehringer and her corps of nurses, never looked as smiling and efficient as when they conducted the visitors throughout the various departments, and the Kiddies must have thought they were Special Deputies of Santa Claus to them, by the manner in which they dispensed their bounties. To every child they gave a pound of candy, and likewise to the Nurses, and to Noble Rowland, Potentate Mitchell presented a check for two hundred and fifty dollars for the Shreveport Unit.

The children who were able, conducted the visitors to their play rooms, put the more ambitious Nobles over the jumps and swings in the Gym, and led them out in front and showed them with glee the two live oaks planted by them and dedicated to Past Imperial Potentate Jim Burger and Noble Rowland.

Luncheon was served by El Karubah Temple on the Roof Garden of the Youree Hotel, after which autos were in waiting and the visitors were conducted through the oil and gas fields by the Nobility and officers of the Arkansas Natural Gas Company, in order that the Nobles might see where their fuel came from. Returning from the jaunt to the gas fields, dinner was served by El Karubah and at 9.00 P. M. a ball was given in honor of the visitors at the Scottish Rite Cathedral. Potentate Mitchell said they had a wonderful visit.

READY FOR THE DIRECTORS

El Karubah Temple is planning great things for the meeting of the Shrine Directors Association of North America in the Oasis of Shreveport, next February 17-18-19, 1927. Chairman Rowland has been busy for some time laying his plans, appointing committees and making preparations to put over the biggest thing ever attempted by El Karubah Temple. So therefore you Directors who are figuring on coming down to the Oasis of El Karubah Temple in February better come prepared for a strenuous campaign. From the looks of things now, the meet is going to be a Sesqui-Centennial edition of an Imperial Council meet. Already numbers of the Past Imperial Potentates have advised they will be on hand, and Imperial Potentate Dave Crosland and his followers will be there. If you are figuring on coming down to Dixie at that time get in touch with Noble James Rowland.

[Shrine News Continued on page 60]

A DAY IN THE ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL

[Continued from page 50]

to himself, a useful, happy person, not a monstrous burden. What he said on leaving the hospital I am keeping for the close of my article.

And the physical betterment is only part. That treatment could not be more thorough, more painstaking. On admission the child's teeth are examined and put into perfect condition by a visiting dentist. Thereafter a toothbrush becomes part of the child's property and his daily drill for cleanliness. His throat is examined for symptoms of disease. When an operation is necessary, tonsils and adenoids are removed—again by a visiting specialist who takes no pay. Then the orthopedic cure begins, going through operation, plaster casts, exercise, until the child is dismissed, either cured or in such state that he is safe for further home treatment. He is sent home with complete instructions as to diet and exercise, fitted with what braces or shoes he may need. His average stay at the hospital has been three months. At present the dean of the institution is a little boy named Johnnie, with a tubercular knee, who has been there two years, whose only grievance is a thought that, regardless of age, he should be promoted to the big boys' ward.

BUT it isn't only a straight, clean, useful body that the child has acquired. There is an even more remarkable change effected on the faces of these children. A drawn look goes, a happy one comes. Something within them that was dead and dragging has been lifted into life. Taken in these years of lasting impressions and helped and strengthened, given the finest type of charity, that which helps one to be self-dependent, they have learned a lesson they can't forget. Again the wording of that lesson comes best from the children themselves.

Everyone knows that creed or race or color makes no difference in the admission of a child to these hospitals; the only condition being that the parents are not able to pay for treatment elsewhere. And it's of no use for you to ask any one, boy or girl, what he is going to be when he grows up and expect anything but the universal answer. I give you, for your lasting pride, gentlemen, the speech of the boy who crawled into the St. Louis Unit of the Shriners Hospital, and walked out:

"Gentlemen, I thank you. I thank you for all you've done for me. I only hope that some day I'll grow up and can be a Shriner, too, so that I can help other crippled boys to get well."

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Yours very truly,
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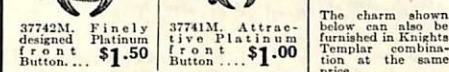
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The charm shown below can also be furnished in Knights Templar combination at the same price.

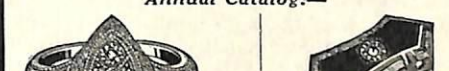


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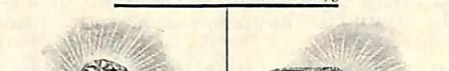


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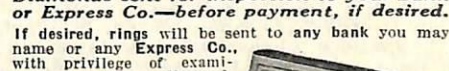
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SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
of the
TEMPLES

(Continued from page 58)

THE MAYOR OF ATLANTIC CITY
SAYS "COME."

"To the Shriners of North America:—On June 14th, 15th and 16th, 1927, the Fifty-third Imperial Council Session of the Shriners of North America will be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Every movement which has for its purpose the amelioration of suffering, the betterment of mankind in general, and the practice of Americanism on the broadest plane of justice and humanity, has always found in the Shriners of North America an ardent and enthusiastic supporter. Of the many worth-while fraternities in this country, it is one of the outstanding organizations of useful service to its fellow-men and to its country.

It is altogether fitting that an Organization such as this, an Organization whose personnel ranks among its members men outstanding in every walk of life; that you should meet in the Convention City of the world—"The Playground of the World"—Atlantic City, New Jersey. A place where you can combine work with real pleasure. A place which will make an everlasting, favorable impression on you. Atlantic City stands ready, with open arms, to welcome you and afford you a reception and entertainment which you shall never forget.

As Mayor of Atlantic City, in behalf of my fellow Commissioners, and the inhabitants of our community, I take this means of officially greeting the Fifty-third Imperial Council Session of Shriners of North America; and of assuring you that whatever can be done by the officials or by the inhabitants of our City to make your stay an enjoyable and profitable one will be done.

Your visitation and deliberations in our City must result in the greatest good for the greatest number. Just come to Atlantic City. We Will Do The Rest!"

HEADS THE RECORDERS

Noble Walter T. King, Osman, St. Paul, is the President of the Recorders' Association for the current year, he having been elected to that position at Philadelphia. Noble King's work along that line extends to the secretaryship of St. Paul Lodge as well as Recorder of Osman Temple, and he is active in all branches of masonry.

The Recorders Association has grown until it includes practically every Recorder in the jurisdiction and it has justified its existence more than once in the exchange of ideas and the origination of effective methods. The work done for the official organ was well done and the results of the questionnaire sent out over their seal is expected to bring highly satisfactory results. The position of President has added duties now that were not thought of at the time of the inception of the association.

Noble King is probably the best known Shriner in the Twin Cities to the little folks at the Hospital, scarcely a Sunday passing that Walter is not there with some novel form of entertainment. Noble King has attended all the meetings of the Recorders' Association and his activity in its formative period won for him the position of third vice-president in 1924. President King is making visits to the various Recorders throughout the jurisdiction and proposes to have an active and fruitful year. To aid



Recorder Walter T. King

him in accomplishing this desired end he has named the following committees:

Credentials—Fred P. Young, Bagdad; Richard D. Taylor, Abou Saad; T. Will Runkle, El Kahir.

Report of Officers—John A. Morison, Kismet; Herman Wertsch, Islam; Wm. F. Quebe, Karem.

Resolutions—J. Jolly Jones, Za-Ga-Zig; Frank B. Lazier, Nile; Earl V. Ciine, Al Bedoo.

Finance—Frank J. Herman, Jerusalem; Charles N. Barnes, Kem; Schuyler C. Peck, El Jebel.

Necrology—J. Campbell Bissell, Omar; John F. Gerschow, Moslem; Lou Donnatin, Mecca.

By-Laws—W. H. Millington, Mirza; Charles S. Barker, Murat; James H. Rowland, El Karubah; Metz Wright, Isis; Edgar S. Knowles, El Riad.

Tellers—Joe H. Muenster, Ben Hur; George E. Argard, Yaarab; Fred Cornell, Sesostri; John T. Cullen, Kazim; Carl A. Ramsey, Mizpah.

UNIFORMED BODIES

DRILLING MOUNTED GUARDS

Noble Tom Mix, Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, expects to be at Atlantic City next season at the Session of the Imperial Council, with a mounted patrol composed largely of members of his own company and trained under his immediate direction. He hopes by the time the meeting is held that the mounts will number at least 50.

VISITS HOOD RIVER BOYS

Al Kader, Portland, Divan visited the Shriners of Hood River county, who entertained them at a banquet. A trip was also made to Astoria, where the ceremonies attending the dedication of a monument commemorating the founding of the lower Columbia metropolis were held.

Antioch Patrol, Dayton, Ohio, attended the outing of the Springfield Shrine Club at the home of Noble and Mrs. E. S. Kelly, at which time the Springfield Club Drum Corps of fifty members, put on a drill in conjunction with the members of the Patrol. The athletic program was especially interesting.

Sudan's all star Band gave a concert at Wrightsville Beach when a number of the boys from New Bern made a visit to their membership at Wilmington.

Captain Harry J. Burkett, Arabia Patrol, Houston, was captain of the basketball team at his college and one of the all stars in the south western conference. He served in the world war and received his promotion to captain in France, attaining the rank of major after returning to this country. Captain Burkett is also the Director of Arabia Temple.

The membership of the various uniformed units welcome very gladly the enlargement, at the hands of the Imperial Council, of their privileges in the permission accorded to have names of the units embroidered in small letters on the front of the fez near the bottom. It was because of growing encroachments on restrictions properly issued to protect the fez that the drastic regulation followed and it is fairly safe to assume that the bodies welcoming this change will not endanger the permission accorded by overstepping the bounds of propriety in adopting the law.

Aleppo Band, Boston, gave a musical program at the annual charity carnival of the Pythian Sisters at Hingham Center Common and was enthusiastically received.

Members of Damascus Patrol, Rochester, were the guests of Noble Jake Messner at his summer home on Lake Canandaigua, 75 active members being in attendance. Noble Messner is an honorary member of the Patrol.

Crescent Band and Patrol, Trenton, N. J., put on the annual outing and baseball game at the State Fair grounds. Prizes were distributed for quito pitching and other games.

It was a bratwurst fry that brought out so large a response to the invitation of Noble Fred Usinger to the Bands, Patrol and Chanters of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee. The meet was held at Noble Usinger's beautiful estate on Lake Michigan.

The Arabia Temple band, of Houston, Texas, played a concert in Hermann Park, on Sunday evening, September 12, to an audience numbering more than 10,000 persons. Director Harry T. Read fully sustained the reputation this popular band has built up.

A TRIBUTE

Noble Edwin Zimmerman, Mecca, New York, known as the "mayor of Greenwich Village," is dead, leaving behind him a reputation for philanthropy excelled by none. Early in life he devoted himself to the practice of medicine among the very poor and it is said by those best informed that his non-paying patients far outnumbered those who paid. He was one of twelve children, three of whom became clergymen, one brother preaching the funeral sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, assisted Rev. Leander M. Zimmerman, a brother, in the service. Noble Zimmerman left but little of this world's goods behind, his activities along philanthropic lines taking his earthly store, but whatever is left goes to the establishment of a prize for college students to be known as the "Edwin and L. M. Zimmerman Senior Prize." For twenty-five years Noble Zimmerman had been an active member and officer of the Perry Street M. E. Church and for decades was a delegate to the New York Church Extension and Missionary Society and five times delegate to the General Conference.

(Continued on page 64)

A DELICATE MISSION

(Continued from page 22)

me: "Do you think he will beat the Police, Mac?" And once he said: "How do you know he has not doubled back and gone outside with my money? I did not like his impudent answers when I spoke to him," he said. "You dragged me into sending the man when you should have brought three or four that I might select the best one. That is the way with you factors! If you are pressed with the slightest difficulty the superintendent must rush to help you out; do your own work for you. And if the superintendent wants the least bit of assistance from one of you what does he get? A renegade half-breed that takes his money and hides himself in the cursed wilderness!"

"Have a care," I warned him, "how you speak of my—my man! There is none better in the Arctic basin than Jean Baptiste."

"Bah!" said Farquhar, "I would never trust a half-breed the length of my arm. They inherit the vices of both parents!"

"The parents of Jean Baptiste had no vices," I told him very fiercely.

Farquhar he could not abide the days in peace for I misdoubt his soul lay easy with him.

When it was the day I had said Jean Baptiste would return Farquhar could restrain himself only with the greatest difficulty.

"WHY does he not come?" he stormed. "You, MacDougall, have been telling me lies, saying that he would come. I think you are hoping the scoundrel O'Neill may escape. Him that has broken my poor daughter's heart and robbed her father! Blast him!"

"Blast who?" I asked. "O'Neill, you idiot! Thank God I cut off her allowance or the little fool would have run away from her home and married him. And no father at all the man had! Most like he's a Swede or some low foreigner and not Irish at all."

"For that matter, Jean Baptiste—" I began. But Farquhar he interrupted to mimic me.

"There you go again," he shouted, towering over me, "Jean Baptiste! Jean Baptiste!"

"Qu' appelle?" demanded a voice behind us. And there was Jean Baptiste inside the room and the door already closed behind him.

Well, I thought this Farquhar would trample on me in his agitated prancing. I think he was bent on hugging Jean Baptiste in relief at the very sight of him but he stopped at the cold look the young man gave him.

"Did you—is it—? Dash it! Did you find him?" demanded Farquhar.

"I did," said Jean Baptiste.

"And the fur—did you buy fur of him?"

"'Tis outside. All I had money to buy."

"Good! Good!" Farquhar bellowed.

"Did I not say so?" I demanded of him.

"And the Police know nothing?"

"The Police had no sight of me," said Jean Baptiste.

"Bully, my boy!" shouted Farquhar and he must rush to the door and see if the sled is really there before I could tell him it would be.

"A bale of evidence," he roared with delight. "Now let them bring the young thief to the bar. I will be ready for him. Order my dogs, Mac, I must lose no time."

Then we must busy ourselves to see him away. Jean Baptiste placed the other sled directly behind his own and transferred the bale of fur to it. I wondered a bit at that since the lad was never one to do a thing without his reason. And again when he told the Cree who [Continued on page 62]

New! The Halvorfold
Ideal Christmas Gift"Made to Order"
for Nobles

Don't Keep the Gang Waiting!
Don't Try to "Crash the Gate!"

Get this newly patented Halvorfold—Pass-case, Bill-fold, Card-case—just what every Noble needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold.

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Handtooled
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A superb creation of master craftsmanship to meet the taste of the most fastidious. Genuine Steerhide, a durable, tough but soft and flexible leather with exquisite shaded effect in rich brown with soft green undertone. Outer edges handtooled with strong black goatskin. Shrine emblem handtooled on the back as shown gives this Halvorfold a handsome, de luxe effect such as you never saw before. Additional design handtooled on flap. Arranged inside same as calf skin style, with name, address, etc. in 23-K Gold Free. Price \$15

Made of high-grade, black Genuine Calfskin, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra solid, no flimsy cloth lining. 14-K gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3½ x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold. Try to match this quality for less than \$7.50 to \$10.00. My special direct price to you is only \$5.00!

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Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this—just send the coupon and your Halvorfold comes by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the Halvorfold carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at double the price. No obligation to buy. I trust Nobles as square-shooters, and I am so sure the Halvorfold is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

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Every man needs the Halvorfold. Other high grade leather goods and specialties. Quick, easy sales—liberal commissions. Ask for our special Agent's Offer. See coupon.

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I want to make extra money. Send special Agent's Offer. Halvorfold comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass insert—50c

50c Off,

A DELICATE MISSION *[Continued from page 61]*

drove Farquhar, to go as if devils chased him. But I thought no more of it then for I had a little matter to recall to Farquhar and I drew him inside by suggesting a taste of the whisky against the chill of his trip.

"My application for retirement on pension, now," I said to him.

He held up a great hand. "Say no more of it, Mac. Put it in when the time is at hand, and have no worry. I will insist that it be promptly granted and ample. Have I not said a thousand times that you were the worth of any ten in my district? And that young man! A great future ahead for his cool skill. I know men! I was struck with his sagacity the moment I saw him. Here—" and he scribbled an order on a Company form and signed it. "Fifty dollars in Company goods and double the usual pay. Give it to him and send it forward in your regular report. I will have nothing go on behind the Company's back you understand." He caught up his fine greatcoat and shook my hand. "I have never enjoyed a holiday more than this fortnight, Mac. I'll forward a case of the best old stuff as soon as I am in Edmonton. And I will not forget you, my lad," he said to Jean Baptiste.

"You will not," said Jean Baptiste.

JEAN BAPTISTE was two hours away greeting his young wife before he returned to me. He sipped at the drink I had poured for him and I was on the point of questioning him concerning his trip. But for all his knowledge of the tongue of both white men and Indians my son is a perfect stone man for getting an extra word out of. For myself I like the indulgence of a bit of chat now and then to ease the mind. But Jean Baptiste has a very restrained curiosity and the endless patience of his mother's people.

"My son," I said, "I cannot tell you how proud I am this day. A great fortune it was that you should be at hand when Farquhar had need of you. Not a simple task that could be left to any man! Skill and discretion you used and Farquhar will think often of you in the days to come."

"Aye, he will," agreed Jean Baptiste.

"And a great service you have rendered me," I said. For I considered the incidents had well fixed the destiny of my son, knowing the great need the Company always had for confidential agents, what with competition and all. And myself soon to be retired so comfortably too. I was about to remark on these things when we heard voices outside and someone knocked on the rear door. "The Police party most likely," said Jean Baptiste, and went to the door himself.

"Aye, two hours and more they left," I heard him tell someone. "Towards Grouard, I suppose." There were voices again and Jean Baptiste said, "I do not know . . . their dogs seemed fresh two hours ago."

They were gone at that and he came back to his drink.

"It was the Police?" I asked and he nodded. "The poor young Gavin O'Neill," I said. "I have no mind to meet him now and the sad disgrace he is under. 'Twill break old Jerry's heart, him an inspector retired and now the men he has trained bringing in irons the son he has reared to face a charge of fraud, or maybe worse. And the poor young woman, too," I said. "'Tis pitiful the way hearts can die and the life still in them. 'Tis a bitter thing!"

"I waste no sympathy on Gavin O'Neill," said Jean Baptiste, "nor does he need it. Nor the girl. For she has a very good heart I think and her wits are quick."

It sounded curious to me as I thought of

it. "My son, for whom did yon Police inquire just now?"

"Two men, six dogs and a bale of fur," he said.

"But why should they pursue a load of fur?"

Jean Baptiste he shrugged. "It may be only habit," he answered, "since they have been pursuing me these seven days and nights."

"Why should the Police chase you, my son?"

"The God, He knows. Perhaps they thought I was Gavin O'Neill."

"Gavin O'Neill? Was he not with them?"

"How could he be with them?" he asked, "and him in Edmonton by now, no doubt? Is it like he would delay himself merely to be with the Police and they chasing me? The man would be a fool!"

I stared at the lad for by no means could I comprehend the half of it. "Jean Baptiste," I said to him sternly, "do not tell me you betrayed Farquhar and the Police by warning O'Neill he was wanted!"

"I did not," he answered coldly. "Do you imagine the young O'Neill cannot read?"

"Read? I see! He escaped the Police?"

The thing was clear to me then. The Police had placed him under arrest on the warrant they had and he had escaped.

"The Police did not see Gavin O'Neill," said my son.

"Then what in God's name could he read if not the warrant?" I shouted, for my son is most trying at times with the miserly way he is at his speech. His gesture was patient enough but not flattering to my intelligence as he answered:

"The message! The message, what else?"

Try as I might I could make no sense of it and I was becoming the least bit apprehensive that more had happened than I knew. And my interest in the details amounted very near to curiosity.

"Ah, yes. What message would that be now?" I asked casually.

"The message to Gavin O'Neill along with the contract, of course," he answered.

"My son," I told him, "it is not that I am inquisitive but I should like to ask you some questions. Do you mind?"

"I do not," said Jean Baptiste.

"This contract and message now. What contract was that?"

"I DO not know," he replied, "since O'Neill burned it along with the other one."

"There was another one?"

"There were two. One that came with the message and one that he took from a shelf."

"Did young O'Neill say anything when he burned them?"

"He said, 'That pulls Papa's claws.'"

"Um . . . I wonder who he was thinking of?"

"So do I," said Jean Baptiste.

"Could it have been Farquhar, do you think?"

"Aye," said Jean Baptiste, "it must have been."

There it was you see and still no sense to it. The young villain O'Neill had received a message containing a contract which he had burned with one he already had which pulled Farquhar's claws, and he was now in Edmonton.

"My son," I said, "do you know who sent the message and contract and what the message said?"

"It was the daughter of Andrew Farquhar that sent it," said Jean Baptiste. "As for the message I saw but the three last words."

"And what were they?"

"Love, love, love."

So that was the way of pulling Farquhar's claws, do you see. The dear young daughter had got hold of the contract he'd left lying about and made a present of it to her lover. Where would he be now after he'd got the evidence and losing his proof of contract? I saw that the man was a fool no less. And 'twas nimble wits on the daughter's part to checkmate his scheme. Then I thought of another thing.

"Jean Baptiste, did you see the messenger that carried the warning to Gavin O'Neill?"

"I did."

"He must be a very strong man and stout in the heart of him to beat you to the place."

"None better," said Jean Baptiste.

I looked at my son just then and the look was returned from his very blue eyes under the black brows of him. I wanted to ask the name, do you see, and I knew alas, that he would never tell.

"Still I am your father," I said to him, "and hold your honor dear. 'Tis a serious thing I know to interfere with the Mounted Police. Perhaps the messenger knew nothing of what he did."

"'Tis true," said Jean Baptiste.

I drummed on the table with my fingers and looked at my stranger son. "I could ask you a question," he said at last.

"Yes?"

"How far is Grouard from here?"

"Near seventy miles by the pack trail. More than that with dogs. What of it?"

Jean Baptiste shrugged, "Nothing. Do you think I could snap my fingers and bring a man from there in four hours?"

"No man could do that," I said. And I fell to thinking of his question for 'twas plain he considered the poorest mind could see it. "The little Martine," I cried.

"You are my father," said Jean Baptiste, "but the little Martine is friend. It will be an evil thing for the man that brings trouble to him," and the eyes of him gleamed cold and blue like the glacier ice. "When he was a younger man he drove the dogs for an inspector of Mounted Police."

I REMEMBERED then. It was old Jerry O'Neill he served. And to old Jerry no doubt the girl had flown when her father left Edmonton. She'd won the Irish heart of him till he sped a runner to Grouard to find Martine and bid him place the contract and message safe in Gavin's hands. A fine thought it would be for him I could believe to thumb his nose at the great Andrew Farquhar. I thought of Andrew then on his way to Grouard and soon to be overhauled by the party of Police. They would be in pursuit of Gavin O'Neill and thinking they had caught him. His rage would be something splendid. For if I could barely comprehend the ruin of his scheme with the help I had of Jean Baptiste, how little would Farquhar understand, caught there in the jaws of his own fine trap?

"My son?" said I, "I would never doubt your word in the least, but I would like to be sure no blame could attach to us for the miscarriage of the superintendent's plans. You are sure you obeyed his instructions?"

"To the very letter," he said.

"And you really got the fur from Gavin O'Neill?"

"Twice," said Jean Baptiste.

"How twice?"

"Once he gave it to me, being bound to return the value of certain advances he had received of Farquhar. And once I bought it of him as I was bidden to do."

"The same fur?" I gasped.

"The very same," said Jean Baptiste.

I hurriedly poured out a drink and swallowed it.

"In the name of God," I shouted in despair, "will you explain yourself to me?"

Jean Baptiste sighed again. "What more can I explain?"

"Everything! These furs that you had from the same man twice," I said, for I was in fear that some ghastly mistake was in it somewhere that would fasten much blame on us.

"I will try then," said Jean Baptiste, "if I must. There was no dishonesty and the matter is very simple. When Gavin O'Neill had read his message and burned the contracts he rushed out to the post of Revillon Frères and sold all of his furs barring this single bale. This he gave to me asking that I deliver it to Andrew Farquhar to cover the money that had been advanced. Do you see?"

"How did he know you came from Farquhar?"

"The daughter no doubt warned him a man might come."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then, since I must buy fur from him, he sold me the bale of Farquhar's, having none of his own."

"And you paid him?" I cried.

"Was it not ordered that I should do so?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"Aye, but the man's a thief, selling what does not belong to him. There was dishonesty."

"There was not," said Jean Baptiste. "I bought the fur of him as I was required to do. And since the fur was not his when I bought it he gave the money back to me. Now do you see? There was no dishonesty."

"But Farquhar's money?" I asked in a mere whisper for I tell you I was dazed.

JEAN BAPTISTE put a hand inside his shirt and drew out a bundle.

Then it seemed clear to me. Jean Baptiste had followed his instructions exactly and young Gavin O'Neill had fulfilled his obligation to return the value of the money Farquhar had advanced him.

"But this money," I said, "should have been given to Farquhar."

"How should it," asked Jean Baptiste in exasperation, "did I not buy furs with it and did he not get the furs?"

"Then Gavin O'Neill should have kept it," I said, though I was getting a bit puzzled again.

"And why should the Gavin O'Neill have kept the money and him not owning the furs?" asked Jean Baptiste, with the very last of his patience, and he seized the bottle and poured out a drink and downed it at a gulp.

"There is a question more," I said.

"When Farquhar asked if you knew the young Gavin O'Neill you answered, 'I know no man of the name.'"

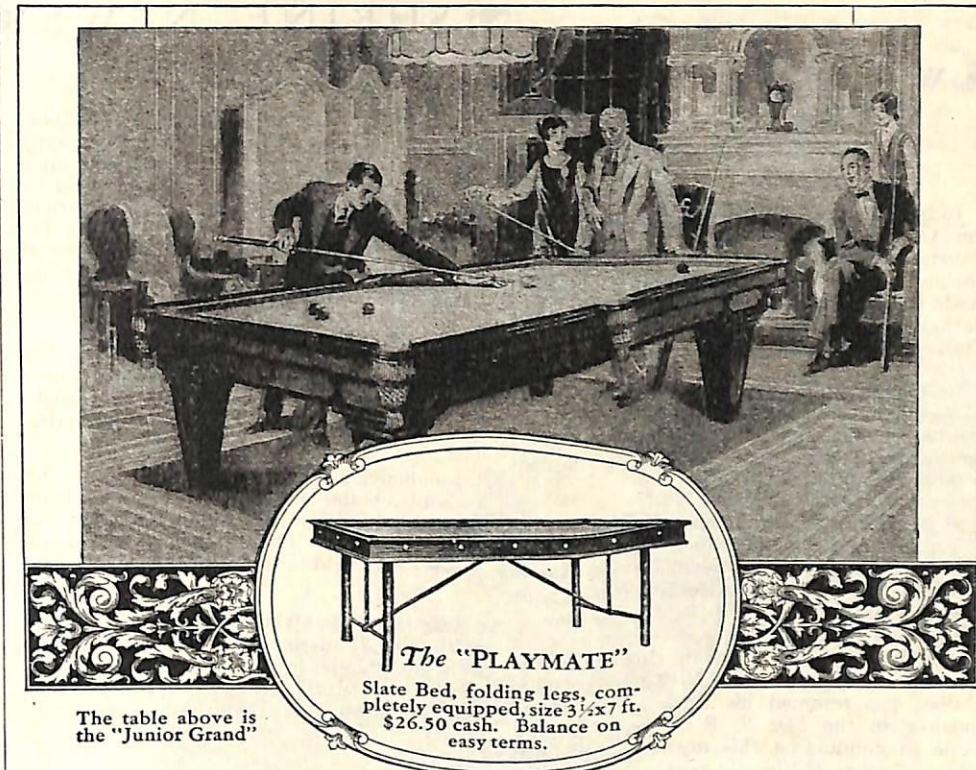
Jean Baptiste he looked far past me at something I could not see. 'Twas at some memory I think of the bitter years before he had found his father and I had found my son.

"'Tis a long time now," said Jean Baptiste, "since two small boys climbed over the wall of an orphanage in the middle of a night. One was dark as night itself and the other very fair. A policeman reached for them on the street and they parted. And they did not meet again till all these years were gone. The fair boy's name was Gavin MacNeill."

"MacNeill," I said in wonderment. "Why the man is a Scot!"

"Aye," said Jean Baptiste, "he would be. But there was no dishonesty." Then he left me.

It was clear to me then there had been none. But it was a very delicate mission.



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SHRINE NEWS

WITH A
PERSONAL
TINGE

Judge Harry W. Pulsifer, who presides over the Oakland Township, California, Justice Court, is now the proud possessor of a diamond Shrine lapel pin, the presentation having been made to him by Police Judge Robert Edgar of Berkeley, at a luncheon of the High Twelve Club of that city.

Ex-Governor E. Y. Sarles, Past Potentate El Zagal, Fargo, has placed a stock of TNT in his bank vaults at Hillsboro and desires to serve this due and timely warning on prospective safe blowers.

Hon. Clifford Hilton, attorney-general of Minnesota and a member of Osman, St. Paul, has been re-elected president of the International Association of Attorney Generals at their meeting in Denver.

The big item of news in this section is that Past Potentate Mike H. Thomas, Hella, Dallas, has resumed his work as Chief Inquisitor in the 31st S. R. Degree. Mike's fame in conducting this degree is universal and his return to the old post is hailed with delight.

Past Potentate William R. Ellis, Hella Temple, Dallas, who directs the destinies of all the uniformed bodies of that live Temple, with Mrs. Ellis, sailed for Europe just after the Imperial Council Session last June.

Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota—Noble Oscar Hallam, Osman, St. Paul, made an address at the United States Bar Association, favoring fullest publicity in court proceedings attendant on crime punishment.

Past Potentate Julius P. Heil, Tripoli, Milwaukee, has been appointed on the national advisory committee of the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial by President Coolidge.

Past Potentate Walter F. Meier, Nile, Seattle, has been installed as Grand Master of Washington.

Imperial Recorder B. W. Rowell, Aleppo, Boston, recently conducted the fortieth installation of a Master over which he had presided.

Noble Art Naething, Mecca, New York, has his own idea about vacations. He directs the destinies of one of the best dining cars in the United States and has a layoff of five days a month. In place of taking these little loafing spells, Noble Naething permits them to accumulate. Five years ago he took an entire year off as his bonus and is now on his fourth year with just one day off. In two years more he will have accumulated another year in which to play truant on pay.

Dr. Strohecker, Al Kader, Portland, has the rather unique distinction of having twin sons in the service of the country, one a cadet at West Point, the other a middy at Annapolis. Both lads are more than six feet tall and interesting times develop in domestic circles when the question before the house is which branch of service—land or sea—is most needed and most efficient.

Representative and Past Potentate George T. Wofford, Kərbela, Knoxville, had a very narrow escape from fracturing his skull in a recent automobile accident, escaping with severe cuts on the side of the face and a dangerous wound on the back of his head.

SHRINE CLUBS

Major H. H. Hunt, president of the Hopewell, Va., Shrine Club, was extremely happy over the tremendous success attendant upon the open air gathering and banquet held by that body. Prominent Shriners from various parts of the state were in attendance, Potentate Carter H. Williams, Jr., and Recorder James H. Price of Acca, Richmond, being among the number.

Islam Temple Shrine Luncheon Club, San Francisco, was treated to a musical entertainment of high character by the Gasiglia Grand Opera company at a recent gathering.

Steubenville, Ohio, Shrine Club had a big turnout at its annual outing, guests being present from Wheeling, Columbus, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. The affair was one of the biggest ever held in the county.

Damascus Chanters, Rochester, held a picnic at the Old Homestead. About sixty Shriners were in attendance and a lively program of sports was given, followed by a banquet. The Potentate and Divan were among the guests.

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COUNCIL OFFICERS
1926-27

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CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabbah
LEO V. YOUNGWOORTH, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabbah
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBELL, JR., Khedive
Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

Tripoli Automobile Club, Milwaukee, had several very successful runs during the summer months. The club has a membership well over 1500 and the monthly runs are largely attended.

The Tripoli Country Club was put in charge of the weekly Luncheon Club meetings at Milwaukee for an entire month. Interesting programs were provided for each gathering.

Several hundred members of the Zem Zem Temple and band, Nobles of Erie, were the guests at an outing given by the Crawford County Shrine Club at Conneaut Lake. It was a three day affair, the dance taking up one evening, the local patrol performing the second day, and the band taking charge of the exercises for the third day.

Recently, the Shrine Club of Cuba gave a theater party, followed by a reception and dance on the Sevilla Biltmore Roof Garden. All the members of the English-speaking Masonic Bodies—Blue Lodge, Chapter and Commandery—were invited with their ladies. About 150 couples enjoyed the evening, and are praising the spirit of the Shrine Club of Cuba.

A new Shrine Club has been organized at Benton, Ill., known as the Franklin Shrine Club. Officers are Mack Taylor, President; Thos. W. Frazier, Vice-President; J. A. Johnson, Secretary and W. M. Roth, Treasurer.

Memphis Luncheon Club have elected the following officers for the next six months: W. Percy McDonald, President, Ed. Correll, Vice-president, and Chalmers Cullen, Secretary. Pantages furnished the entertainment following the lunch, two Chinese vocalists being the feature.

The Knoxville Luncheon Club had a contest between the grocers and the Ananias wing to determine which was the more popular. The grocers gave away about a truckload of goods and the Ananias Club distinguished itself. Honors seemed about even, until Noble Joe Stockwell asserted that he believed everything the Master of Ceremonies said. This swung the pendulum in favor of the Ananias bunch and also won the prize for Noble Stockwell. Later, however the prize was given Miss Josephine Johnson, who presided at the piano.

Past Potentate Archie Hamill, Nile, Seattle, has been re-elected for the fourth consecutive year to preside over the destinies of the Pasadena Shrine club, his associates being: H. F. Nickerson, Vice-president and E. E. Anderson, secretary-treasurer. The membership is 600 and there are \$2500 in the Treasury.

MISCELLANEOUS

HERE'S ANOTHER FRAUD

Recorder F. A. Bartlett, Pyramid, Bridgeport, advises that an imposter, carrying a 1926 card issued to Noble Newton Murphy is defrauding the Nobility by securing endorsements on checks of no value, and in other ways. A woman, whom he represents as his wife, has been with him in some instances. The card appears to be regular, but Noble Murphy is unmarried and desires to advise the Nobility that he will go the entire way in putting this imposter behind the bars.

WELL, THAT'S THAT

Due to the publicity attendant upon the operations of the star crook, Harry E. Thompson, alias Dan Miller, Buck Hammer, etc., without number, who found the Shrine a profitable field in which to ply his worthless check industry, he has been landed at San Antonio, through the efforts of the Department of Justice. That department would like as much information as is obtainable regarding the workings of this energetic penman and anyone who has been victimized by his activities is requested to send forward a statement to the department. His arrest emphasizes again the caution the Nobles should display in their dealings with strangers as there are several very enterprising crooks who find the Shrine field particularly inviting and profitable.

The Scottish Rite bodies of Dallas have taken over the crippled children's hospital at that point. Formerly it was divided between the Shrine and S. R. but by this latest move the S. R. assumes all responsibility.

THE GHOST TRAIN

[Continued from page 25]

Julia—I knew it. What did I tell you?
Sterling—Steady, Julia. I'm a doctor, ladies and gentlemen. Where is this poor fellow. Let me see him.

But how can the doctor see him, when, on entering the little ticket-office room they find the "corpse" gone!

Charles—Good God!
Price—This joke is beyond me, gentlemen, especially considering my sister's state of health.

Julia—It was Ted Holmes!
Price—What the devil are you driving at?

Julia—Don't you remember that Ted Holmes was a tall man with a beard very like Saul Hodgkin... I'll stake my life that at this very minute old Saul is safe in bed. It was him you found outside... it was Ted Holmes!

The self-reliant Elsie screams. Her nerves have been pulled wire-tight by all this, and Richard, the disdained husband assumes a distinct use as protector.

Julia—If it was Saul—where is he? It must have been Ted Holmes—a man couldn't vanish into the air.

Richard—This is absurd.

Of course it is. Still—there does seem to be something uncanny about the ghastly business. Price longs to take his sister and be off.

Julia—Don't touch me—go away! Go away!

Sterling—Why can't you humor her a little? She'll be right as rain in the morning. Why don't you clear off and leave her to me... I'll get her away, I think, and if not, let her stay here. The train won't come, and that may put an end to these attacks.

Price—. . . I'm going, Julia. I'm hanged if I'm going to wait around here all night.

Julia—I'm going to stay here.
Sterling—Very well, Julia. Just as you like.

Julia—It isn't what I like, it's because I've got to... Don't look at me like that; you think I'm mad, but I'm not mad. This room is full of evil.

This pleasant thought doesn't calm the overwrought Mrs. Winthrop and pretty little Mrs. Murdock. Teddie, the cut-up, seems impervious to the situation. Sterling suggests the advisability of everybody following Price's example and making off. It's only five miles to the nearest farm, and a half mile further to Price's house, itself. The women are more than willing to flee the station. Better a wetting than any more unpleasant experiences.

Teddie—What are you all doing?

Charles—We're going.
Teddie—But I say, old thing! Just a fleeting moment! . . . How about the countess?

The poor countess, otherwise Miss Bourne, is fathoms deep in slumber. No five miles for her—awake or asleep. Again they are halted.

Teddie—I've got a simply topping notion. Listen everybody. It's raining again. I'm not going to walk five miles in this rotten rain for any ghost. I'll stay here as well and help look after Miss Bourne. I think she rather likes me—at least she ought to, after drinking all my brandy.

The rain is now driving with renewed fury against the windows. They will all stay. They'll face the thing out.

Julia—Look! There's Ted Holmes again. Coming out of the office—the lamp in his hand! Don't you see him?

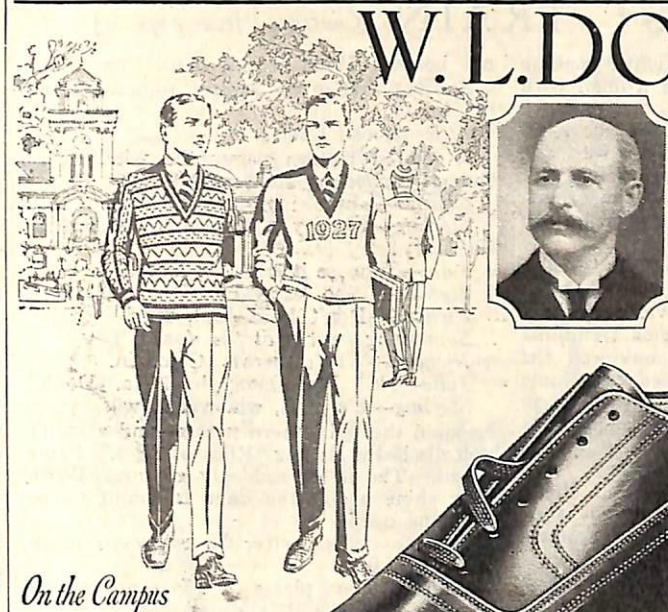
Of course no one but Julia does see him.

Julia—He's crossing to the door. Look! He's opening the door!

At that precise [Continued on page 66]

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THE GHOST TRAIN [Continued from page 65]

instant the door does swing wide, making the men exclaim and filling the women with horror.

Sterling—It's all right. It's only the wind . . . Come along Julia. Let's go into the other room. This place isn't good for you.

Before she leaves she turns to the others.

Julia—If you open the door, you will find him there again!

Murdock and *Winthrop* try vainly to calm their wives who are almost out of hand with fear by now. Every movement, every sound, every breath of air seems trembling with dread import. *Teddie*, convinced the worst is yet to come, is inclined to assume leadership. Will the others back him up in a crisis. What! *Teddie*—the lightweight! They hadn't thought he'd be much use in an emergency. They are inclined to scoff at the idea. *Julia* and *Sterling* rejoin them.

Julia—I don't want to frighten you people but I know what is going to happen, and it's going to happen soon. I can feel it . . . and I have to see it again, and if I see it again—I may die! . . . Why don't you go—there's still time!

Richard—We can't go now.

Julia—Then—for God's sake, stop your ears. Don't look at it. Remember what has happened to me. Be warned—oh!—be warned! . . . The bell! The bell! You hear it?

Much to their horror they do.

Peggy—It's coming! It's coming!

Charles (Taking her in his arms)—Steady old girl.

Teddie—I'm going to see it!

But even with the aid of the others, he can't open the door. It has been bolted somehow. He dashes to the ticket-office door. That, too, is fastened. They are prisoners.

The racket of the approaching train grows louder and louder. In a sort of frenzy *Julia* jumps upon a table near the window and with a water-bottle smashes one of the panes. A train roars by—brakes on—whistles shrieking. With a cry *Julia* falls back into the arms of the distraught young men. When they finally bring the girl back to consciousness she seems to have forgotten everything that has transpired.

Sterling—You fainted after the train came,

not before. What was it made you faint?

Sterling—We're up against something too big for us.

Elsie—Look! Look!

A lighted lantern passes the window, as though carried by someone.

Charles—There's someone outside.

Sterling—Have you forgotten the rest of the story?

Julia—Suppose it was *Ben Isaacs*!

Sterling—Who knows!

Richard—Don't be a fool, man.

Something knocks at the door

Richard—Who's there? Come in.

Julia—No! No! Don't let it in. Don't!

Sterling—It's gone, whoever it was.

Again the red lantern passes—and a man's voice is heard singing "Rock of Ages." Panic reigns. The lights suddenly go out. When they shine again, the door is found to be swinging open.

Sterling—We'd better be ready to make a bolt for it.

Teddie—Now, please . . . I want you all to listen to me and take my advice.

Richard—You're a fine fellow to give advice on anything . . .

Teddie—In this case, I am, old fruit . . .

I beg that none of you go.

Sterling—Stay here? Good Lord! Don't listen to the fool . . .

Teddie—You all go—I stay.

Sterling—Enough of this! You're coming!

Teddie— . . . I'm going to jolly well sit here and see that train come back.

Julia—God! It is too late—*Ben Isaacs*!

For there, passing the open door is the figure of an old man with a white face and a lighted lantern. Is *Teddie*, the doubting one, satisfied now?

Teddie—I'm damned if I am!

Suddenly, casting aside the rôle of the cut-up, he whips a revolver from his pocket and fires after the disappearing "apparition," who drops the lantern and disappears.

Teddie—Ghost or no ghost I've winged him! . . . Listen! The train again! . . .

I've got this in hand. I've laid one ghost already, and now I'm going to switch that ghost train on to the siding.

Sterling—Stop! Stop!

Teddie wheels suddenly and covers him.

Teddie—Up with your hands!

And so the great unmasking begins. The train is switched and proves as real as the Twentieth Century Limited. A couple of police officers bring in *Saul Hodgkin* and the wounded "apparition." A tall man in an overcoat, carrying a revolver, follows.

Teddie—Got them all, Jackson?

The tall man thinks he has them all, and tearing the white beard and wig from the ghost of *Ben Isaacs* they see revealed, *Mr. Price*—shot in the hand.

Sterling (to *Teddie*)—Who the hell are you?

Jackson (ARTHUR J. WOOD)—You ought to know him. That's Detective Inspector Morrison of Scotland Yard.

So! No cut-up, no silly ass, but a master sleuth! And he has bagged the cleverest little bootlegging gang that ever did business on the Canadian border. Not only liquor but drugs as well. They traded on the memory of a train that once did fall into the river from an open bridge, worked up a local superstition, originated the ghost train to run their stuff down into Maine, and so terrified the countryside that no one would look at the thing as it went by. They bought *Saul*, the station-master, and tonight when he found that the belated travelers would not stir from the station, the added "mystery stuff" was arranged to try to scare them off. Even the beautiful *Julia*, admirable actress of fancies and fears, is proved to be well-known in the world of crooks. However, the night of terror has held its compensations. *Winthrop* and his wife discover afresh their love for one another, and *Murdock* is given a splendid business opening through *Winthrop's* kindness.

Teddie—We've only got one little trouble left.

And that little trouble is *Miss Bourne*, who has slept peacefully throughout the agonizing hours. She slowly awakes.

Miss Bourne—My head aches terribly!

Teddie—There's a car waiting for us all. You'll soon be safe in Rockland.

Miss Bourne—Oh, I'm so glad nothing exciting happened.

Curtain.

THE PASSIONATE FAILURE [Continued from page 17]

"And I do not long for anything—except this!" said the woman, and she kissed Dmitri swiftly. A little dog ran into the room. Helen lifted her head, laughing.

"Sancho!" she exclaimed. "Were you not told to stay in the other room till I should call, sir?" The little dog stood barking importantly.

"Who—is that?" asked Dmitri. Helen put her head on one side.

"That is Sancho," she said. "Sancho, dear—this is Dmitri Lazare—do you think you will care for him, Sancho?" The dog barked again.

"He—he—is not coming with us?" exclaimed Dmitri, shocked. Helen surveyed him in astonishment.

"But why should he not come with us?" she asked.

"I have never had dogs about," said Dmitri, explicitly. "They disturb me. Especially small dogs. So I would rather you did not bring him, please." Helen gazed at him, half amused.

"But I have already given up a husband for you, Dmitri," she told him. "Surely you will not demand that I give up my dog, as well!"

"He cannot come!" replied Dmitri, and about his mouth were those fine lines of de-

termination that only one woman had seen. There was the sound of a bell ringing. "Lunch!" exclaimed Helen. "From the Crillon!"

A waiter came into the small hall, bearing a covered tray. Almost at once, the smell of coffee became apparent throughout the room.

When the waiter had gone, Dmitri drew out Helen's chair from the small table before the fireplace. Then he kissed her shoulders just where the coral stuff of her gown met the ivory skin. They sat down opposite each other.

"I have a surprise for you, Dmitri," said Helen. "We have strawberries for dessert. Strawberries—and in January!" There was a pause.

"But I—I—can't eat strawberries!" exclaimed Dmitri. "They—they—give me a rash on my fingertips!"

"You darling goose!" she said, lightly. "What an imagination!"

"But it isn't imagination!" protested Dmitri. And then, to convince her, he cited the only proof he knew. "Mary—Mary used to cook them in my food—without my knowing," he said. "And it was the same; the rash always came!" And immediately he saw that he had made a mistake in men-

tioning that name. He was embarrassed.

"I'm—sorry," he stammered. "And I'm sorry, too, about the strawberries . . ."

"It is nothing," replied the woman. "I shall merely have to eat them all myself." She passed Dmitri a plateful of the contents of the casserole, and he put it down carefully. Then he looked up.

"But you don't understand," he said, at last. "I—I—can't even watch anyone—eat strawberries! I—I—go through agonies!" And now Helen raised her eyes.

"Do you mean, Dmitri," she asked, incredulously, "that you really expect I should go without strawberries—merely because it happens to be a dish you can't share?" Dmitri gazed at her uncertainly, and Helen laughed.

"Oh, say it!" she commanded, angrily. "Say—Mary would give them up for me!" Dmitri glanced down; it was, indeed the thing he had been on the point of telling her.

"I shall never speak of—Mary—again!" he said, instead. And then, because such an odd sense of loneliness swept over him at mention of that name, he got up suddenly and went over and knelt by Helen.

"I have just this moment discovered that I am not hungry," he said, enchantingly. "So I shall sit here with my head against

your knee—and watch pictures in the fire!" But Helen pushed him away.

"You will get your ears quite full of chicken a la King," she told him. "If you sit with your head against my knee." So he got up and strolled about; the disturbing moment had passed.

He came to the divan, upon which lay the Golden Strad in its case. The violin was wrapped in white silk, silk which was folded once down the middle. How perfectly Mary did things; she had wrapped the Golden Strad exactly as Dmitri himself would have wrapped it. She . . .

Little Sancho approached; he had been soliciting contributions from Helen's plate, but now he was filled with a spirit of investigation. He liked the scent of this silk-swathed object, which smelled so freshly of orris and violet. He came nearer.

"Go away!" said Dmitri, and he gave the dog the tiniest push.

"Can you expect the poor little fellow to know a sixty-thousand dollar violin when he sees one?" inquired Helen, and though her tone was light, her eyes held anger.

"I should not have been cross with him," said Dmitri, with one of his swift and charming changes of mood. "I'm sorry, Sancho." He laid the violin back on the divan, and let the little dog sniff at his fingers in forgiveness. Then he turned about.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Helen. He came and stood at her elbow, tilting her face upwards.

"I'm thinking of tonight—and tomorrow—and the days to follow," he said, with a curious abruptness. "Tomorrow, there can be no turning back—we shall be on the high seas . . ." He held her eyes locked in his own.

"Tomorrow we shall be on the high seas," said Helen, at last, and she was smiling. "Unless, you have forgotten the—tickets!"

Dmitri laughed. And then he began to search his pockets. He took out his wallet. "I have forgotten the tickets!" he exclaimed. Not as one who announces a tragedy, but as one who states a fact.

"Dmitri!" exclaimed the woman, with petulance. "Do you never—think?" Dmitri stood laughing in the firelight.

"Not about such things," he said easily. "I shall permit you to do all that sort of thinking for me!"

"Really—?" murmured Helen. "But Dmitri, I think you are forgetting . . ."

She stopped; she had been about to say, "I think you are forgetting that I have never been accustomed to do that sort of thinking for myself. I have always had . . . Gilbert!" But it was just as well left unsaid. For Dmitri was no longer listening. He had gone over to the divan again, and was touching the wrappings of the Golden Strad.

"I must practice—" he said, finally. "I have practiced only an hour today . . ." But still he did not take the violin out of its covering.

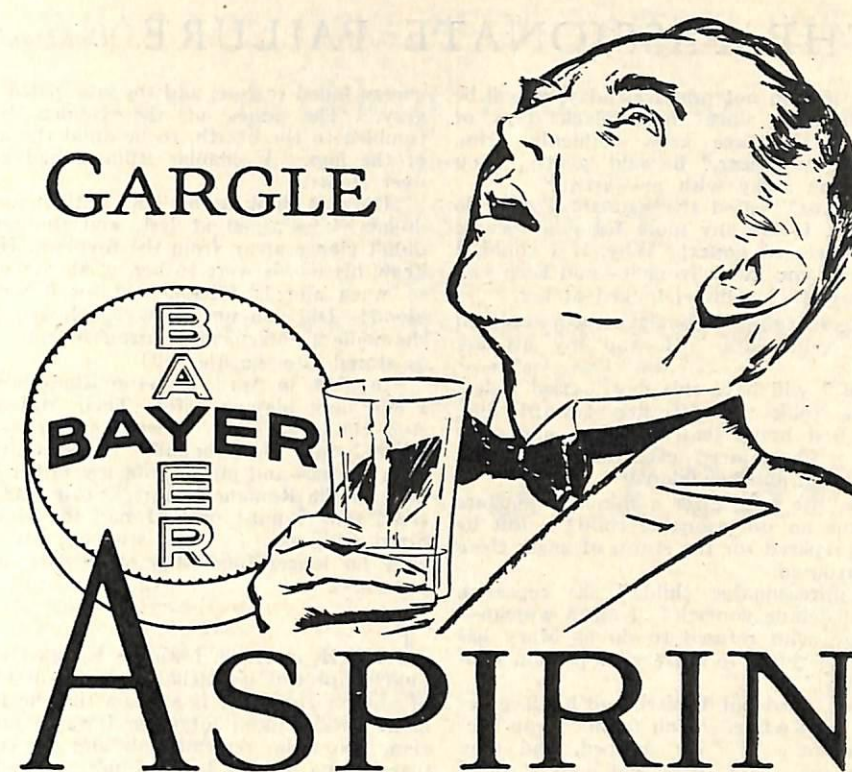
"An hour . . ." murmured Helen. "And you usually practice—more?" Dmitri nodded.

"I usually practice six!" he told her. "Six!" repeated Helen. "And you do not grow tired of so much—practicing?" There was a silence; Dmitri wheeled around and stood smiling at her.

"Tired!" he exclaimed. "Tired of my music! Why, you don't know what you're saying! I'll be tired of life itself—before I have enough of music!"

"But today is different," said Helen, in a low tone. "Could you not let this—this practicing of yours go for once—and remember that there is also love—in the world? Do you not think that a woman would rather be kissed—than—listen to a lot of meaningless scales played on a wooden box?" Dmitri was bewildered.

"But I have kissed you!" he exclaimed. "A dozen times! [Continued on page 68]"



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THE PASSIONATE FAILURE *[Continued from page 67]*

Besides, if I do not practice today, it will be the first time since those black days of 1918—" His face grew suddenly grim. "You see, my dear," he said, gently, "you are running away with an—artist!"

"An artist!" cried the woman. "And do you think I care any more for you because of this—art—of yours! Why, if I could, I would cut you away from it—and keep you all to myself!" Dmitri looked at her.

"But you cannot!" he exclaimed, confused by her vehemence. "I—and my art are one!"

"Then I will have this day!" cried Helen, and she took a swift step toward him. "These first hours shall be mine—and mine alone!" They faced each other. Dmitri looked worn and bewildered.

"Now," he said, after a minute, "you are being but an unreasonable child!" But he was unprepared for the storm of anger these words aroused.

"An unreasonable child?" she repeated. "Do not delude yourself! I am a woman—a woman who refused to do as Mary has done—I refuse to share your passion with—a violin!"

"Stop!" cried out Dmitri, and his face became a dead-white. "You cannot mean this. You cannot..." He stopped, and they both listened. For there had been a sound in the room, the sound of a note of music. It was Sancho, on the divan; he had struck the Golden Strad with an exploratory paw, and one of the strings, touched, had emitted this sound. Even through the wrappings of silk, the note had held the sweetness of clear honey.

"Ah!" cried Dmitri. "Call the little beast off!" But Helen smiled.

"He but shares his mistress's—dislikes!" she pointed out. And with that, Sancho had pushed the Golden Strad with his paw, pushed it an experimentative two inches closer to the edge of the divan. Dmitri sprang forward.

"Damn you!" he said, and he took the little dog in his hands, those deceptively slender hands that were so amazingly strong. He held Sancho from him.

And then Helen moved; she leaped forward like a beautiful tigress possessed by an ungovernable fury.

"Ah, you will, will you?" she cried, and she picked up the Golden Strad and held it by its slender neck.

"Put it down!" ordered Dmitri and he flung Sancho to one side and faced Helen, his eyes dark with anger and panic.

"Put it down?" mocked the woman, softly. "No! Not till you have seen what a woman can do to the thing she hates!" And she swung the Golden Strad against the edge of the fireplace; there was a sound of wood splintering, and Helen opened her fingers. That which had been, a moment before, the most famous work of a master, fell to the hearth, a bit of ruin. Helen and Dmitri stood silent; it was the wreckage of an infatuation which lay between them. Then Dmitri spoke.

"I wish," he said, and he didn't raise his eyes. "I wish you were a man for a moment. That I might give myself the pleasure of feeling my fingers at your wanton throat..." And then he struck his lips with his closed fist.

"Oh, God!" he choked, and he was sick with shame to think he could have brought himself to utter such words to a woman.

He moved a step forward to the fireplace and knelt down. Then he took up the splintered fragments, in their silken wrappings, and threw them on to the flames. A scarlet tongue caught at them and the pungent scent of burning gums and varnishes drifted out into the room. For a moment or so, the flames flared higher, then the

cherry faded to rose, and the rose paled into gray. The ashes of the Golden Strad tumbled to the hearth, to lie amid the ashes of the logs. A singular stillness had come over Dmitri.

"Did you think it cost only sixty thousand dollars?" he asked at last, and though he didn't glance away from the fireplace, Helen knew his words were to her. "Ah, it cost—so much more! I have paid for it with—blood! Did you not know?" He felt that she made a movement of astonishment. But he stared into the fire still!

"In 1918, in April, I was in Ekaterinberg. I had been playing before Their Majesties. And the next night, I was captured—and taken before Gortschakoff. He was drunk with vodka—and power, and my father had been of the Romanoff court. So it was decided that I must die! I had the Golden Strad with me..." He stopped; his eyes were no longer blue, they were dark with bitterness.

IN THE morning, I was to be filled with bullets, for this Gortschakoff had odd ideas of amusement. But it appears that he had, in his drunkenness, forgotten I was a musician. Now he remembered, and he commanded me to play before him. And when he had heard me play, he gave me back my life... But the Golden Strad he said he would keep for himself..." He stopped again; against the fireplace Helen stood motionless; her coral draperies trailed on the floor about her feet.

"But I told him I would not leave without the violin—and then I called him things I had been longing to call him. 'Swine—! Gross Beast...' And through it all, he merely leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Fool!" he said, 'you would die by torture—had I not given you my word you should live!' And then he sent for someone, a great copper-colored giant of a man, who came in with his arms bare to the shoulders. "Wouldst buy your precious fiddle?" asked Gortschakoff of me. 'Tis for sale.'

"And the... price?" I asked. "Sixty lashes on the naked back!" said Gortschakoff, laughing. "And seventy—if you whimper!" There was a moment, and then Dmitri spoke again.

"So I—bought—the Golden Strad," he said.

"With—with—sixty lashes?" asked Helen, in an unbelieving whisper. Dmitri smiled wanly.

"No—with ten more than sixty," he said, woodenly. "Because there was once—toward the fiftieth blow, when I—I—cried out."

There was a stillness in the room, and then Helen sank down on the floor beside him. "Dmitri," she cried, "your—your—forgiveness!" For a moment, she felt fear, because Dmitri turned and gazed at her with such disturbing intensity. And then the moment passed. Dmitri turned away.

"My forgiveness? Have it then!" he said, wearily. "And my thanks, into the bargain. Because your beauty held me in chains—till a moment since. And now, I see that you were never beautiful at all!" He went over to the divan and struggled into his coat. Only then did Helen perceive that his face was bathed in tears.

"Is there only," she cried angrily, for she knew that she had lost him, "is there only one Stradivarius in the world?"

"You are in error, when you think I weep for the loss of the Strad," he said, gravely. "I am playing the baby in this fashion—because I have lost—Mary!" And picking up the alligator bag, he went out.

Towards three in the morning, Dmitri came into the lounge of a hotel on Fifth avenue. He had walked till he could walk

no longer. And then he had hailed a taxi and had told the fellow at the wheel to drive anywhere—and for hours! As a result of which they had been a great many places. And now the young man had driven Dmitri to the St. Regis. Dmitri looked at the building.

"This is where you usually stay, sir, isn't it?" asked the young man. Dmitri was astonished.

"But how did you know?" he asked. "Because I know you, sir," was the answer. "I have driven you from Carnegie Hall many times—and always here!"

"It is very fortunate," said Dmitri. "Because—although I knew there was a hotel at which I invariably stayed, I could not for the life of me recall its name..." He paid the young man and then he was upstairs in the room he had slept in so many times.

He took off his coat and sat down on the bed. What to do with this sorry mess he had made of things? What to fashion out of these pieces of life? His hand touched the box with the pearls. But they had lost their earlier loveliness for him; they were merely the gift of a faithless man to a foolish woman. He closed the box and then wiped his fingertips with his handkerchief. Mary had put the handkerchief in his upper pocket; it gave him a childish sense of pleasure to touch what she had touched. He was about to carry it to his lips—when he stopped. For there was a knot tied in one of the corners.

A knot... he regarded it frowningly. What had he forgotten? A tea? A dinner? An appointment with his manager? But he could remember nothing. He had thought so much he was incapable of thinking further. He lay down across the bed, dressed as he was. In five minutes, he had fallen into a slumber deep as death.

It was late afternoon when he waked, and his brain was crystal-clear. He sat up.

"I shall see Mary just once—and then go away," he said to himself. "Not to ask her forgiveness—but to tell her that there is—no one else. I think she would like to hear that." He remembered something else. "And I shall ask her what the knot in the handkerchief was to remind me of..." he finished.

In fifty minutes he was on a train, and a little before seven, he trudged up the hill towards home. From the living-room windows, a friendly glow of yellow was cast on to the snow without.

KATIA answered his ring, and then, Mary herself came into the hall. She was very pale; Dmitri had never seen her so pale.

"This," he thought, "this is what I have done to her." And then Mary spoke.

"Dear Dmitri," she said, "you must be quite frozen. Come into the living-room..." He stepped forward, crossing the threshold. And immediately he saw that the room was filled with people: the Gregory's, the pretty girl from Vancouver, and others. He stood looking at them uncertainly. He knew now why Mary had been so composed in her manner; she would act as if nothing had occurred—until these people had gone.

"You look like an owl, Dmitri," said Winthrop Gregory, genially. "A particularly astonished owl, as it were."

"It's—it's—the light," stammered Dmitri, for he saw that they were all smiling. "It is very bright coming in from outside." The girl from Vancouver spoke, in her charming English voice. Dmitri knew it was something amusing she had said, for a gale of laughter swept the seven people about the fireplace. And in the midst of the laughter, Katia entered, holding a tiny silver salver.

She crossed to where Mary stood, a little behind the others.

"I—was to give it to you yesterday, Mistress," she said. "But I forgot." And then Dmitri's heart stopped in its beating. For he saw that the thing on the salver was the letter he had left the day previous, to be given to his wife. He stepped forward, with an inarticulate exclamation. But Mary had already picked up the white envelope and was regarding it.

"Why, it's a letter, Katia," she said, in her gentle voice. "A letter from my—husband." She stood holding the letter in her fingers. And then she laughed over at the others. "Shall I—shall I read it?" she asked. Dmitri's blood was congealing in his veins.

"Let me read it for you, my dear," suggested Winthrop Gregory amiably. "I'm dying to know if this fellow writes letters as well as he plays the violin!" But Mary suddenly shook her head.

"No," she refused, "I'll not let you read it for me. Indeed, I'll not even read it myself. Because I know what it says. It says—just what this tiresome boy's letters always say, in some form or another—I love you! Is that what you told me in it, Dmitri?" She turned her head and her clear eyes rested on her husband's.

"I love you!" said Dmitri, and if he had never told her before in their four years of life together, he was telling her now. Then he flushed. The others thought it was because he was overcome with shyness; they stood smiling at the spectacle of this handsome genius who sent his wife a written assurance of his adoration.

"You see?" queried Mary. "He admits that he loves me...! So we will just do this to the letter..." And stooping, she tossed the envelope lightly on to the blazing logs in the fireplace. There was a puff of flame and it was gone.

DMITRI heard Mary speaking to him. But so swept off his feet had he been by his own self-contempt and loathing, that her voice came as from a great distance. He was aware, dimly, that he was excusing himself to the others and was on his way out to the hall. At the foot of the stairs, his head cleared, however, and he waited, hoping that she would come. She did, and they stood searching the depths of each others eyes.

"Mary," said Dmitri, after a moment, "what—what was the knot in the handkerchief for? I couldn't remember."

"It was to remind you to be a gentleman, dear," said Mary, gravely. "Have you been a gentleman, Dmitri?"

"No," replied Dmitri. "I think I have been—a blackguard." But Mary smiled.

"You have never been a blackguard in your life," she contradicted. Then she grew serious. "Dmitri," she said, "I have something to confess. But you doubtless know it by now... I gave you the wrong violin, dear. I gave you—not the Golden Strad, but the copy which John Wells made for you last year..." And at this Dmitri tried to put his hand over her lips. But Mary went on.

"You must try and think up a very dreadful punishment for me," she said. "And teach me not to be so thoughtless again..." But Dmitri was drawing her roughly into his arms.

"There are things that are more precious than a Strad," he said. And then he bent down. "Mary," he asked, "do you know you have never told me you—loved—me?"

"Have I not?" queried Mary, laughing. "How careless! But perhaps I have told you, Dmitri—and you have not been—listening!" And Dmitri lowered his eyes, because he knew that this was indeed what had happened.

"You have a fool *[Continued on page 71]*

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Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THE birth rate of American investments has been raised and the death rate lowered to a remarkable degree in the last eight years. This has been accomplished by campaigns of education and by scientific investigation, just as the longevity of inhabitants of many of the nations of the world has been improved. However, the infant mortality of American investments is still far too high.

The present death rate of investment hopes and dollars is due to the lack of knowledge and the carelessness of consequences of the investors themselves more than to any other reason. The high death rate of the less educated and progressive nations is traceable to exactly the same causes.

There were fewer than 3,000,000 bond holders in the United States ten years ago. Today it is estimated conservatively that there are 25,000,000 American holders of securities on the books of governments and corporations. In 1916 many of the citizens did not know what a bond was and their experience with mortgages was usually on the debtor end of the deal. The education of this great mass of money lenders—for that is what investors are, when all is said and done—has progressed rapidly but it still has a long way to go.

Blue Sky Laws Helped

A good many of the perils which threaten the life of the infant investments have been obviated by regulations imposed by state and federal authorities. The blue sky laws of various states have gone far toward eliminating dishonest promoters and fraudulent companies.

The investigations and vigilance of the post office department, it is estimated by bankers, have saved the American people over three and a half billion dollars in the last year which otherwise would have been lost in unsafe investments or to sharpers and confidence men. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Board have done their part to throw safeguards around the investments of citizens both through active investigation and regulation of corporations and through dissemination of information valuable to investors.

Self-Protection Essential

These measures have been effective in removing certain known dangers, just as compulsory vaccination and protection of water supplies have lessened small-pox and typhoid fever. But every investor must look after the health of his investment just as every individual must take care of the health of himself and his children. He must learn that a certain combination of investment produces a financial stomach-ache just as inevitably as an orgy of green apples and that it is as dangerous to risk money in certain circumstances as to invite an attack of

pneumonia through cold and wet clothing.

The makers of laws regulating corporations and the sale of securities can lay down certain principles for the guidance of investors but they cannot dry nurse each one individually. It is inevitable that the investor, in many circumstances, must look out for himself. He can most effectually do so by applying the common rules for financial health as adapted to himself.

On A Financial Diet

Each investor must work out a financial diet of his own, suitable to his investment needs. There are some young investors for whom a program of nice, fresh fall and spring varieties of United States Government bonds is advisable. But government bonds are a good deal like spinach, thoroughly digestible and valuable but without a great deal of nourishment in the form of income return unless absorbed in large quantities.

Many more mature investors have a craving for richer foods. Some find them in municipal and state bonds, industrial and railroad securities and in the preferred stocks of sound, conservatively managed corporations. A few can absorb considerable quantities of pastries, rich sauces, and highly spiced foods in the shape of semi-speculative purchases of high yielding oil and mining shares and one or two can even take a cocktail of pure speculation before dinner without apparent harm.

It is absolutely sure however, that if the investor habitually violates the rules of diet best adapted to him, he sooner or later wakes up with a severe financial headache. For most of us, an investment meal needs to be better balanced than most of the Thanksgiving dinners which will force both tables and diners to groan this month.

More Information Asked

There has been considerable agitation in recent months to force corporations to furnish more complete information for the benefit and protection of security holders. Stock exchanges have approved this trend in most instances and corporations in general seem to have no rabid objection to widening the scope of the data issued to stockholders, provided it is not of such a nature as to give competitors an advantage.

It has been pointed out that the Federal Trade Commission has the power to demand information as to the status of corporations and to make public the results of its investigations. For the seasoned investor, publication of such data as is suggested would be of tremendous advantage. It would enable him to aim at a profit not visible to the naked eyes through telescopic sights and afford real protection for his funds.

Data Sometimes Useless

It is a question, however, as to the value of this additional information to the young, casual or inexperienced investor. Financial information is like quinine, useless as a cure if the system cannot absorb it. To the ordinary holder of stocks and bonds the quarterly or annual statements of a corporation, no matter how full and complete they may be, are so much Greek, and the information contained therein is useless because it cannot be absorbed.

Right there is where the investment banker comes in. He is in a position to analyze the information for the benefit of his clients and feed it to them in predigested form. He knows all the financial verbiage, just as the physician knows the technical medical terms. He is in a position to judge as to the accuracy of valuation placed on both tangible and intangible assets and as to the conservatism of the figures at which investments of one corporation in the securities of another are carried.

Terms Misunderstood

The fact that the most simple financial terms are not understood by many people, even those who have accumulated very considerable sums, is shown by the big gains made by one large New York bank. In its advertisements, it has avoided the use of even such common terms as assets, liabilities and surplus. It confined itself to simple statements including how much money it had loaned, how much it owed depositors, how much cash was on hand and how much profit was undivided.

Articles of incorporation and the provisions under which stocks and bonds are issued, in most instances, afford excellent protection to the security holder, provided he knows enough to take advantage of such provisions. A good many investors, however, do not know whether their stock is voting stock or not, whether the dividends on an issue are cumulative or whether their particular bonds take precedence over other issues.

It is imperative for their own safety that they find out all such facts in detail. In most cases the redress for inefficiency, mistakes or dishonesty in management lies in the hands of the stock and bond holders, just as is the case in city, state and national politics. But if the holders of the franchise in either financial or political affairs will not investigate issues and vote, they must expect to have policies dominated by those who will. Any reputable investment banker will help make such investigations as are necessary if the investor is not able to do so himself.

Investors Are Money Lenders

It should be remembered that when one becomes an investor, one becomes a money lender. And since the start of history the money lender has never been a popular figure. It therefore behooves every investor to acquire and master every possible bit of information about his investment in order to protect himself. Some one is usually out to skin the creditor and there is always a crowd waiting to cheer when that feat is accomplished.

Señor Don Antonio Montes, years ago a Mexican senator, expressed the feeling fully when he was picked up in front of his residence in Mexico City with a bullet through his lungs.

"Yes," he said in answer to questions, "I know who shot me." He named another prominent political figure. "I am greatly surprised and chagrined at his action. I did not know he was my enemy. Why, I never loaned him a single peso in my life!"

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THE PASSIONATE FAILURE

[Continued from page 69]

for a husband," he exclaimed angrily, but his anger was for himself. "But from now on, he will be something not quite so weak, not quite so dependent . . ." He will pick up his own dressing-gown—and his cuff links shall not wander about."

"Dearest Dmitri," said Mary. "How splendid!" And she was laughing into the bosom of his shirt. "And now—you must really go upstairs and dress . . ." And she gave him a tiny push. When he reached the landing, she called.

"Dmitri," she said, and although her voice was a bare whisper, he heard her with clearness. "Will you—will you, some day, buy me a string of beads?" Dmitri looked down at her. A string of beads . . . !

"Is it—is it—p-pearls that you want?" he asked and he could hardly bring himself to say the word. But Mary made a gesture of refusal.

"It takes a very beautiful woman to wear pearls, Dmitri," she said. "And I am not that. But I think I should like sapphires . . . like your eyes, dearest." Dmitri became strangely grave.

"My eyes are not sapphires, Mary," he said, soberly. "They are merely two objects that have never been opened till a few hours ago . . ."

JUST outside his room, he met Katia. "Katia," he began, "How do you—how do you explain the business of the letter?"

"Did I not say I had forgot it, Excellency?" asked Katia.

"Liar!" said Dmitri, cheerfully. "You have never forgotten anything in your life." Katia looked at him, surrendered.

"Well, since you will have the truth," she said, crossly, "it happened thus. I gave the letter to the mistress at noon, as you commanded. But she gave it back to me. And she said—'Katia, keep it till Mr. Lazare returns. He is at present engaged on an experiment . . . !' She looked at her master. 'Were you engaged on an experiment, Excellency?' she asked.

"I do not know what you would call it," replied Dmitri, in a curious tone. "I suppose that is—as—as—good a name for what I was doing—as any other." Katia resumed.

"So I kept the letter—because the mistress had told me that, if the experiment ended as she expected it to end, you would be home about seven tonight. And you see, you were, Excellency. You were home just at seven, as she said."

"Yes—I was home at seven—as she said," said Dmitri, and he got into his own room and stood leaning against the door. He was filled with a helpless confusion of ideas. She had known all the time . . . !

A terrific ecstasy began to take possession of him. He became aware that his clothes were laid out on the bed; that in the next room, the water was running for his bath. Suddenly he stopped; had she really given him the wrong violin by mistake? Or had she deliberately let him go off with a copy, knowing that if all else failed, he would return—even from the arms of Helen, for the instrument he so loved? But Dmitri knew that this was something he would never learn. It was a question to which Mary alone held the answer.

He stood up, and taking off his coat and vest, let them slide to the floor. He was wondering what one could do to prove worthy of a devotion such as Mary had given—a love so crystalline in its purity that Dmitri's was but a flawed and soiled thing beside it. And wondering thus, he removed his collar, his tie; threw them in the general direction of his dressing table.

He began to polish his fair head into sleekness. How good it was—to be home!

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THE LOST LODE (Continued from page 37)

been there at the station, and the news got around. Back at the Elks they convened over it. Nice guy, they agreed, but like all Easterners he needed a little rubbing down. Somebody mentioned that he wasn't from New York but from Arkansas. Somebody else laughed. Shucks, wasn't Arkansas East?

THE narrow gauge deposited Sid at the end of its line a full twenty-four hours later. Sid got out, stretched himself stiffly. So did the two fellow-passengers who had ridden down with him. Sid's two fellow-passengers needed shaves, but they were affable.

"Some dump," they agreed. All three of them agreed to this. The dump consisted of a railroad station and freight house combined, a half-dozen stores, a garage, perhaps ten or twelve weather-beaten houses and an almost vertical wall of bare mountainside towering straight up from the very end of the track and crosswise to it.

Said Sid lightly, "I begin to see why they didn't run the railroad any farther."

"You'll begin to see a lot more than that before you get through," volunteered the taller of his two companions.

Sid looked at this man now, studying him for the first time. Not a particularly inviting customer, he decided. Maybe the stubble on the man's face helped to solidify this impression, but in addition to the stubble there was something else; eyes too close together, maybe—funny shaped face anyway. Sid's glance shifted to the taller man's companion. Cold blue eyes the shorter man had, cold and unblinking blue eyes. Big shoulders too and long dangling arms. Beef there, Sid thought; beef and tremendous strength.

"I wonder where I can get a horse," Sid said aloud.

"That's funny. We're lookin' for horses too. Good idea, maybe, to scout around together. Let's try the garage there—what say?"

"Which way are you riding?" Sid asked. It was right then, strangely enough, that his first premonition occurred to him.

"In the West," stated the tall man sententiously, "we don't ask strangers where they're goin'."

"I thought you might be riding my way," said Sid levelly.

"Which way is your way?"

"In the West," said Sid, not quite imitating the voice of the other, "we don't ask strangers which way they're goin'. That's right unfortunate, too." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "You see, I'm having an airplane meet me here and I thought maybe I could give you gentlemen a lift—"

THOUGHT you said you was lookin' for a horse."

"That's right. Need a horse. Horse to take me over to where the airplane's waiting. Now if I can give you a lift—"

The two strangers questioned each other with their eyes. Sid saw this, and in seeing it saw enough. His remark about the airplane had been sheer spontaneous invention, but apparently it had served its purpose. All at once, watching those questioning eyes, he knew what he wanted to know. The whole thing flashed clear to him. These two men had been reading the papers. They had heard yesterday's banter at the station. They had listened to his boast—his half-humorous, half-serious boast—to return, as he had phrased it, with native gold dripping off him. What he had meant, of course, was that he would profit by the trip, get a real story out of it anyway, if he got nothing else. But they had taken him seri-

ously, seriously enough to shadow him. What these men were after—the thought sent a sudden thrill through his frame—what these men were after was him!

He wheeled away from them abruptly, stalked over to the nearest of the battered frame buildings, which bore the cheery sign Dead Horse Hotel. Over his shoulder he noted that the two men were following him. He grinned. The West, he reflected, was certainly making good on its promise of adventure.

He decided it would be wise to spend the night at the hotel, starting off across the mountain at dawn next morning. So he registered, inquired about a horse, made further inquiries about the trail. The hotel man, who was genial and friendly, told Sid that he would have to buy a horse outright if he meant to ride over the hump into the Flat. "You don't rent a horse for that trip," he added, "any more than you rent a beefsteak for dinner."

Sidney Traice was pretty nervous by now. It began to occur to him that perhaps he was a fool to be undertaking this journey. After all the only probable reward was a story, and there were stories, as Judge Green had said, a whole lot easier to get than this one. He thought of the rumpled map in his pocket, that carefully drawn map which, so the old man had confided to him in a hoarse whisper, was no good anyway.

DON'T pay no attention to the map," the old lunatic had said. "I can make a map any day. Now that you and me is partners I'm tellin' you straight. You just get over the ridge and then you laugh at that map. It don't mean a thing. You just get over the ridge and you take a compass and you ride due south—magnetic south—and steer yourself as careful as if you was steerin' a battleship. Keep goin' due south, right down the edge of the flat, till you come to what looks like a box canyon. You'll mark it by a big red rock, bright red, size of a hog's head. At a lope it'll take you two hours and ten minutes, precise. Well, you turn into that box canyon, and you'll find water there. Damn water. I got no use for it, except you got to have it. Damn water, I say. But water's only one of the things you'll find in that box canyon. You do what I say, partner, and you'll find the lost lode. Me and you—me and you'll be rich," he finished.

"But what's the map for?" Sidney remembered having asked.

"The map?" Here the old man had laughed tremendously in his high cackling voice. Then he drew nearer and whispered: "That map is made—I drew it up myself—to fool a lot of people that think I'm crazy." His voice rose. "You bet your life I'm crazy. I'm so crazy they have to keep me in a place for crazy folks. But what I'm tellin' you is straight. Yes sir, it's straight. I've fooled a heap of people with that map, though," he confided. "You see the place I got marked, right out in the middle of the Flat? Well, that ain't it. Six or seven fellers have gone down there. That's why I'm here. That's why they think I'm crazy. The only difference is," and his voice dropped even lower, "I didn't like them fellers. I like you though."

"Why?"

"I like you—nope, I won't tell you. I like you because you said I was real. You bet your life I'm real. I'm so real I'm crazy. Not so very crazy—just touched. Bent in, you might say." He fumbled at his scalp. "My partner—he didn't live long after that—my partner hit me over the head with a pick. Not a toothpick, neither. They say it touched me, bent me in, like. Well, he's

dead, so I got to have me another partner."

"That's me," said Sid excitedly.

"Shake on it," the old man had mumbled. "My first partner, he wanted to hog the thing all for himself. He's dead now—didn't use good judgment—and I'm crazy. You're alive and you ain't crazy. Neither am I, not every way. You do what I tell you—"

"I will," Sid had promised, and they shook on it.

And now Sidney Traice, keeping his promise, was in the hotel at the foot of Dead Horse Ridge. He asked the hotel man if he had ever heard of Colonel Johnson.

"Heard of him—gosh! Took us three weeks to get him out of here. Gave him his fare and pushed him north. Plumb nutty, he was. That was five—no, six years ago. You ain't fallen for his dream, have you?"

"Not me," Sid lied stoutly. "I'm riding across the Flat to the Baby Girl country. Got business there." From the corner of his eyes he observed that his two fellow passengers nudged each other knowingly at this. "Now about that horse," said Sid.

SITTING on the edge of his bed that evening Sidney Traice did some serious thinking. Here he was within striking distance of his goal, whatever that goal might prove to be. He had gone too far to back out. He had gone too far to let anything go wrong. He had his horse, a flea-bitten pinto for which he had exchanged forty good American dollars, and he had his canteens and supplies. But so had the two men who were shadowing him. He wondered, half idly, half soberly, whether they would hesitate at murder. On the trail across the mountain or out on the Flat there would be little enough, except his own vigilance, to keep them from putting a slug through him if they should feel so inclined. The back of his neck went the least bit prickly as he revolved this thought in his mind. It was not an appetizing prospect. If only he had had the good sense to bring a friend—any dependable human being to give him company!

He shook his head doubtfully, and at that moment his idea came to him. What those men wanted, even more than they wanted him, was his map. The story about the map had appeared in the papers. But nobody knew, as he did, that the map was a blind. Well, let them have the map.

He tiptoed downstairs in the now darkened hotel and let himself out of the front door as silently as possible. Then, intentionally, he stumbled upon the steps, made a clumping noise with his feet. At the same instant he took the old man's map, folded to fit the shape of an ordinary long mailing envelope, and tossed it as far from him as he could in the direction of the stable.

He was lighting a match, apparently looking for something, when the proprietor leaned out of an upstairs window and shouted, "Who's there?" Almost simultaneously the front door opened again and the shorter of Sid's two fellow-passengers stood alertly upon the threshold, stripped to his undershirt but wearing his trousers and boots.

SAID Sidney apologetically: "I didn't mean to wake anybody up, but I was looking for a paper I dropped. It's pretty important."

"What kind of a paper?" the stocky man demanded instantly.

"Oh, just a paper." Sid's tone was evasive.

"Where did you drop it?" This from the landlord.

"Don't know, Mr. Brixton. Somewhere between here and the stable, though. I

know I had it this afternoon when I was feeding my horse."

"Wait till daylight," the hotel man grumbled. There's nobody comes along here."

"I can't do that," said Sid. "I need it at daylight."

"All right, wait a minute. I've got a flashlight."

"I'll come up and get it," said Sid and ran in past the stocky long-armed man in the doorway. When he came down, after delaying as long as he could, he began flicking the light along the ground near the steps. The short man and his partner were already out in the darkness, lighting matches and trying, as they expressed it, to help him. Sid saw one of them stoop at last and after a few moments they came back together to where he was minutely examining the ground.

"We've looked everywhere," the tall man said. "There certainly ain't no paper lyin' anywhere around here."

Sid caught the man's sly wink to his companion and felt better. Naturally he kept on pretending to hunt, but he knew they had the map, and that was what he wanted. After a while he went to bed. At four-thirty when the landlord awakened him from a sound slumber, Sid had to pretend to be surprised at the news that the two men had suddenly decided to leave at three in the morning.

"They checked out and saddled up in a hurry," the landlord said. "I thought they was goin' with you."

"So did I," said Sid. It is easy to picture his relief, because the news made him fairly certain that by the time he reached the edge of the Flat the two men would be somewhere out in the middle of it.

IT WAS full daylight when Sid got away on the rough trail that started up the mountain directly behind the Dead Horse Hotel. A twenty-two hundred foot climb it was, unutterably rough in spots, and in some places precipitously dangerous. Sid kept his eyes open, but no trace of the two map thieves did he find. He was uncomfortably and rather nervously aware that at any moment one or both of them could plug him with a bullet from any one of a thousand hiding places, but he was buoyed by a conviction that the map was what they really wanted and that they would push ahead at top speed to reach the Flat before him. In this, as it turned out, he was proved right.

When Sid and his horse at length reached the summit the boy dismounted stiffly to give the worn animal a rest. The sun was high now and Sid, lighting a cigarette, breathed deeply of the crisp, dry air as he let his gaze rove over the panorama spread beneath him. First he looked back, studying the country from which he had come. A raw, barren reddish-colored country it showed, gridironed with bare mountain ranges, each range seemingly more stark and severe than its neighbor. Through this jumble of uplifted rock and bare yellow dirt wriggled the thin line of the railroad, once a carrier for the golden ores of many mines, now nothing but a rusting double streak of rails, boasting a train that carried nothing but mail and tired men and the essential needs of poverty-bound communities.

Far off on the northern horizon, gleaming like a jewel upon a dump heap, showed a single spot of brilliant green. That, Sidney knew, was the South Jupiter irrigation project. He let his eyes rest fondly upon this emerald of man's making. All the rest of this country was oddly depressing to him, even while it thrilled him. But off there on that green land he reflected, men were ploughing and harrowing and planting and reaping. The green spot—thousands of

acres in reality, but only a speck at this tremendous distance—caught at Sid's heart, like a letter from home. Sidney Traice, you see, was a farmer's son.

Sid turned slowly and faced the other half of his landscape. From his feet the bare mountainside tumbled in convolutions of raw rock to a plain that stretched out vastly to a dim blue distance. This plain, of course, was Dead Horse Flat. The pioneers had named it, he mused, with feeling. Not a tree in sight, neither on the mountainside nor upon the land beneath; not a tree nor even a blade of grass. Just rock and dirt, barren and lifeless, with here and there a clump of pale sagebrush to show that the soil meant well in its heart but that its heart had been dried up, ages and ages since, by the taking away from a once verdant land that life-giving element called water. Some prehistoric cataclysm of nature, gigantic, terrific . . .

Suddenly Sidney's own heart stopped. Then he laughed aloud. Far beneath him, just out from the edge of the plain, two black dots were moving toward the center of that sun-baked space. The old man's map was certainly doing its work.

High noon brought Sid and a weary animal to the foot of Dead Horse Ridge. From the floor of the plain itself Sid peered out toward the point where he knew the two men must be, but he could not locate them. Perhaps the sagebrush intervened. Perhaps, the thought occurred to him, the desert was so flat and level that their figures were actually over the rim of his horizon.

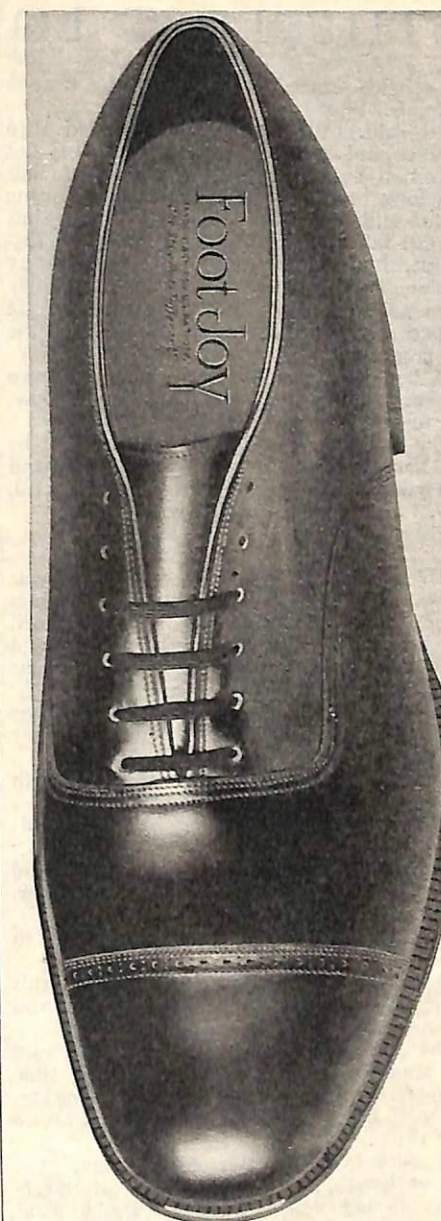
At all events Sid took out his pocket compass, let the needle jiggle itself to a standstill and then picked out on the far southern skyline a landmark peak to guide him in his course. He was quite excited by now. He rode at a lope for two hours, looking at his watch every now and then as a man does who is nervously anxious. His course had taken him across the mouth of what would have been a great bay had the flat been a lake. Now once more he was skirting the shore, a shore consisting of ragged promontories and sloping capes, all bare rock, all dead.

Sid kept on looking at his watch, and at two hours and ten minutes, to the tick, he reined in breathlessly. He peered at the nearest promontory. No red rock there. He looked beyond. No red rock anywhere in sight. Nothing visible that looked even remotely like a box canyon. His heart sank dully. What a fool he had been to take the words of a crazy man seriously! What a laugh the judge and the others would have on him! For a time, perhaps some minutes, he sat inertly in his saddle. Then dispiritedly and with a sort of desperate hope that didn't have any real hope in it he rode once more ahead.

All at once his muscles tensed. He blinked once or twice, in sheer unbelief. Then he clapped his spurs into his horse's flanks. Directly to his left, not a hundred yards away, yawned the narrow mouth of what looked like a gulch, and at the side of that gulch rested a bright red stone. The stone was the size of a hog's head. Sid shouted aloud as he rode in between the two flanking slopes of the tiny canyon. The old man was not crazy. This was the place. He had found it.

THE canyon, cutting straight into the side of the mountain, became steeper. Not fifty feet away, to all appearances, it ended. Sid frowned at the prospect, pulling up again, then letting his mount go forward slowly. At this point a voice said to him, "What do you want?"

Sid tightened his reins, halted, twisted his head to the right. He told Judge Green afterward, and these are Sid's own words, that he "damn near [Continued on page 74]



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THE LOST LODE [Continued from page 73]

fell off his horse." For the voice was a woman's.

Sid said, "Where are you?" And then from behind a high rock she stood up; not a woman but a girl—a girl with dark hair in a long braid down her back and wearing a blue-and-white checked dress. This time Sid did fall off his horse. He meant to dismount, but dismounting on a steep stony hillside is a tricky business, particularly when your eyes are not on the ground. He slipped and sat down on the stones, and the girl laughed.

"I beg your pardon," said Sid, trying to recover his dignity. He stood up to bow, and in bowing slipped again.

The girl said: "Oh, goodness, you can't be any harm! Take hold of your bridle and lead your horse up to where I am. Careful, now. My gracious, aren't you funny!"

SID was funny, and he knew it, which was worse. He stumbled and slipped; pebbles rolled under his feet; once he fell forward on his elbow. His horse snorted and ploughed behind him. But at the top he did manage to achieve a complete bow.

"I am Colonel Johnson's partner," he said stiffly. "My name is Traice, Sidney Traice."

The girl, whose lips had been smiling with her eyes, suddenly gaped at him.

"You're grandpa's partner?" she demanded.

"I don't know who grandpa is," Sid answered. "I'm Colonel Johnson's partner. That's all I know."

"But Grandpa's crazy. He's up north in the asylum."

"I know that, too. But he described this place to me and told me to come here, and we shook hands on partnership."

The girl seemed to be studying him, and her apparent concentration gave Sid time to note that her eyes were even darker than her hair; big eyes, set deep, with level brows over them.

"I guess you'd better come along," she said at length, with just a shade of uncertainty in her voice. "I guess Dad'll want to talk to you." She turned abruptly and shot two words over her shoulder: "Follow me."

Sid followed, stumbling and leading his plunging horse. They seemed to be on a path now, though he couldn't be sure; a path that led toward the top of a low spur running parallel with the mountain itself. After a moment the girl paused and turned.

"I thought you must be the grocery man," she remarked. "That's why I ran down there when I heard you yell."

"The grocery man?" Sid asked, catching his breath.

SHE crinkled her brows. "And why not?" she countered. "We have to have a grocery man, don't we? Generally he drives in on the trail from the south, but once in a while he hops off here."

Sid's jaw hung open.

"You see, we're really quite handy," she rattled on. "Mac—that's the grocery man—Mac says he can make it across the Flat from Shaftville in forty-eight minutes. He has a flivver, you know—terrible old thing, but it goes. Fifty-three is the best I've ever done in ours."

Said Sid bewilderedly: "Do you mean to say you have a flivver—that you and your father live here and have a flivver?"

"What's the matter with a flivver?" she queried, half belligerently.

Sid merely shook his head as if stupefied. "But I thought," he managed to say at length, "I thought—that is, Colonel Johnson

told me—anyway, I had an idea this place was deserted. I mean sort of a secret place. You see, he told me about the—the lost lode. We went partnerships on it. That's what I'm here looking for—the lost lode. You must know about it if he's your grandfather."

The girl with the dark eyes appeared to be studying him again. An exceedingly pretty girl, Sid thought just then; pretty and clean cut, with a well-bred voice. He couldn't for the life of him understand her—or it—or anything. He had expected something so totally different; a raw canyon, perhaps, with a dump heap and the remnants of diggings.

"Let me show you the lost lode," she said presently with a twisted little smile. "Then I'll take you to Dad. He's out in his study, I think. You see, Dad's a college professor. We come out here summers. He's writing a book, about stars and things like that."

Standing on that rough slope and looking up miserably at his unexpected guide, Sid once more shook his head.

"But your grandfather," he insisted. "Didn't he ever discover—well, anything? He told me—why, he told me his partner hit him over the head with a pick. He told me—lots of things."

"As far as we know that's probably true," said the girl slowly. "You see, Grandpa was an old-time prospector. We came out here, Dad and I—it must have been nine or ten years ago, the first time—in answer to a telegram from Grandpa telling us he had struck it rich. You see—well, we didn't have very much money, naturally, and we got all excited. When we got here we found Grandpa—well, the way he is—dancing up and down on the shore of the lake and swearing terribly. After a while he disappeared, and when we found him he wouldn't come back. Dad said to let him go. Poor old Grandpa, it was a terrible blow to him."

"I should think being hit with a pick would be a blow to anybody."

"I don't mean that. I mean the water. But let me show you. It's only about fifty feet more."

AGAIN she started up the slope, and Sid tugged his horse after him. He stumbled to the crest of the little spur, slipped heavily for the sixth or eighth time and stood up to find himself looking down into the clear blue waters of a long narrow lake; a lake that hugged the side of the mountain in a wriggling serpentine line for perhaps a full half mile. The lake surprised him, but the lake was not what surprised him most. The thing that made him stare was the lush green verdure encircling that crooked body of water; green grass, green reeds and shrubs; and yes, there were some tiger lilies. Then his eyes caught sight of a cow, an ordinary everyday cow, grazing peacefully in the tiny meadow. A little beyond the cow stood two or three small buildings, with a lawn about them, and masses of shrubs. Roses, too, and hollyhocks.

"We've started some trees," said the girl, "but they haven't had time to grow yet. You see, it's kind of fun."

Said Sid in awe, "I'll bet." Then: "But what about the lost lode?"

"It's over there," said the girl, pointing to a sort of hole just visible at the water's edge on the opposite shore of the lake. "We have to take Grandpa's story for that. He and his partner found ore in there and they dug in, and then Grandpa shot a big blast. That was when his partner hit him. Because the blast simply resulted in a torrent of water. They were swept down the hillside and battered up considerably. Then they had a fight."

"But wouldn't it mean a lot to you?" Sid demanded. "Why don't you drain the lake? Where does the water go, anyway?"

"Down a hole somewhere. But it keeps coming, tons and tons of it. You can hear it rushing out if you go over there," the girl said.

"But why not run a flume from there—a flume's a big pipe, you know—and spill the water out on the Flat? Then you can go after the gold."

The girl with the dark eyes now said a peculiar thing.

"DAD doesn't believe very much in gold," she said. "He says if you take gold out of the country you just take out the gold, and then there's nothing else. He—he sort of loves this country out here. He says gold has been the ruin of it. He and I have sat here lots of times talking about a flume, but he doesn't know how to do it. Anyway, he's more interested in stars and planets. But Dad says if you could only get all this water out there on the Flat you could irrigate thousands of acres with it. But of course that would take capital. We—we haven't got any capital."

It was then that Sidney Traice stood up very straight. A queer light seemed to be dancing in his eyes, the kind of light that must have danced in Mr. Edison's eyes when he conceived the idea of making electricity work for him.

"Your grandfather isn't crazy," he said. "He—he just has the thing a little twisted, that's all. Say," and he wheeled sharply upon his companion, "where's your father? I want to talk to him."

As was pointed out at the beginning of this story, Sidney Traice never will write it. Sid, to put the matter baldly, is too darned busy. The last time I saw him he was stalking around out there on what used to be called Dead Horse Flat—it's Melon Valley now, by act of the State legislature—superintending the clanking and grunting efforts of a new gasoline ditcher. His wife, who has dark hair and very beautiful dark eyes, stood beside me and said, "You know, I could tell he was wonderful the first minute I saw him."

I had nothing to say to this. All I knew was that Sid was a big wholesome man with a brain on top of his shoulders, a farmer's son who, without actually knowing it, had become a new sort of pioneer.

"He's the new West," said his wife in that same eager voice. "In the old days they took it out of the land. Now we're putting it back in."

OF COURSE, by this time you know who Sid Traice is. If you ever buy cantaloupes the chances are about three to two that you're buying his. They come by parcel post, neatly packed and boxed; and on each melon is a little round paster bearing the likeness of a laughing dark haired baby. You know about that, though.

What you don't know about, maybe, is Grandpa. They asked me to go north to find Colonel Johnson. I found him in the asylum.

"Oh, shucks," the old man said to me, "I knew that young feller wouldn't get anywhere. He's usin' water. I tell you, water is the miner's nightmare."

"But come on back with me," I persisted. "They've got it all fixed. They want you to live there with them."

"Not me," said Colonel Johnson. He leaned closer and dropped his voice to a whisper. "I like this place, I do. Lot of nice fellers here, all crazy like me. We talk over old times."

The Way of a Maid with a Man Mislaid [Continued from page 29]

feminine rites that occupy a woman on such an occasion.

The orchestra was still going full blast when she returned to slip instantly into his arms.

"We're off," she commented. "I am wasting no time, you see. Everybody will say I am parading you this way just to show that I don't mind Lonny's dereliction. But of course, we know better—actually I'm just giving you a chance to look over the other actors in our little comedy. I'll be interested in your impression of them—and particularly of Rosemary."

"I think she's very charming," he assured her.

"Oh a man would," she retorted. "Any other impressions please?"

He hesitated. "Only that they struck me at once as being very much taken with each other," he said then.

"Lonny is certainly very much taken with—well with what he thinks she is," she conceded. "But don't let her fool you. Any woman can do what she is doing—create an illusion—given sufficient inducement, you know."

To which she added, before he could answer:

"You're about to be cut in on—be nice and cut in on Rosemary, please."

THIS, being masculine, he rebelled against. Yet Rosemary definitely drew him. So, presently, he found himself dancing with her, with an intensified appreciation of certain qualities he had already glimpsed in her.

"You were educated abroad, weren't you?" he asked abruptly.

Her lovely eyes, clear as a child's, widened a little.

"Why—in France—a convent," she admitted. "But why do you ask?"

"You suggest it—something un-American," he explained.

"Oh—as bad as all that?" she smiled, glancing up at him.

"I think it's partly your voice," he explained. "It would give you distinction anywhere. But beyond that you seem so blessedly free from that terrific and continual activity that American girls believe they must live up to, mentally and physically, lest they seem to lack what they call pep—"

Taken unaware she blushed exquisitely. Her eyes came up to his, involuntarily and—foolish though it might seem—he could have sworn that he glimpsed a sudden fear in them.

Fear, that is, of him. That, of course, was preposterous. And yet—

The music stopped, died beyond hope of encore and Lonny promptly retrieved Rosemary.

"You must not make me pursue you this way—so soon!" mocked Nicky, joining Jeremy. And added, "Let's go outside and cool off."

The night was clear, the stars brilliant.

"I suppose you still believe that she is a much maligned young lady?" commented Nicky.

"I have had no reason to change my mind," he replied, producing a cigarette and offering her one.

Nicky shook her head. "I should have foreseen that, I suppose. I'll admit that she looks like a Madonna and of course her voice is the most beguiling thing that ever was. Her mother saw to that, naturally. She's been brought up, educated and groomed to make the best marriage possible from a money standpoint—"

"You have what psychologists call a

complex on that point, I fear," he broke in.

The night hid her expression as she glanced up at him. Then:

"I suppose only a woman could see it," she observed. "And yet—"

There she broke off. He made no comment, simply smoked.

"You believe she really loves Lonny?" demanded Nicky abruptly. "And doesn't care about money—"

"I didn't say that," he protested. "Money isn't a bad thing to have—as most women seem to realize."

"Any woman prefers enough money," she corrected, "and Lonny has that much. But what I believe—"

"I know what you believe," he cut in. "But I'd like to see you prove it!"

"Isn't that what I dragged you back for?" she mocked. And added:

"Tomorrow, dear sir, the Spindrift will go out for the day. Aboard will be a small but select party. You and I, Rosemary and Lonny, and Rosemary's mother as chaperone—"

"Thickening the plot?" he demanded, satirically.

"How intelligent you can be when you try!" she commented. "It will be nice and thick very soon after we get started, truly. Because you and I will have quarreled—"

"So soon?" he gibed. "Will that seem flattering—to you?"

"Oh everybody knows I have an awful temper," she explained serenely. "And meanwhile Mrs. Trent will have appraised you and the Spindrift and have begun to suspect from the way I treat you—"

"Not that she will know the half of it," he murmured.

"She will begin to believe," Nicky continued, ignoring the thrust, "that you're altogether too good for the likes of me. And so, presently, Rosemary will begin to cultivate you. It will be all so wonderful to her—the Spindrift and the way you handle it—and were you ever out in any awful storms, and aren't you ever afraid—"

"Oh they all say something like that," he grinned.

"Not with a poor Lonny listening with all his ears, my dear! It would be dangerous, you see, because it will sound so reminiscent to him. Take it from another woman that she wouldn't chance that unless there were bigger game in sight."

"And I?" he demanded, still determinedly derisive. "What am I to do and say when this takes place?"

"Just look charmed—I suspect you will find it easy—"

"It won't be difficult," he grinned. "And then?"

"Then," prophesied Nicky, "I will very triumphantly say 'I told you so!' the first chance I get!"

"I'll bet you will—if you get the chance," he retorted, suddenly grim.

And she did. The next afternoon when, following their trip in the Spindrift, they plunged into the Sound for a swim before supper.

"They say," she added, treading water as she turned a mocking, charming countenance toward him, "that a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still. But don't tell me that is true of a man too! What do you think now?"

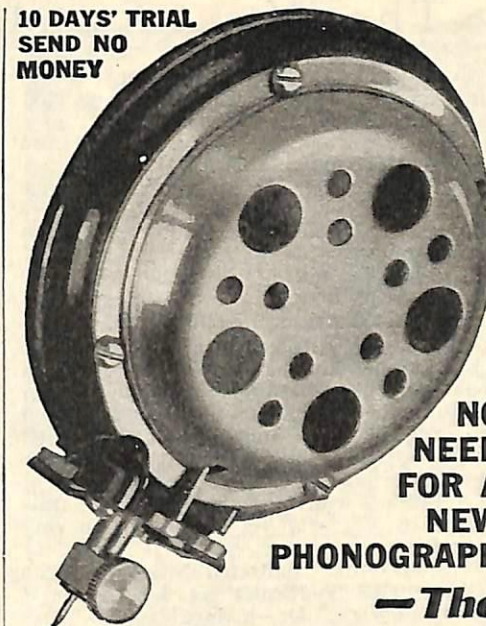
"Oh," he answered negligently, "you may have been half right at that."

The mockery in her eyes underwent eclipse.

"Half right!" she echoed, indignantly. "Didn't she do just what I said she would? What do you think Lonny thought?"

"I was sorry for [Continued on page 76]

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The Way of a Maid with a Man Mislaidd *[Continued from page 75]*

Lonny," he conceded. "Sorry for both of them, in fact. Anyway it seems to me that Rosemary deserves sympathy."

"Sympathy!" gasped Nicky. "Good Lord—for what?"

In her surprise she had swallowed some water which she was now returning whence it came, irritated by it and plainly even more by him.

"Next," she added, "you'll be saying her mother needs sympathy, too, I suppose."

Her tone practically dared him to.

Yet he seemed to consider it. Actually, he was visioning Rosemary's mother. A woman who must have been very charming in her youth and who might still be charming if she had not so stubbornly counterfeited youth, striving with every artifice to keep her figure flawless and her face unlined.

A ruthless woman, he realized, who, frustrated by life, was yet determined to conquer it.

"Good Lord!" sputtered Nicky. "If you tell me that you can't see her as she is you're hopeless. Or—in love!"

The last was an afterthought. "Are you?" she asked, involuntarily.

"I gather you mean with Rosemary—not her mother," he suggested. "Would that seem so preposterous?"

This time it was Nicky who was slow to answer. She had not thought of that possibility.

"Not at all," she assured him, now.

They did not speak again until they stood dripping on the boat. Then:

"I have a tentative engagement to sup at the Inn with the Trents," he remarked. "I dared not accept outright inasmuch as I seem to be proceeding under sealed orders. But if you think it's a good idea—"

"I think it's a splendid idea!" affirmed Nicky with great emphasis.

"Mrs. Trent," he explained, "knows how interested I am in boats and she thought I'd like to see some pictures Rosemary took at the Cowes regatta—"

"Just as," retorted Nicky—but not audibly—"she'd be sure you'd be interested in a snapshot Rosemary took of a whale if she discovered you happened to be interested in trout fishing."

To him she said: "I'm sure you'll be charmed."

The sun was setting as, having dined in solitary state, she went out on to the terrace. A perfect sunset, and, one might have believed, the end of a perfect day for her—for had not Rosemary done as she had prophesied.

Yet she was not content. Suddenly she taunted, inexplicably. Somebody was coming up in back of her.

"I thought I might find Rosemary here," announced a frustrated voice.

It was Lonny—darn him!

"They had Jones in for tea," he went on, more as if voicing a lament than addressing her, "and afterwards he and Rosemary went off somewhere. Mrs. Trent wasn't sure but she thought he and Rosemary might have come here."

"Yes she did!" thought Nicky.

Nevertheless, because he was being disillusioned and looked it, she did feel a stirring of pity. But before that could develop he quenched it utterly.

"I'd like to choke that mother of hers!" he announced explosively.

To his surprise, she laughed outright.

"I would," he growled. "What's funny about that?"

"You wouldn't—couldn't—understand," she assured him.

Yet it was funny. Rosemary was what her mother had made her, a work of art. So much men saw and gave credit for—to

Rosemary. Rosemary was perfection, and, if imperfection should suggest itself, the blame was and, in masculine eyes, ever would be, attributed not to Rosemary, but to Rosemary's mother.

That was the one thing Nicky had failed to realize. Funny? She'd say it was!

"They must have returned to the Inn," broke in Lonny at that point. "I guess I'll go and see."

"I would," she told him. And added to herself, "But I'll bet they haven't."

Once more she was alone. Presently one of the maids from the house passed by giggling, with a masculine arm around her. A fragrant, beguiling night. Nicky sensed its potency—and turned and went indoors and on up to her room.

Before her mirror she observed herself, critically. A fair enough image certainly, but there must be a flaw somewhere.

"I suppose," she mused, "my mouth is too large—"

This she had suspected before without considering it necessarily a blemish.

"Oh well," she assured herself, flippantly. "It's said to be a sign of a generous disposition and I've certainly proved it. Two men handed to her on a gold platter!"

Which suggests that she was being properly philosophic. But it was after one when she fell asleep. She awoke late the next morning, Jeremy appearing before she finished breakfast. She deliberately stuffed her mouth with toast and cocked a cool eye at him.

"Thank you—I'll sit down as you were about to suggest," he began blithely. "But I will not join you even in a cup of coffee. Do you observe the continental habit of breakfast? From the hour I should assume so, if it were not that on the continent nothing so substantial as what I see before me is considered good form."

"The sea air," commented Nicky sweetly, "always gives me an appetite."

"How extraordinary!" he commented. "Have you ever tried a brisk gallop before breakfast?"

Nicky gave him a swift glance. "Have you had one this morning?" she asked, in spite of herself.

He nodded. "Rosemary rode to the hunt in England, I discovered, and I suggested that we might find mounts here. Do you ride?"

"Occasionally," said Nicky who had taken as many headers as the Prince of Wales as a result of her efforts to discover how high a horse can jump.

"Don't you think you'd better do it regularly?" he suggested, eyeing the generous portion of marmalade she helped herself to. "It might counteract the effects of your appetite."

Nicky gave him a scornful glance. "Lonny was here last night," she informed him coolly. "Looking for you—or rather for Rosemary. He said you and she went for a walk—"

"A long one," he supplemented. "I thought it a good idea myself. I will admit that her mother rather gives me the jumps. I prefer Rosemary minus her mother—"

"Try to minus her mother for long," suggested Nicky, deciding to pour herself another cup of coffee—her third. "The man who marries Rosemary will come pretty close to marrying her mother too—"

"I'm not so sure," he observed. "Yet even so, every rose has its thorn and if the rose is sweet enough—did you burn yourself?"

"It's nothing," she said, as the scalding coffee blistered her wrist.

Nicky suddenly decided she didn't want the coffee after all and thrust her cup aside.

"Please drink it—if only to prolong the moment," he beseeched. "You suggest so many charming things to me—what might be called the perquisites of matrimony, as it were. Breakfast with a charming companion—"

"I might feel flattered—if I were not sure that you had Rosemary in mind," she retorted. And added, very, very casually: "But I forgot—you believe her in love with Lonny, don't you? Or have you changed your mind?"

"I—don't know. Not for certain. But I plan to find out. Perhaps this very afternoon if she gives me an opening—"

"This afternoon? Do you plan to see her then?"

"With your kind permission," he said. "I realize that you have a thirty day option on me, as it were—"

"If that's the way you feel about it," began Nicky, passionately, "you—"

She checked herself there, and bit her treacherous lip.

"Well—how else did you think I felt?" he demanded equably. "Did I ever give you the idea I was enthusiastic about the way you roped me into this situation?"

"You have certainly seemed—well, more reconciled this morning," she commented.

"I suppose I am," he admitted, and added: "To know Rosemary is to—well fall for her hard. If she is a fault I'd say that she leans too strongly toward self-sacrifice—"

"Spare me!" begged Nicky, determinedly flippant. "You sound almost as if you expected to propose this afternoon."

Ever so briefly he hesitated. Then: "I may at that—if you mean propose marriage!" he said, his eyes meeting hers.

Nicky rose. "You must work fast," was all that she could manage at the moment.

"If it were done at all it were well it were done quickly," he quoted, rising more leisurely. "And the situation presents unusual complications, you see. There's her mother. And then there's Lonny. Do you think I could persuade her to elope?"

"Elope?" echoed Nicky, staggered. "Why should she?"

"As a test—of whether she really cared," he explained.

Nicky stared at him. "Are you joking?" she demanded. "Or—just crazy?"

"I may be crazy at that—but I'm not joking," he replied. He frowned, thoughtfully, then suggested abruptly. "It might help if I told her that you'd come along as a bridesmaid. May I?"

"You may not!" replied Nicky. "If you think I'm going to interfere—"

"But wasn't that precisely your original intention?" he protested.

"Not at all," she assured him, with great dignity, if small logic. But knowing she was on insecure ground she resorted to subterfuge. "I'm sorry—but I must run—I have another engagement—"

The other engagement was, evidently, with herself in her room. There she remained until just before lunch.

After lunch, she went determinedly to the Country Club.

"What," demanded one of a group of feminine contemporaries, "have you done with that man of yours? We've been waiting here expecting you to appear and put him through his paces while we turned the desired shade of green—"

"Oh I've gone and mislaid him," she retorted, serenely. "You know how careless I am that way—always leaving my men around where some other woman can pick them up—"

"You don't mean somebody else has! Who?"

"Give you three guesses," said Nicky sweetly.

They were merry at her expense but she was merrier still. She had tea at the club after which she announced she must go home.

"Hoping," it was suggested, "that he'll have come home wagging his tail behind him like Mary's little lamb."

"If Mary's little lamb had been Mary's little man nothing like that would ever have happened," jeered Nicky. "She'd have to go looking for him if she ever expected to find him—and probably been sorry she had."

The truth of which was to be made evident to her. Not that she went searching for Jeremy. She just, somehow, didn't feel like going home. She drove aimlessly until she came to a familiar wood path that led into one of the myriad little ponds the cape is dotted with.

ON impulse, she parked her car and started down the path. And there she came without warning upon Jeremy.

Not that they met. He did not even see her. All his attention was otherwise engaged. He had someone in his arms, someone unmistakable. The someone unmistakable seemed very glad to be there. Anyway her head, exquisitely blonde, rested against the shoulder of his coat.

Nicky stopped short, her charming mouth forming a startled but, fortunately, unspoken "Oh!"

"I never dreamed any man could be so sweet," the loveliest of voices was saying. "And—I'll do anything you say—"

Whereupon Nicky turned and fled precipitately back to her car.

At dinner that night Chris glared at her bewilderedly.

"Will you tell me why in blazes you're snapping my head off?" he demanded. "I just asked you a civil question about Jeremy and—"

Nicky rose with a violence that all but toppled her chair.

"I never, never want to hear his name mentioned again," she announced, tempestuously. "I—I—"

Her voice broke off, she glared at him—and was gone.

"My hat!" breathed Chris and whistled expressively.

It was plain to him that something dire must have happened. He registered fraternal solicitude by finishing his dinner with appetite unimpaired. He had risen from the table and was lighting a cigarette when Jeremy appeared.

"Nicky?" echoed Chris. "She was last seen disappearing in the general direction of the boat house—"

"I'll drop down that way and see if I can find her," said Jeremy.

"I don't know as I'd do that if I were you," grinned Chris. "She informed me at dinner that she never wanted to hear your name mentioned again—"

"Not really!" Jeremy cut in—almost eagerly, it seemed to Chris.

"Absolutely!" Chris affirmed. "I gathered you had made yourself exceedingly unpopular in some way—"

He stopped short. Jeremy was already on his way toward the boat house.

"Oh well," Chris philosophized, "if he wants to get his head taken off it's not my funeral. I warned him."

He was a senior at Harvard and as such, inheritor in fee simple of the wisdom of the ages. He would have assured anyone he knew women like a book.

But he didn't, as it happened, know them half as well as Jeremy did.

The night was compounded of star magic, the soft murmur of the sea, and many nebulous fragrances . . .

"I hope," Jeremy was saying to Nicky, "that I'm not intruding. But I thought you might be interested to know that Rosemary has risen to the barriers. She was ready to elope!"

Nicky said not a word. She couldn't. She felt as tense and still as if fashioned of marble.

"In fact," Jeremy went on, "she has eloped. I saw her off—"

The marble came suddenly to life. "Saw her off?" gasped Nicky.

"Started off with her," he corrected himself. "She's supposed to be with me. But I turned her over to Lonny—will you believe now—that she is in love with him? Eloping this way with not even a tooth brush by way of trousseau—"

"But—" began Nicky bewilderedly. "But I saw you this afternoon. You had her in—"

She stopped there, unable to finish. "Had her in my arms?" he guessed. He was silent a second. "I see what you must have thought," he added then. "But as usual, you were no more than half right. I had rather taken her by surprise—"

"You mean—when you proposed?" asked Nicky, still seeking a clue.

"When I proposed that it might not be a bad idea for her to elope—with Lonny," he explained, as if this were very clear.

"With—with Lonny!"

"Naturally," he grinned, "you didn't think I'd be such an ass as to suggest she elope with me, surely . . . I'm afraid if you wanted Lonny back I've failed you—"

"I didn't," she announced positively.

"I'm glad of that—because she did awfully want him herself. I shan't attempt to explain it—love is a queer thing so I'm told and I'm quite ready to believe it. But she was happy—until I came along and got her mother started on a new scent! You ought to be spanked for that, you know—"

"I don't see why," she protested. "If she really loved Lonny why—"

"You forget that Rosemary was educated abroad—was brought up in an atmosphere of marriages of convenience. She would not have your attitude toward them to start off with. And then, as I told you, if she has a fault it's her feeling that she ought to sacrifice herself for her mother—"

"You really believe that!"

"I know it," he corrected, steadfastly. "I suspected it from the first. Something in her eyes—something that suggested fear—when I danced with her gave me a clue. Why should she fear me? Because—well you were right about her mother—that was what I meant when I said perhaps you were half right yesterday. Remember?"

Nicky did. She nodded.

"As far as Mrs. Trent went I did suggest a better match than Lonny," he went on. "She told Rosemary so—went at her pretty hard I suspect. Do you wonder that you found her in my arms? She"—whimsically—"rather needed the support of a strong right arm at the moment. I'd advised her to elope with Lonny and it was quite a shock to her."

IT WAS becoming clearer to Nicky—so far as it went.

"But—I should think that if you admired her so much you'd—want her yourself," she murmured, in spite of herself.

"Well," he replied, "if I should deliberately picture to myself the sort of a woman I'd be willing to trade in the perquisites of bachelor existence for I think that Rosemary would come nearest to meeting the specifications—are you cold?"

Nicky shook her head but he was not satisfied.

"You shivered," he persisted, and put out his hand, hesitantly, *[Continued on page 78]*

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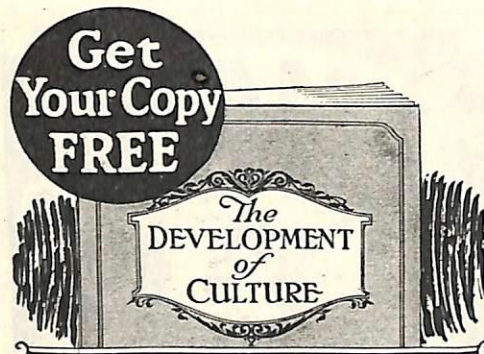
MG2— Attractive bow-knot design, Lady's ring, 18K white gold, first quality genuine diamond. **\$22.50 \$1.71 a month**



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The Way of a Maid with a Man Misled [Continued from page 77]

and then it slipped swiftly, insidiously around her.

"If you think I need the support of a strong right arm," she began furiously. "I think," he amended, holding her fast, "that what you need is a strong right arm with a club in it. You're a spoilt, perverse child and—Nicky, if you kick me again I'll—"

She kicked him again. With vigor on the shin. Whereupon he kissed her, also with vigor—but not on the shin.

"You—you brute!" phrased her outraged lips.

"It will take a brute to handle you," he retorted grimly. Then abruptly his voice changed, becoming tender, husky with the note of notes. "But I think I can manage it Nicky—if you'll give me the chance. Will you?"

Nicky ceased struggling. Her eyes, become enormous, met his.

"But—but you just said Rosemary was your ideal!" she protested. "You said that if you should deliberately picture to yourself the sort of woman—"

"That it wouldn't be at all like you," he agreed, yet in his voice was nothing to

sting. "But—I told you love was a queer thing. You're not at all what I would deliberately picture as an ideal. You're all that I have said you were. I know you'll lead me the devil of a life and—yet—I seem to want you just the same. Awfully—"

"I don't think much of that sort of love!" retorted Nicky, with a touch of her old assurance although her pulse was hammering like mad.

"Are you sure?" he asked softly. "It strikes me that to see all a person's faults and yet to want her, in spite of them, must be a pretty good test. Don't you think so?"

It seemed quite probable to her. Although—

"I think," she answered, obliquely, "that the summer was so awful dull that I had to start something or bust. And I didn't stop to think that perhaps—"

"Let's stop thinking," he suggested, swiftly. "Because I think it's a waste of time now, everything considered, don't you?"

Evidently she did. For, without a word, she became soft and fluid in his arms—finishing what she had started.

Idols of Youth [Continued from page 30]

punted out of danger, the issue ending almost immediately afterwards.

It was a cruel game for Stagg to lose. He wanted to win it, naturally. For in addition to intercollegiate rivalry, sectional pride was involved and the eyes of the entire mid-western region were upon Stagg that day.

Well, with the men of Princeton in their dressing-room, laughing and talking, filled with the ardor of their superbly won victory, the door opened and in the dim rectangle of light the stocky figure of Stagg was outlined. His face was calm, that rugged, bronzed face, carved out of oak, with its crown of grizzled hair.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I had to come in and congratulate you upon as finely fought a game and as gamely won a victory as I ever saw."

There was a moment's silence, then turning he went away. That was Stagg. But something even greater and just as characteristic occurred at the high point of the game when Chicago needed every advantage that she legitimately could claim.

Strohmeier, one of the Maroon ends, caught a forward pass in a position that placed Princeton in great danger. But one of the officials had noted a foul and called the penalty. Immediately there was protest from the Chicago captain and a portentous uproar in the stands. What might have happened no one knows. What did happen was that Stagg came to the sidelines and addressed the referee.

"The decision," he said, "was perfectly proper. I saw the foul committed."

It was a big thing for any coach to do, perhaps the biggest thing that was ever done on a football field. It cost Chicago the football game as it turned out, but Stagg counts the cost small when honor and sportsmanship are at stake.

SOMETIME ago just because the Yale eleven lost a couple of important games there was an outcry from a small disaffected coterie for a change of coaches. The great body of Yale men speedily let it be known that Tad

Jones was wanted in charge of Yale football men even if his teams did lose occasionally, or often for that matter.

NO man has ever played football under Jones who has not been the better man for the experience.

Once upon the day of a football game in which Yale was the underdog Jones came into the dressing-room before the game.

"Fellows," he said, "I am not going to ask you to go out there and win this game. I know you will do your best to win it. I want to say only that I have come to love every one of you chaps."

There was one man in that dressing-room who had been something of an individualist, yet too valuable a player to discard. In some ways he had not approved of Jones' system and the coach knew it. At all events when he had finished speaking to the team he turned to this man.

"And what I said goes for you, as well as for the rest," he remarked.

It was too much for the disaffected player; he broke down utterly and then ran out upon the field and played the game of his life, contributing not a little to the victory that came to the Blue that November afternoon.

Not all football coaches have the sweetness of nature of a Jones or a Stagg but most of them work for good in other ways. There is Foster Sanford, for instance. Misunderstood, berated by those who have never known just what he has been driving at all these years, this former Yale star stands none the less as a very great influence in the lives of many men.

When he went to Rutgers at the instance of L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, an alumnus of that college, the institution on the banks of the Raritan River in New Jersey did not amount to much athletically.

In respect to sports it was submerged under a minor college inferiority complex.

Sanford went down there and changed all that. He made of the scarlet "R" a symbol that he respected if not feared. Rutgers elevens began to win their due and proper

share of victories and the impulse spread to other branches of sports.

Robert Zuppke, of the University of Illinois, one of the cleverest and most successful coaches in the country—he developed Red Grange among others—is another man who wields influence and carries on his methods under pressure of a dynamic personality. A student at the University of Wisconsin, he never played a game of college football in his life, but long hours spent on the sidelines at Madison gave him what he needed and he went out into the world to coach football and to make men out of boys.

Fielding Yost at Michigan is a living force with young men and the character of his accomplishments aside from coaching is to be found in the vast expansion of opportunities which the young women and young men of Ann Arbor have for developing strong bodies and clean minds.

DR. WILCE, at Ohio State, Knute Rockne at Notre Dame, William Alexander at Georgia Tech, George Little at Wisconsin, Enoch Bagshaw at the University of Washington, Jess Hawley at Dartmouth, Dr. Spears at Minnesota, are but a few of the high-minded coaches who are doing a work vastly greater than merely coaching excellent football elevens.

Faculty members are inclined to resent the fact that often coaches receive pay greater than any professor, forgetting that wages go in proportion as wages are earned, forgetting, too, that whereas the teacher lives a life free from worry so far as holding his position is concerned and has the assurance of a pension upon retirement, the average coach is secure in his position only insofar as he continues to produce teams that win more than fair percentage of victories and that in any event the unceasing mental and physical strain of his job burn him out as a rule at a time when men of most professions are in the very midsummer of their power and success.

Not many of them have a lengthy tenure; the outlet of nervous energy, the wear and tear of worry about many things, the sheer physical exertion make their profession short-lived as a rule. But whether long or short those who have taken their work conscientiously as a trust have at least the satisfaction of knowing that in their day they contributed staunch citizens to this republic of ours.

THE DEDICATION OF THE CHICAGO UNIT

[Continued from page 45]

that be with the result that to-day every inch of road from the center of the city right to the hospital door is paved and all the streets surrounding the hospital have been concreted and all the modern accessories to comfort have been installed.

A beautiful photograph of the exterior of the hospital was reproduced in the July issue.

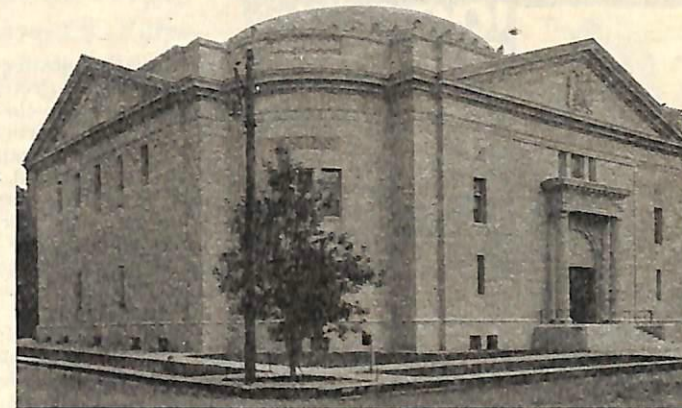
And that the Board of Governors is actively engaged in watching every avenue of expense is evidenced by the fact that during the month of August, operating on less than 80 percent of capacity, the Chicago unit put the per diem cost at \$3.15 per patient, which is by way of establishing a record.

The Chicago unit differs little in type from the other hospitals, except that provision has been made for the establishment of sleeping porches if they are found to be desirable. Landscaping has been indulged in to a degree that makes the approach highly attractive and trees are to be set out to complete the beautifying of the grounds.

The wards are decorated in a most attractive style, designs [continued on page 80]

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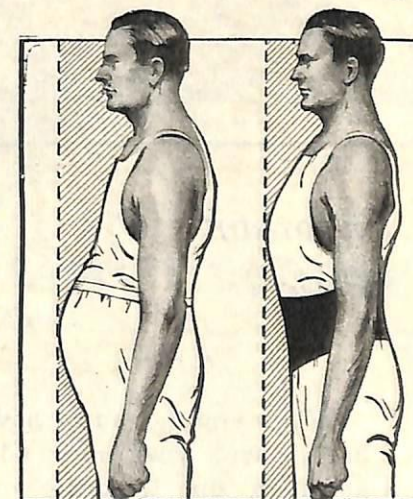
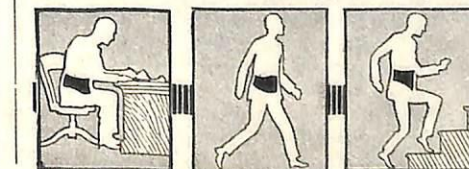
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backache and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

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Dedication of the Chicago Unit

(Continued from page 79)

particularly pleasing to the little occupants having been selected. A school has been established and the board of education is supplying the teachers.

Libraries and games and musical instruments abound and the Victrola is supplied with 100 of the very latest records, the gift of an interested friend.

One of the very highest grade pianos is to be installed, coming direct from the manufacturer.

Especially care has been taken in the furnishing of the sitting-room for the nurses, magnificence of appointments being made subservient to homelike appearance and comfort.

The operating room is a model and each succeeding unit is expected to benefit by the experience of those built ahead of it. Chairman Wade for months had reports sent him from other hospitals, quizzed every visitor with official connection with any of the

hospitals and the result is plainly evident in the finished product.

A moving picture outfit was installed among the very first articles of equipment and the condition of the patient is shown on arrival and will be portrayed on departure. No better educational work can possibly obtain and to those too remote from the hospitals or too busy to make it a visit the films will tell a story that can be easily understood and thoroughly appreciated. It is the intent to have these films at the disposal of any of the Masonic lodges desiring to exhibit them and it is under discussion to have a lecturer accompany the films to make whatever explanations may be called for.

The gymnasium is complete and well patronized; the dental equipment is of the very latest improved models and from first to last the Chicago unit is worthy of the great Temple under whose fostering wing its work is to be performed.

What Ails The Small Town?

(Continued from page 13)

quarry), the motorists' tourist camp and the theaters. The men on the Control Committee have enough to occupy their minds. This applies also to Sycamore and Dixon. Sycamore, handicapped by an inadequate movie house, built a new and good one, creditable to the town. It also built a new hotel—after the survey had criticized the old.

EACH of the towns discovered a labor problem. The laboring men resident in Rochelle claimed that during the canning season the Rochelle Canneries, one of the largest concerns in the country in the point of leased land planted to corn and peas, gave preference to out of town laborers, because the latter would work for less than the townfolk. Sycamore laborers complained because bus loads of Dekalb laborers are brought to Sycamore factories each day, thus forcing Sycamore laborers to find work in some other community. Dixon laboring men complained that retired farmers, having nothing else to do, are working in the factories at less than living wages, thus unfairly competing with laborers entirely dependent upon weekly wage. It was also claimed that many married women are working in factories when they should be at home, supported by their husbands. The factories entered a denial or changed their ways.

Without exception, the laboring men in each of the three test towns described the Chamber of Commerce as a "price fixing bunch." In Sycamore the working class was bitter against the Chamber and industrial heads. They charged certain manufacturing plants with controlling wages through agreement and with keeping out other plants that might pay its men more. They contended that the average Sycamore scale of thirty-five cents an hour would not support a family, and that if a worker left one Sycamore factory he was blacklisted by all the others. A casual visitor to that quiet, prosperous looking "court house town," with its wide State street, broad lawns and great shade trees, would hardly suspect that it is the home of so much unrest, and that the dissatisfied workers contemplate a Co-operative Club to buy necessities out of town.

There seems to be plenty of out-of-town buying in all the three towns right now. Although ninety-seven percent of the townspeople purchase their groceries, meats, fruit, canned goods, vegetables, coffee and tea at

home, only sixty-one percent buy women's clothing in Sycamore. Nineteen percent buy their women's clothing in Chicago, because of assortment and variety, and five percent buy from mail order houses, because of price.

Sycamore's "motor row" loses more than twenty-five percent of its new car business because the local customers find they can make "better trades" in other towns, particularly Chicago and Dekalb. Two-thirds of the country people residing in Sycamore's trade area do not buy their cars in Sycamore, because they believe they can do better elsewhere.

Although the Rochelle dealers in men's clothing make the most of quality, personality, friendship, price, assortment, variety, location, convenience, fit, style, reliability, credit, advertising, display of stock and other sales assets, only forty percent of Rochelle's men and boys buy their clothing at home. Rockford, Chicago, other towns and the mail order houses get the other sixty percent by offering more appealing prices, quality and variety. But these same Rochelle clothing merchants get sixty-two percent of their logical country trade because they sell personality, quality, reliability, convenience, price and style to the farmer folks.

Friendship with the Rochelle bankers keeps eighty-two percent of Rochelle accounts on the local books, and brings forty percent of the country folks to Rochelle banks. The others in town and country scatter their business, largely on account of convenience.

By selling personality, quality, friendship, reciprocity, price, convenience, assortment, variety, reliability, style, credit, accommodation, religion and display, Rochelle dealers in men's furnishings hold eighty percent of the local and nearly fifty percent of the country business to which they are logically entitled. But better prices, assortments, friendship and accommodation take the rest of the business to Rockford, Chicago, nearby competing towns and the mail order houses.

The percentage for all lines of business run much the same in the three towns and in each of them religious affiliations enter largely into business relations.

AS PART of the endeavor to find what is the matter with the three test towns and to remedy such difficulties as are most

apparent in retail business circles, the merchants have gone to school. Through the activities of the different Control Committees, Professor Edward H. Gardner, in charge of marketing and advertising in the University of Wisconsin School of Commerce, has given a special course to merchants and salespeople in Sycamore, Rochelle and Dixon. The course, lasting twelve months, has given adherents of the trade-at-home policy opportunity to wrestle with related sales, suggestive selling and limiting sales.

As to related sales, it is an easily recognized fact that if a customer goes or sends out of town for a pair of suspenders he is pretty apt to send, also, for a pair of pants. The minute a local merchant can or will not supply a certain boy's waist for a fond mother, he is preparing himself also to lose the sale of a summer suit. Charlie Wry learned something about lost sales from the Forest City incident referred to earlier in this article. So, among other points, Professor Gardner has stressed the advisability of not only having desired goods in stock, but also of making one sale bring on another.

A Sycamore jeweler listened to Professor Gardner one night. This jeweler sold, among other side lines, sewing machine needles. Prior to hearing Professor Gardner he had been accustomed to offering a customer three needles. After hearing him, the dealer began to quote needles by the dozen. The suggestion worked. None of his needle buyers objected to buying a dozen needles, any more than they would have thought of asking for a dozen needles when the dealer offered three. The dealer then tried out the related sales idea. Having sold the dozen needles he inquired if madam did not need some sewing machine oil. Madam had not thought of that. If she ran out of sewing machine oil, she had been in the habit of using kerosene or something equally damaging, like automobile oil. Carrying the Gardner theory into further practice, the Sycamore dealer found that in a short time he had made enough additional sales in sewing machine needles and sewing machine oil to pay for the cost of his course.

A lot of other suggestions have come from the survey and the merchants' school. For example, a good many critics of things as they were defended their own practice of trading in the larger towns, by proving that they met the wives and daughters of home town merchants trading on the floors of the big city stores. If the merchants were not willing to take their own medicine, why should customers? The merchants' families are now trading at home, or resorting to the mails.

Many a farmer complained that the town merchant would greet him cordially enough across the counter, but would fail to afterward recognize him on the street. Town merchants are now carrying their cordiality to the outer world. Many customers also declared that the local merchants were short on variety, would stock too many of the same item, and then sell a dress or hat on the promise that it was the only one of that pattern or style to be had in town. Whereupon, the unlucky lady purchaser would soon meet another lady purchaser coming down the street, wearing the same kind of dress or hat.

Almost any merchant is more or less accustomed to having customers tell him what they think about his merchandise, service and personal character. But it is one thing to hear the truth spoken, informally and perhaps heatedly, over the telephone or on the sales floor, and quite another thing to have this truth set down in cold words on a confidential printed form beginning:

"John Doe: The townspeople of Rochelle said you had the second best store in town. The country [Continued on page 82]

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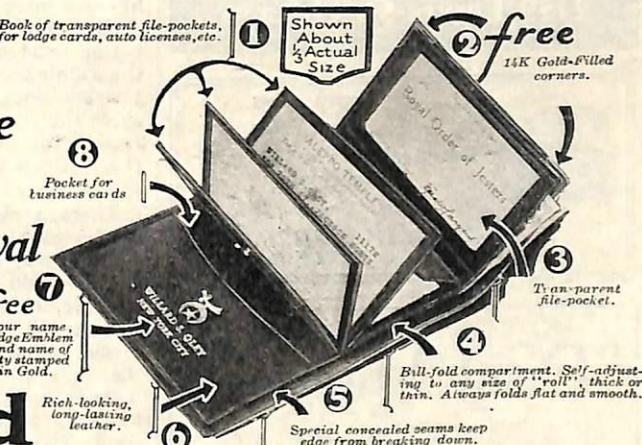
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When writing to your Recorder, be sure to include the old address as well as the new one.

What Ails the Small Town?

(Continued from page 81)

people ranked you third. On the following table you will find indicated in the order of importance the reasons 'why' and 'why not' these people do or do not patronize you. You can check yourself with the reasons your customers and prospects gave as controlling their buying of the kind of goods you sell."

And after John Doe has digested the substance of the document and learns that the people in his trade territory buy goods in his line because of price, assortment, quality, convenience, personality, friendship, advertising, habit, reliability and appearance of the store—in about the order given—and that half of those questioned by the professional surveyor refused to do business with him because he fell down on some of the items listed, then his saddened eye falls upon a footnote reading:

"Remarks: The people of Rochelle feel that your store is back-sliding in merchandise and service; that quality has been lowered and prices increased. They emphasize the inexperience and weak personality of your clerks. You came in for criticism because you could easily recognize customers in your store, but could not see them on the street."

After reading the above confidential report, John Doe, country merchant, can do one of the three things: Get mad. Ignore it. Or reform. Apparently most of the John Does who faced the bare, cold truth of the town test survey are reforming—especially in the matter of better assortment and better prices.

It is a bit jarring on local merchants to have country customers suggest that if Rochelle wants to hold its country trade it had better issue a co-operative sales sheet, a la the catalog houses, which can be mailed to farmers once each week, and from which sheet the farmer can order by telephone and receive the ordered goods by prepaid parcel post. But such things have been done and can be done again.

There is plenty of food for thought, also, in the frequently registered complaint that country merchants are making a mistake in giving credit instead of cash for farmers' produce, and compelling the farmers to trade that credit out, instead of allowing the farmer to trade wherever he wishes with the cash proceeds of his sale. And the farmers who are, like all the rest of us, looking for bargains, are quite willing, it seems, to take discount for cash instead of supporting a merchant who stages raffles and gives prizes to some unknown, at the regular customer's expense.

Now that farmers as well as townspeople can shop around a county or two in a motor-car, competition between towns is becoming so keen that no trading center can afford to overlook any bets. In the natural course of events, with the growth of motor-cars and motor roads, it seems reasonable to conclude that the hamlets will eventually disappear. They are shrinking as trade becomes centered in bigger towns, day by day. It also seems reasonable to conclude that, in the natural course of events, trade will center in towns about twenty miles apart—at least in the better populated regions. But if these trading centers, exemplified by Rochelle, Sycamore and Dixon, Illinois, are to thrive, their citizens, in and out of trade, must watch their steps. The citizens outside of trade must bend every energy to improving the aspect and attractions of their towns. They must have the "Welcome Stranger" sign in every face. They must offer their visiting neighbors community houses, rest rooms, playgrounds, movies, and other entertainments.

Each merchant can move on if he doesn't want to stay and can do it with a relative minimum of loss or discomfort. But if he wants to stick, he must offer quality goods in wide variety, thus eliminating the dead stock, which fills so many country shelves. And he must sell at competing prices and with competing courtesy and service.

Much has been truthfully said about the multiplicity of small town stores. It can be said with equal truth about big town stores. The fact is we are the wealthiest nation on this earth because we are good spenders. Nations that merely save do not get rich. Hamp Williams, a Hot Springs, Arkansas, merchant, has neatly shown how the great bulk of retail trade in his own town could be carried on in two large stores. But he has also shown that if those two stores did control the local trade, the local customers might not benefit. For even if the two big stores could sell lower by eliminating expensive competition, increasing buying power and reducing selling cost and general overhead, Hot Springs would have so many empty stores that real estate would so greatly decrease that, in the end, the Hot Springs folks would pay more than ever for what they bought.

Trade cannot flourish without competition. There is, or should be, individuality in each store. The human equation persists on both sides of the sales counter. It is the man behind the store who counts. And if the man behind the country store knows how to play his game he'll get the business.

Charley Wry is selling selfishness, not sentimentality. He does not believe a man should trade at home because he loves the place. But he does believe our present economic revolution will bring prosperity to small towns of the Rochelle-Sycamore-Dixon type if their citizens can take up the commercial and social slack.

The what-ails-the-small-town survey was merely experimental. None of those most interested looked for early results. And yet within a year after the three test towns had faced the facts, Sycamore had built a modern movie house and a new hotel; Rochelle had gone to the kernel of the matter by organizing a Community Federation, which took over much of the work formerly done or attempted by the Chamber of Commerce, the Woman's Club and other civic or near-civic organizations. This gave a central management to such community projects as rest rooms, band concerts, tourist camp grounds, public swimming pools and local baseball leagues. You will note that the women are distinctly on the job and that hospitality and amusements are stressed. Specifically, a community jackpot has been raised by popular subscription, and with this money band concerts are given in the park instead of on Main street; the tourist camp has been made safe and sanitary and a credit to the town; the swimming pool has been modernized and placed in charge of a competent life guard, and the lawyers, bankers, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers of Rochelle have organized a local league which plays twilight baseball with might and main. Dixon has also met the challenge of the facts. All kinds of should-ers are pushing at the small town wheel.

And while the three test towns make their experiment all other towns can watch the results of this first specific rural survey. If Rochelle, Sycamore and Dixon come through, as I believe they will—and I have known them many years—all other small towns can take example from them; the perils of city congestion may be averted, and improvements in rural commercial and social life will counteract the city-ward drift.

Around the Caravan Campfire

(Continued from page 42)

work of all sorts should be done with a wry face. Folks used to take their good deeds so seriously that half the virtue of the deed was lost in the sadness of the doer. With the advent of the Shrine a new school of eleemosynary work was ushered into civilization. It was discovered by us that to do good with a smile was to double the kindness. The Shriner, like the Cheshire Cat, smiles both going and coming.

Little children have learned that Nobles can help them back to health and useful citizenship without lecturing them, without troubling them with serious moral lessons, without cant and sad-faced theology. Old people have had Shrine charity without a lecture on the fact that if they had saved in their young days they would not have come to this pass.

As the whole Cheshire Cat was built out of one original smile so is this wonderful organization of ours built out of one original smile.

Its ceremonial sessions are fabricated out of that original grin and grow from a smile into a real meeting of real men. They fade into the second section where all the solemnity and seriousness disappear leaving nothing but the grin as a finish.

Yet this smile is not the real Shrine smile! The real Shrine smile can be seen in the faces of mothers to whom little crippled children have been returned whole, to romp and play like other children.

The real Shrine smile, never fading, constantly appearing in unexpected places, is the smile on the faces of those little unfortunates who, without the Shrine Hospitals, would hobble through life broken and embittered but who now earn their way free and upstanding.

Perhaps the real Shrine smile is that on the face of a kindly Allah who looks down on all Shriners, crediting our good work on our heavenly batting average. Who knows?

This we do know. No man was ever worse for a smile. No man was ever better for taking himself and life too seriously. No good deed was ever as well done when accomplished with funeral mien: As Nesbit so aptly says:

"The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while.

That costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile."

Noble, go up to the nursery, get Alice in Wonderland, and read it!

Can Housework Be Made House-Play?

(Continued from page 33)

helped prune and trim. Mrs. Gilbreth says that in families of only two or three children the promotion system is possible only to the most limited degrees. What a parent can do is to add work gradually.

"But how can you keep them at it?" questions a frank parent. "Even children who are nice about doing things for you are hard to hold at regular tasks."

Our advisor has the perfect answer to this. In the first place, there is the stimulus of interest. Remember that the little Gilbreths were always trying to find ways to shorten and better their methods. Secondly, they were paid for regular work and every promotion meant a raise in salary. Oh, yes, paid in cash! This was their only source of allowance. To receive wages made them much more business-like about their responsibilities and altogether inclined to make good with them.

SUCH a pioneer as Mrs. Gilbreth was bound to make mistakes. They usually consisted of planning too much for herself. You can easily imagine how much experience it took to divide her time between the children, housework and her profession. She also speaks of her failure in foresight regarding the children's work. For instance, the first time one of her five-year-olds asked to be allowed to brush up the hearth and down the stairs she was delighted. But afterwards one glance at the hands and clothes of her progressive assistant told her it wouldn't do.

"By the time he'd got himself clean again he was late to the play school," she said. "Besides one has to be careful about dirty work for children. They are so apt to infect any little cut they may have." Thus she learned to leave the manipulation of broom and dust pan until the years of discretion were reached. "It requires a good deal of thinking," she concluded, "to make any household run smoothly—especially a large one."

Nothing reveals more clearly the uniqueness of the Gilbreth approach to that smooth running than their triumphant solution of the bathroom question. More than ten years ago when the family consisted of five children and a baby they lived in a house containing only one bathroom. This created the usual difficulties. If somebody was poky at his bath—

and usually one or two were guilty—then everybody was late and complaints were cast about by all hands from the cook to the head of the house.

Now how do most of us approach such a family problem? We don't get to the root of the matter. We go to the door and pound. Between times, too, we make venomous remarks concerning the procrastinating occupant. Not so our experts. "Well, we'll make a regular efficiency study of morning ablutions," declared Mr. Gilbreth, "and we'll begin with me."

To the usual parent the little drama thereupon enacted might have looked like a musical comedy. For three children, stop-watches and pads in hand, sat gravely watching the big man in front of the mirror. He was shaving; the problem was, could he do it more quickly? Morning after morning there was a return engagement of this little troupe. They timed him as he used various soaps, brushes and razors and decided which of these was most efficient. Finally one youngster piped up, "I know, daddy—why don't you use a brush in each hand?"

"Yes," said another, "and if you kept everything on the lower shelf you'd save time." The result of this time-study was a reduction of almost two minutes. But this was of no importance compared with the effect on those young students of efficiency. First of all it gave them a sense that everything you do in this life is a game against time. They realized that every movement you saved scored to your credit. Secondly, it increased their feeling of cooperation. If their father was not too proud to improve for the good of the group, they could certainly not be less responsive to suggestion. Moreover, they suddenly saw that even some chores you did every day could become interesting.

When the shaving report was complete the children cried, "Now, daddy, you time our baths." But they soon discovered that more was wrong here than a spendthrift gesture or two. The whole method had to be reorganized. Instead of scrubbing and rinsing separately each portion of their anatomy they now scrubbed thoroughly all over with soap and rinsed from head to foot at once. Moreover, they found that to brush the teeth before bathing ruled out the [Continued on page 84]

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Can Housework Be Made House-Play?

[Continued from page 83]

possibility of being sent from the breakfast table to wash away that ring of tooth powder. "Gee!" exclaimed one of the boys, "you certainly have to keep your mind on this to go so fast and still not miss any of yourself!"

But they weren't going to have daddy beat them in improvement. So they did keep their minds on it until speed and thoroughness were automatically combined. When the efficiency group had settled by experiment the best place for soap and towels and how much underwear it was permissible to slip on before clearing the way for the next corner the problem was solved. Nobody poked. Nobody complained and shining faces popped out of the bathroom door every five minutes on schedule time.

This success proved to the heads of the family once and for all that the more nearly the solution of any home problem could be made to correspond to such solutions in industry and business the better they succeeded. For example, at their summer home in Nantucket they put up a bulletin board in the boathouse. Here in a triple row are placed three nails for each member of the household. Now suppose Mrs. Gilbreth decides that during the last week in June the sail boat must be overhauled, the front steps repaired and the path to the boat-house paved with stones. Such jobs would be given to those who could do them best. Then the assignments would be written out on slips and filed on the proper nails. Merely a factory device applied at home! But it gives the boys and girls a great sense of importance. When each one takes up his job he transfers his slip from the top row of nails to its corresponding place in the middle row and when he completes it, to the last row. At the end of the week the "boss" can tell by a glance at the board who has finished his assignment and what remains to be done.

Don't think for a minute, however, that these were "all work and no play" children. Never were youngsters brought up with a more normal out-of-door life nor with more opportunity for fun. Remember that the indoor chores we have discussed at such length were all finished by half-past eight in the morning. As for work in the garden, it was accomplished at odd times and for the most part in a group. Because such team work is fun there was no vast gulf between work and play.

Besides, their play-time was absolutely respected. This the Gilbreth parents believed was their problem in cooperation.

Recently one woman's method of clearing off the dining table and washing dishes has been analyzed by the scientific Gilbreth method. It was found that the steps she took from dining room to kitchen sink and from pantry to ice-box might be enormously cut down. After careful charting and analysis of all the different operations involved in this task several suggestions were made. By scraping and stacking dishes in the dining-room and by the use of a tea wagon or large tray the trips from table to sink could be reduced to two or three. The same tray may convey at one time everything to be stored in the refrigerator. By a well-arranged draining board the dishes need not be dried and, of course, a dish-washing machine obviates washing by hand anything but silver and glass.

Goodness knows what we might accomplish if we studied housework in this fashion. Unless women are really interested in it themselves, they cannot expect to interest their children. And still less, their servants. Why is it these functionaries are so unreliable? For one thing, they are fearfully bored with housework. Moreover, they feel that they are working all alone and doing something that "the lady of the house" scorns to do. Not many of them have real responsibility. They are given orders and expected to obey. Naturally, they would rather work in a factory under the same

necessity, but with definite hours and free evenings.

Now how does Mrs. Gilbreth solve this problem? By her interest. Workers in her house are part of an organization which pulls together. When everybody is sharing manual labor the household employe does not feel lonely. Moreover, since the object of this good executive is to delegate responsibility, she naturally leaves as much as possible to the cook. She teaches this staff member how to plan, how to save energy, how to reconcile interesting meals with a regular budget of expense. Mrs. Gilbreth has only suffered four or five changes of domestic service in her twenty years of housekeeping and now she has Tom.

Tom, the one servant employed to run this big establishment, is a story in himself. He is the very embodiment of that spirit which dominates this household. Perhaps his coming was a stroke of luck. But his staying is not luck at all. It is due to his interesting job. He does all the ordering. He has become an expert on hygienic diet for children. Moreover, he contributes not a little to their up-bringing.

Cooperation of every member of the household—husband, children, servants—and study of the best way to do each task are the two halves of Mrs. Gilbreth's system. If it has worked for her it will work for you. Remember that while she had a large home staff to help, much more help was needed than in the usual family. Had she had only four or five children to bring up and train she would long ago have been able to give twice the time to her work that she has yet been able to command. But eleven! Think how much more complicated are the problems and decisions facing her as compared to the average mother! Without scientific management she would never have achieved the combination she desired—a large family and a career.

The source of her practical ideas was industry. All this time Mrs. Gilbreth had been contributing to the profession she shared with her husband—just as he had helped in every one of her domestic problems. And, although Frank Gilbreth died two years ago, the system he and his wife perfected is carried on today by the engineers he trained. Moreover, Lillian Gilbreth continues to act as consultant on various problems and in her Montclair home is conducting a training class. Some of the most famous industries in the country send their employment managers and engineers to learn from her how to teach employees improved methods of work.

The whole effort of this system of management is the elimination of waste. It begins with the worker. He must be made as comfortable as possible. His materials must be arranged with the utmost convenience. Light and ventilation must be of the best. After this he is taught to do his work with the fewest possible motions. For that means saving of time and energy. Take the problem on which Mrs. Gilbreth is working this moment. A girl at one of the department stores, which is introducing scientific management, folds handkerchiefs all day long. She has developed a habit of hesitating just before she makes the final crease. If she can be taught to overcome this hesitation and use her hands in unbroken rhythm she will be able to accomplish much more in an hour.

Imagine the close attention required to detect such infinitesimal loss! Yet if every worker in store and plant loses unnecessary time the sum of all this waste is very great. The Gilbreth analysis is as scientific as that of the chemist who passes on the purity of milk or prepares a new type of explosive. A motion picture is taken of the worker through his complete cycle of operation. A special clock placed beside him records on the film the exact time he required to make each motion. From that film an elaborate chart is made of the process.

Finally, study of the chart reveals what motions are unnecessary, what motions might be shortened and what strains eliminated.

Perhaps you think these discoveries constitute the entire responsibility of the consultant. Far from it. Don't you remember, madam, what you went through when Bridget first came to work? Was it easy to teach her to serve a dinner your way? Shall you ever forget, sir, your struggles to train the new stenographer to use your peculiar filing system? To make their suggestions work, to instruct others how to use them—this is almost half of the Gilbreth program.

To this half Mrs. Gilbreth made her great contribution. She not only had feminine intuition. She was a trained educator and psychologist. For this reason the Gilbreth plan of training is largely due to her. It is based on the sympathy and understanding between consultant and worker. For if the latter doesn't see that greater efficiency will help him he is bound to resent interference. Indeed, the entire plant from the employment department down to foreman must be inspired to pull together to use "the one best way" to do a job. This spirit distinguishes the Gilbreth idea from that of the usual efficiency expert. Merely working employees harder or increasing the wealth of employers is never the Gilbreth purpose. This plan is based on the belief that people become happier and better human beings—as well as producers—through the mastery of right methods.

On the other hand, the actual financial benefit to both workers and employers from this system is inevitable. Reports on its working show enormous reductions in time for certain operations. In one plant the cut was to one-tenth of the previous time. In textile work, by making certain changes in machines and other changes in the motions of the operators output, in a given time, was increased from forty percent to three hundred percent. Yet—and here is the surprising thing—at the same time the fatigue of these operators was enormously reduced. This was due primarily to fewer motions. It was also due to the introduction of adjustable seats, foot-rests and clever devices for transporting and arranging tools and materials.

"Suppose we want to reduce eye-strain," explained Mrs. Gilbreth. "For nothing is more fatiguing. First we would repaint the plant. Restful colors would be used in recreation rooms and hallways, white, in the tool room to make each tool stand out. Then we'd see that each worker had good light. After that we'd try to remove all unnecessary use of eyes on the job."

Here she gave an illustration which even I could understand. It was the case of a clerk who uses the rubber stamp. If on one side of the stamp handle a depression the shape of his thumb is carved out he can tell by touch that he has the stamp right side up. Thus he need never shift his eyes from the pile of papers he is turning and sorting. I was assured that this first aid has brought relief to weary clerks all over the world.

For, indeed, every type of industry in the United States and many in England and Germany have benefited through Frank B. Gil-

breth, Inc., Consulting Engineers. These super-people achieved together an enormous accomplishment. Compared to most of us they had the speed and momentum of government submarine chasers in a fleet of ferryboats. Until the illness he developed during the war Mr. Gilbreth taught, lectured, made inventions, handled a huge international correspondence. He dashed all over the country and spent much time in Europe.

As for Lillian Gilbreth, she kept the home-research burning. Moreover, the publication of these experiments was largely due to her. From her husband's rough notes she would draw up the outline of a scientific paper or a book. Then, probably the day before he returned from some point not too far away she would hop on a train and join him. Together they utilized these hours spent on the return trip to edit the first draft thus prepared. In a month or two she would be ready for further criticism and amplification. Thus the record of the ever-progressing Gilbreth idea became complete.

Recently Mrs. Gilbreth has come to believe that other women are ready to make the same use of her experiments in their home problems. She was deeply impressed by the appeal issued this year by the Society of Industrial Engineers in which they asked women to cooperate in every possible way to establish improved management. Mrs. Gilbreth has been lecturing before the domestic science classes of Cornell and of Teachers College, Columbia. Perhaps an even more significant indication of the spread of her ideas came this June. For an enthusiastic response was given her address at Atlantic City before the most representative body of women in the United States—the Federation of Women's Clubs.

She is aiding in every possible way in the preparation of a body of definite information on methods of housework. Smith College and Columbia have been carrying on research for several years. Soon we housekeepers will be thumbing standard works on the best way to sweep, dust and wash dishes. We'll turn to page forty-four and find out how long it should take us to clean a room, sixteen feet by twenty-one.

To see Mrs. Gilbreth with her youngest daughter: in her arms and six-year old Bobby leaning against her knee, to glance from the picture to the scientific works from her pen on the shelf behind her and then through the open door to that laboratory stored with the tools of her profession—here is a glimpse of the true modern woman. She has gained everything and relinquished nothing. Nothing? Well, yes. Teas, bridge parties, day-dreaming—these have played but an infinitesimal part in the life of this engineer-mother. But the great essentials she has had. Wifehood, motherhood, work! And she has had them because she developed the means of getting them. Interest and an intelligent direction of energy has eliminated the waste that chokes most of us.

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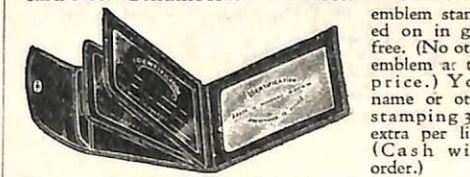
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QUEER STREET

[Continued from page 41]

He drowsed, however, with slits of eyeballs glimmering between lids not wholly closed; and these were never turned from the front doors of the old house opposite.

The gentleman whose unpretending personality had thus been made the focus of so much gratuitous concern on the part of many a total stranger of his, was on his own part winding up a wasted day with what the boding marrow of his bones foretold was a fool's errand. For this reason he had held it as a last resort. Now, all else having failed him, the stroke of the clock that

ticked off the departure of Yid November from the presence of Mr. Machen introduced Palmer to the reception room of the Knickerbocker Magazine, where, tired out and rather wan with worry, he put in nervous application for an audience with the editor.

So firmly persuaded was he that this was an unwise step, one apt to prejudice his title to Mr. Deacon's patience, that he had almost hoped and been more inclined to be afraid, he would find the editor 'gone for the day.' In that event, [Continued on page 86]

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 85]

the last prop of hope would be kicked from under him; otherwise, Mr. Deacon might reasonably take umbrage at such proof of desire to make him hasten his decision. To be informed, then, without great delay, that Mr. Deacon was in and would see him, did little to abate Palmer's misgivings.

Mr. Deacon he found looking more than ever too small for his shoes; an effect, with which, undoubtedly, the enormous desk had something to do at whose farther end he sat, scrawling signature to letters dictated during the day. A jerky nod and a smile scarcely more cordial than wintry went with the words that made Palmer welcome and invited him to find a chair and wait half a minute.

"I've got a letter for you here," a fretful voice added—"somewhere in this lot—just signed it. Perhaps it's just as well you dropped in, though; I have found that letters, especially when filtered through a third mind, the stenographer's, are apt to be misconstrued. I should be sorry to have you misunderstand what I found it necessary to write . . ."

Palmer, unable to interpret this as indicating anything but desire to let him down without too much of a bump, answered to some dashed effect: He was sure Mr. Deacon had meant to be kind . . . Here the hat which, in a fashion approved by all good stage directors, he had been fumbling, slipped his fingers, and Mr. Deacon, as though suddenly enlightened, pushed his correspondence aside and made his look less bleak.

"Kind?" he deprecated. "Not a bit of it! I only wanted to be fair, and found myself in a difficult position. One is kind only to people who haven't got the ability to help themselves: no man who can write as well as you can falls within that class, Mr. Palmer. I'm buying your hostess story and making you an offer for Queer Street. I've put through a voucher for two hundred and fifty to cover the article, it ought to turn up in the same mail with my letter. I hope you think that's enough."

"My God!" said Palmer, quite simply. "That's five cents a word, a goodish rate for a new writer; but then I'm going to ask you to do some cutting and rewriting before we set it up. As for Queer Street, we all like it tremendously; and I'm prepared to make an arrangement to buy the serial rights, if it ends up as good a job as you've made it thus far. A provisional arrangement, of course, involving a small advance enough to enable you to finish your writing in comfort, to apply on the agreed purchase price if we decide to take it; otherwise, if the finish disappoints us, to stand on our books to your debit until you can give us another and more satisfactory piece of work. How does that strike you?"

"I suppose," Palmer feebly rallied, "I ought to be unemotional and drive a shrewd bargain and all that sort of rot. But considering that you're just about saving my life, the only thing I can say is, you can have Queer Street at your own price, Mr. Deacon."

"I didn't hear you," the editor said with his thin, slow smile. "No: don't repeat what you just said—I don't want to hear it. An editor with any humanity in his make-up is apt to find himself in these difficult positions every so often, Mr. Palmer: it's his duty to make the best buy he can for his magazine, and anything he knows about the author's circumstances he's morally bound to use to its advantage; whereas, if he's got a heart in his body, if he's been through the mill himself in his time and knows what the grind is, he feels like a pup whenever he buys as cheaply as an author in tight papers will let him. I've already made you an offer

in black and white, you'll get it through the mails tomorrow morning; and I don't want you to tell me anything now that might influence me, in the Knickerbocker's interests, to hunt that letter up and destroy it and dictate another naming a lower figure—just because I know you'd take it."

"It's damned decent of you," Palmer said. "But suppose—you see, I want to ask your advice, if you'll be so good as to let me, about my private circumstances—suppose we settle the matter here and now: I accept."

"Sights unseen? Aren't you foolish?" "You won't go back on your written word, will you?" Palmer retorted. "I accept your terms and propose to hold you to them."

"Oh very well!" Deacon chuckled—"that's that. I don't mind telling you, now everything's settled, the Knickerbocker will pay you for your serial rights, if it buys them in the end, five thousand dollars; and pending completion of the manuscript you will be at liberty to draw on us for any sums you may stand in need of up to one-third of that amount."

"Good lord!" "It's a fair price," the editor earnestly protested—"for a beginning author, a darned good price. But the Knickerbocker can't afford to print anything that intrinsically is worth less; and to be quite frank with you, your work shows so much promise that we want you to think of us first when you're ready to sell the serial rights in your next novel."

"I fancy you may depend on me for that!"

"And then, if all goes well, if Queer Street takes with our readers and gets a fair sale in book form, thus warranting you in asking a better price for the next, perhaps you won't be too grasping when you come to treat with us again."

"I'm overwhelmed," Palmer confessed. "You really don't know what this means to me, Mr. Deacon!"

"Perhaps I can guess: you've mixed a good lot of autobiography in with the fiction of Queer Street, remember."

"I know; and that's what's bothering me, what I want to consult you about. I dare say you may think this an imposition on your good nature; but your interests are affected, too—what's happening down there in Queer Street, these days, has a direct bearing on the finish of my story—and whether I'll live to finish it, I shouldn't wonder! The plot hasn't merely thickened, it's fairly clattered; and, not to bluff about it, it's just about got the wind up me."

"My ancient nuisance on the ground floor, the benefactor who first put me up to writing the history of the old house, has been pestering me for weeks to let him have a peek at my manuscript, or at least tell him how my plot was working out. I refused—I didn't know why, but I couldn't take him into my confidence. I try to be decent to people, as a rule, and to the old and useless especially; but from the beginning there was something about the old boy, something slimy, I don't know any better way to describe it, that put me off him even when my conscience reproached me—he always took it so hard when I'd invent a new excuse for not humoring his meddlesome little ways. And now that I look back on the way he's been behaving, in the light of what's recently happened, I recall how desperately upset he always seemed when I'd tell him it was essential for purposes of fiction to make my father's suicide a case of murder, or that—as recently—I'd made up my mind at last who the murderer was but wasn't ready to discuss his identity . . . Now last night, when I got home fairly late, I discovered that somebody had been searching

my room and even used a cold chisel on the despatch box in which I have been locking up the manuscript of Queer Street, to make sure nobody would read it without leave. Nothing had been taken, so the motive couldn't have been robbery. Now my guess is, Machen was the man with the chisel; and, failing to find a scrap of my novel, the old fellow jumped at the conclusion there never had been any, I'd only been letting on to write a novel to keep him in a state of nerves that would end in his giving himself away."

"You mean to say," Deacon intently interjected, "you really believe this Machen was your father's murderer?"

"Since last night I'm sure of it. Let me tell you the rest . . ."

And Palmer recounted in detail the other instances of conduct on the part of the first-floor lodger that seemed to him unintelligible if his hypothesis should turn out to be baseless.

"Who else could have had any motive for turning my room inside out and stealing nothing? Not that I've got much that would be worth a thief's trouble . . . And for what other reason than because he was scared silly when he didn't find a manuscript of the murder mystery story I'd gassed so much about—what other conceivable reason can Machen have had for attempting to run away, without anybody's knowing, in the middle of the night? What could have induced him to live under the same roof for twenty years with a wife he refused to acknowledge except fear that, if he deserted her altogether, she would tell what she knew? Not that she knew everything but just enough, probably, to get him into serious trouble if she should babble, as she certainly would if he wasn't on hand to frighten her into keeping mum . . ."

"But why," Mr. Deacon argued, "did he give up the idea of flight after making every preparation for it. If, that is, he's the guilty thing you think him?"

"Oh that!" Palmer grunted—"why, obviously, because his luggage was too heavy to move and he couldn't bear the idea of leaving it behind."

"Can't say I follow. What was in his luggage—?"

"Gold coin, if my guess is any good. The man's a miser. It was a ten-dollar gold piece Machen poked under the door for that cabby: he wouldn't have done that, even to get rid of the fellow, if he had had any paper currency on hand. The man's been living in those rooms for upwards of twenty years, hoarding up gold because that's his life passion."

"But where did he get it to hoard in the first place?"

"Have you forgotten Queer Street, sir?" Palmer inquired, rather grimly quizzical: "the novel, not the Queer Street I'm living this nightmare in—if there's any difference—don't ask me! . . . I mean, have you forgotten that my father's nickname, which he came by honestly enough, in the last years of his life, through paying his way in gold coin wherever he went, was Double-Eagle Eddie?"

The dignified dean of American editors gave a sharp, short whistle. "By golly!" he so far forgot himself as to say—"I do believe you're right."

"Glad you do! Myself," Palmer naively owned. "I was beginning to doubt . . . After being politely laughed out of that lawyer's office this afternoon, I wasted a whole hour circling round Police Headquarters in Lafayette street, trying to get my spunk up to go in and spin my ridiculous, far-fetched yarn to the Detective Bureau. But when a man who had once been a close friend of my father's wouldn't believe me, what was the use? I saw that the only people who would ever take my story seriously were people I would have to

pay to listen—private detectives—and I hadn't any money, then. But now you've fixed that up."

"By your leave," Mr. Deacon said, rising. "I'm going to do a bit more fixing in this business. Suppose you come to luncheon with me tomorrow? I'll have a man here who will listen to and believe in you—the man who was head of the detective arm of the New York police force when it actually detected and could prove it."

THE slip of a brown-eyed maid who held John Palmer's heart in fee, and by the same token the constant undercurrent of his consciousness as well, no matter what and—in a specious sense—more material issues might be importuning his attention, couldn't know this, at least couldn't feel any way sure of it: love was too newly discovered, too rare and beautiful an element of her cosmos to be met with any attitude so irreverent, so nearly approaching sacrilege as confidence; to know that she loved, a revelation so divine that to assume her love could possibly be required in the same measure were presumptuous; as though happiness so heavenly were a boon of which the very human young woman she was well aware of being couldn't possibly be worthy.

To be kept waiting at their rendezvous, then, for upwards of an hour past time her note of that morning had appointed, was a trial that lent the misgivings of this wholesome humility sharp teeth to gnaw her heart with.

The lonely flower that decked the table was in a state of wilt not more disconsolate than May: only too well she knew the staff and the other "regulars" of the establishment had days since marked her and Palmer as sweethearts, and in her bewildered disappointment imagined they were sniggering in their sleeves to see her left thus in the lurch.

When at length it was borne in upon her that she wouldn't be able to keep on winking back the tears of anxiety and self-pity another minute, she jumped up, bade the waiter, rather curtly in resentment of his sympathetic expression, to tell Palmer, if he should turn up after all, that she had gone home.

Once away from the lights of the restaurant, however, she went more slowly, with feet clogged by fatigue but more by fear of finding at the old house confirmation of her saddest surmises. That hot night was thick and black in Queer Street as she crossed Fourth avenue to its corner. And abruptly, in contrary haste to know the worst, she began to run.

And, desiring more than anything else at the moment not to be held up by Mrs. Fay, ran up the front steps with a latchkey ready, but in the act of inserting it was halted by a voice behind her, calling her by name—a voice so grateful to her hearing that she spun about in a seizure of almost hysterical delight.

From a taxicab which had pulled in to the curb Palmer was jumping out. May heard him tell the driver to wait; and all at once perceiving that she had been a silly, that everything was all right, and that her lover would want to whisk her off to dine with him before explaining, ran down to join him.

"I'm so sorry," Palmer protested—"I simply couldn't break away an instant sooner, dearest. I've had the greatest stroke of luck, and made a good friend; on my stopping to discuss a certain matter with him—most important; tell you later—and I didn't like to risk offending the man. Do forgive me?"

"Dear!" May said softly, and laid a hand in his—"of course." She was so happy now, it was harder than ever to hold back the tears. "I'm only sorry I was too tired to be more patient."

"The waiter gave me your message, so I



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QUEER STREET [Continued from page 87]

picked up this taxi, hoping to overtake you—

"You would!" the girl indulgently declared: "Extravagant!"

"No fear!" Palmer's laugh had a boyish elan she had somehow always known she would hear some day, but had heard never before that moment. "We can afford all the taxis we can use tonight—it's going to be a bit of a bust for you and me. As for dinner," he added, leading her to the open door of the cab—"there ought to be a breeze over by the river if anywhere—what do you say to dining at Clairmont, just for the adventure?"

"Jack!"—the girl hung back at the curb—"you're crazy—!"

"I'm not, I tell you, I'm just—"

From an indeterminate distance in the darkness a child's anguished treble speared the quiet with a shriek of warning. In the same heartbeat, a pedestrian in passing gave a lurch that ended in an open attempt to shoulder in between May and Palmer; an attempt which the young man, taken by surprise but quick for all that, foiled by swinging the girl back with him. The man nevertheless stood between the two and their cab; and the glow of the street lamp overhead discovered to May the pockmarked mask of Yid November's first lieutenant, Mr. Ike the Bite. Lips curled in a murderous snarl showed an array of yellow fangs, and light glimpsed wickedly on a burnished something in the gangster's hand.

"Lay off'n that goil, fella, 'fya don't want her t' get hoit! Lay off, I tell ya!"

Instinctively and instantly, perceiving that she for some reason stood to Palmer as a shield, the girl fastened a firmer hold and forestalled an offer to put her away. "Let me go," she heard her lover mutter, and answered him with a gasp—"No!"—clinging to him more tightly yet. In spite of that handicap Palmer managed with his left arm to swing her a little to one side, while his right shot a fist like a sledge into that face of hate.

The Bite, jolted off his feet, brought up with a sickening crack of fractured bones against the base of the lamp-post.

But by that time the street in their immediate neighborhood was teeming with sinister and nimble shadows; and another had stepped in already to bar the way to the taxi. May heard part of a brusque injunction to the chauffeur: "Step on it, fella, or I'll blow yer head off yer shoulders!" . . . But Palmer was dragging back across the sidewalk and hoarsely imploring her to release him and run up the steps. She panted "No!" a second time, and held on for more than dear life—for dear love. Then the cab shot away, and they were in a ring, from beyond which a voice was sharply commanding: "Nix on the gun-play, fellas—look out yous don't hoit th' skoit!"—the voice, she knew, of Yid November. And she began to scream for help and the police.

Somebody wound brutal arms round her waist and tried to wrest her away from Palmer. This last got home a second blow at one who lunged at him, stopping the man in his tracks, but the next instant was thrown off his own feet by the pull of the girl's hold, and went to his knees.

That should have been the end of John Palmer; for May was snatched from him and the pack had him down and at its mercy. But simultaneously one pistol shot sounded—May saw its tongue of tawny flame lick out not ten yards away—and a gangster, who was in the very act of rising from the crouch of a panther to spring on Palmer's back, gave a great cry instead, and pitched forward on his face.

A scattering volley followed, and the street rang with yells of rage and fear:

"Cheese it! th' Devil Dogs!"

Released as suddenly as she had been seized, May reeled back, caught at the lower post of the steps to steady herself, and swung back to Palmer.

He was up and on his feet already; and the circle of their persecutors had vanished utterly. One or two figures that still were visible in the likeness of antic shadows scuttled to cover in areaways and behind ash-cans; and the street where May stood with Palmer was otherwise untenanted.

Toward them, however, from Lexington avenue and from Fourth, two widely deployed detachments of enemies were converging, leaping from side to side as they ran and ducking and briskly firing: Kid Brazil's gang, the Devil Dogs from the Stuyvesant Park section of Second avenue, seeking to end for all time their old vendetta with November's crew, the Third avenue Cowboys, by a surprise attack on both flanks.

Pistol shots were sounding all round them even before Palmer, though he wasted never an instant, could catch May by the arm and swing her up the steps with him. The girl could have sworn that one shot came from behind them as they turned. But as yet every window of the old house was dark, only the front doors gave out their habitual dull shine from the lonesome gas-jet within.

Neither was there a soul astir in the hallways as they entered and, without pause, once Palmer had turned to bolt the front door, pelted up the stairs.

Like every other on the street, however, the old house was waking up: the rumor of doors opening, running feet, and startled voices was loud in the well of the stairway when the two arrived, out of breath, on Palmer's landing; and if that rising clamor was muffled when the young man shut the girl into his room with him, the open windows admitted the deadlier din of the battle being waged in the street below.

"May!" The door made fast behind them, Palmer caught the girl to him in the darkness. "You're not hurt? My poor darling—tell me!"

"No," she sobbed—"only—fri-frightened half out of my senses. But you dearest?"

"Not a scratch."

They clung to each other for minutes, both panting, the girl trembling uncontrollably at first but by degrees yielding to endearments and reassurances.

"There, there! we're safe enough now. But what an escape!"

"Is it?" she questioned. "For how long? We can't stay here—and we don't dare try to leave—"

"Why not?" Palmer managed a soothing laugh. "Let 'em keep that up down there for five minutes longer, and they'll kill each other off like the Kilkenny cats! Don't worry, dear: in another hour the street will be as dead as ever. That can't go on long in a city as well policed—"

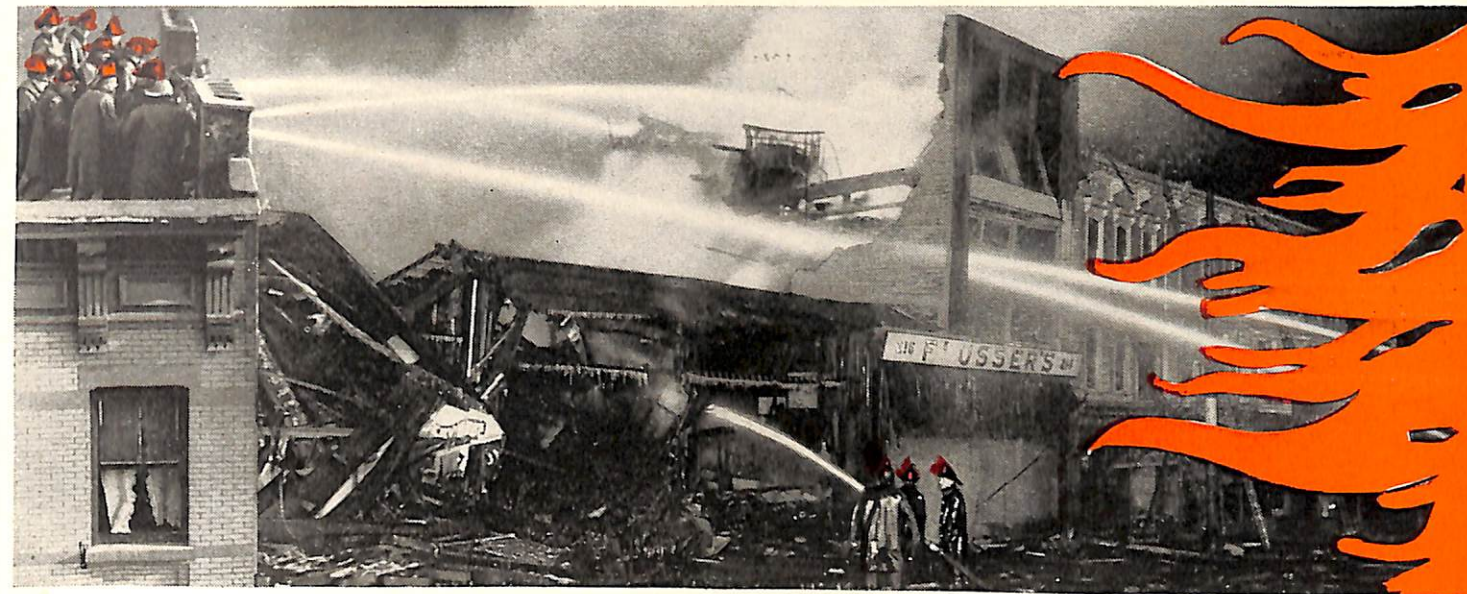
As though he had pronounced a word of magic the uproar was suddenly redoubled, heavier metal began to bark responses to the pistol fire of the gangsters; and Palmer went to one of the windows and spied down.

"What did I tell you?" he asked presently, coming back. "The cops are on the job already, mopping up the street in two squads, coming through from both avenues. By the time they meet, there ought to be two gangs less in the old town. We'll only have to be patient a little . . . And that reminds me: You haven't answered my question."

"What question?"

"I'd just asked you when we were interrupted . . . How about running up to Clairmont for dinner?"

[To be concluded]



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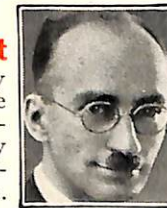


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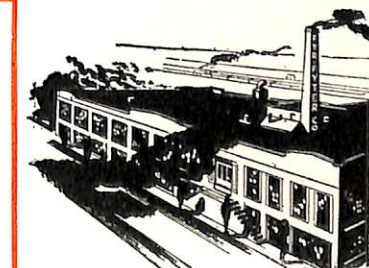
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